Collier's

MAY 27, 1944

TEN CENTS

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LT. TOM HARMON'S
own story—"Missing"

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONI FRISSELL

A New Serial by

FAITH BALDWIN

Change of Heart

May 27, 1944

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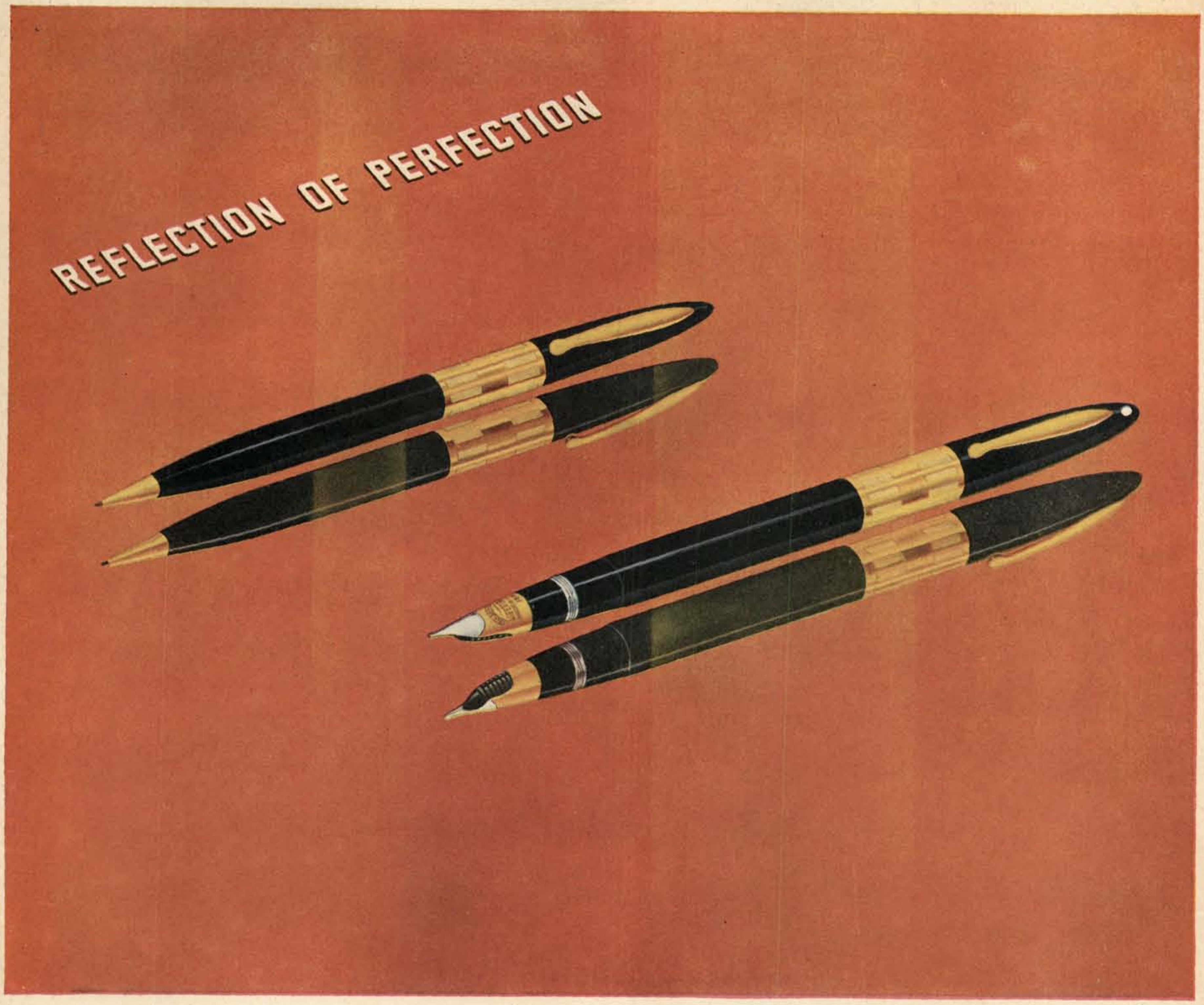
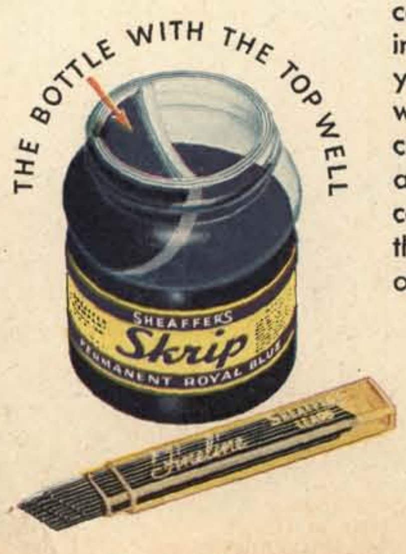


Splendor ? yes, and utmost utility



Top Well keeps fingers clean because it is not necessary to dip pen into bottom well. Only SKRIP has the Top Well. All other writing fluid containers are bottom well bottles. SKRIP, successor to ink. Regular size, 25c—School size, 15c.

ASK FOR SHEAFFER'S WHEN YOU ASK FOR LEADS

Most of the better stores have complete Sheaffer lead departments containing all sizes, colors and grades—strong, smooth-writing, grit-free—the original, genuine Fineline leads developed for Sheaffer by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Company. Economy package, 25c; regular package, 15c.

Owners of Sheaffer's *Lifetime** fountain pens take pride in their possession. Because these precision instruments are so inherently durable, so constantly useful, year after year. Yet they are distinguished with a grace of design and a beauty of craftsmanship unsurpassed in far costlier articles. Sheaffer pens and pencils have come to be known around the world for their unique quality of staying young—of being ever eager for writing action.

Many of Sheaffer's precision workers are now devoting 100% of their time to war production. Many of the Sheaffer pens now being produced are going to men in the armed services, but a substantial percentage of the present output is available for civilians. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Above: "TRIUMPH" *Lifetime** pen, with clip, $12.50; pencil, $5—"TRIUMPH TUCKAWAY" model, without clip, for men or women, carries safely *in all positions* in purse or pocket—pen, $12.50; pencil, $4.

*All *Lifetime* pens, identified by the White Dot, are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

***Listen to* SHEAFFER'S PARADE *with* UPTON CLOSE**

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SHEAFFER'S

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SEEING JOB... that Millions Flunk!

THIS might be you, Mister! Likely, you've had that baffling experience of stretching your arms to the breaking point. And getting nowhere. Seeing nothing but a scramble of letters and numbers . . . mistaking a 3 for a 5, an 0 for a 2, 7 for 9 . . . and finally giving up in exasperation—utterly frustrated—with time and temper and nickels all wasted.

What's wrong with this picture? You know the answer well enough, but you're fighting it—foolishly. Be reasonable! Those ever-aging, over-burdened eyes of yours have performed countless and intricate seeing jobs for you. *Give them the break they have earned!* A little sensible care and consideration *now* will safeguard them—for a lifetime of good seeing. And no matter how tough the numbers-and-type ordeal . . . in directories, menus, timetables, newspapers . . . your eyes will be able to take it in stride, with complete ease, with comfort and efficiency.

So then, obey that impulse—phone for an appointment that will let you see the light and everything in it. The professional services and skills of an Ophthalmologist, Optometrist or Optician can be of great value to you at this critical stage in life when your eyes and vision are changing—and need professional help.

Remember, precious eyes that bring you 83% of your knowledge must last you a lifetime. Don't injure them through overuse, abuse, or foolish neglect. Don't flunk out on seeing!

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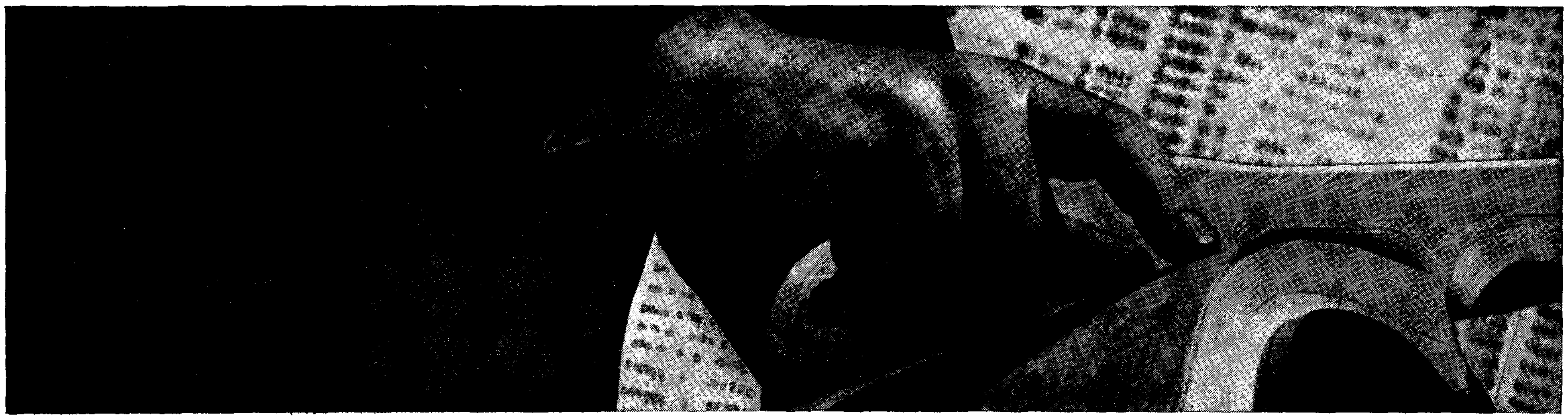

Shucks!
No more
Delsey 'til
after the war

('MEMBER? SOFT
LIKE KLEENEX)

DELSEY
WONDERSOFT
Toilet Tissue
A
KLEENEX
PRODUCT

(*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off)

Collier's

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ANY WEEK

THERE was considerable excitement at the draft board across the street the other day. General Hershey had decided that while the Army didn't want men over twenty-six, such gaffers might nevertheless enlist voluntarily. Into the draft board marched one such. He was twenty-seven. And without losing a moment, the board marked him mentally deficient.

WHILE all this was going on, we were in the Pentagon Building, Washington. The girl who takes up your identification badge as you go out had a Red Cross bowl on her desk. As visitors passed, she chirruped, "Give to the Red Cross, please?" There was an old gentleman ahead of us, and when she chirruped, he leaned forward and said, "Hey? How's that?" She repeated, "Red Cross, please?" He smiled sweetly at her and replied: "No, thank you very much. I want a taxicab."

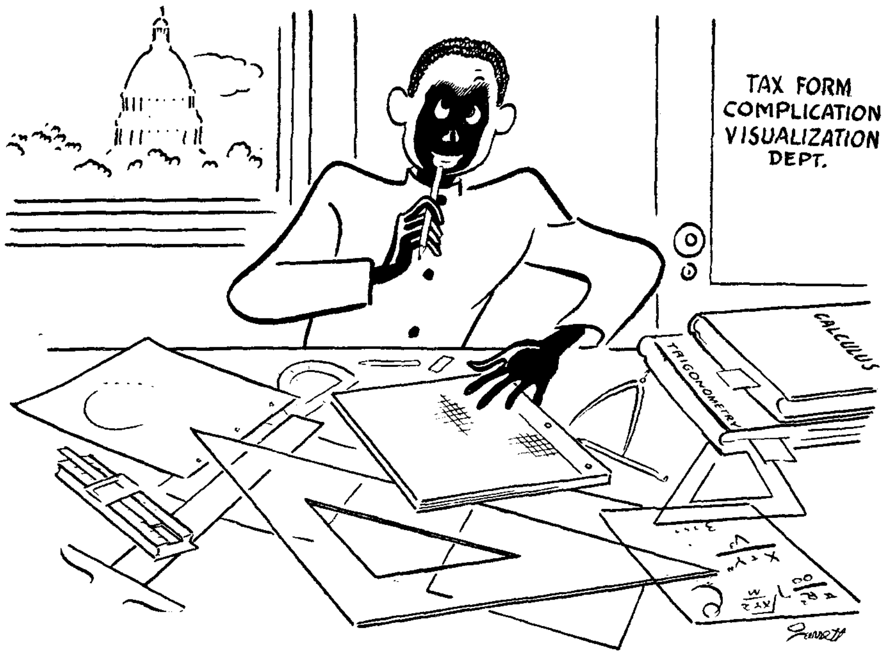
AND then we got to talking to a fellow who owns a restaurant which, according to the sign in the window, is "not open on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays because of labor shortage." He said, "Used to be open Tuesdays but I just lost my porter and dishwasher, a good colored boy named Jack. He left to work for the government like everybody else. Good job, he says. Treasury Department. Good job at more'n I could pay him. Don't know what he's doing over there but my guess is he's writing up them income-tax forms."

WHILE unity, peace and concord—well, concord anyway—prevails amongst the Allies at war, all is not so creamy amongst ourselves in Washington. One of our own cloak-and-dagger boys reports that there is at least one war-agency head who is not popular with his fellow directors. His agency is slowly being whittled down, with impotency just around the corner. And of this vanishing situation they're saying that the sinking ship is deserting the rat.

FROM William Jewell College in Liberty, Missouri, comes a claim of a record-breaking. Our correspondent says that in his message to the legislature on the soldier-vote law, Governor Forrest C. Donnell has one sentence of 329 words and he does not start the following sentence with "Where was I?"

BY NOW, Señor Elfego Baca will have been elected district attorney for Bernalillo, Sandoval and Valencia Counties, New Mexico, or he will have failed. Nevertheless, there is a paragraph from the señor's autobiography which everyone should rejoice in: "In the fall of 1884, then but 18, Elfego Baca fought a lone-handed 33-hour gun battle vs. 80 Texas cowboys. Barricaded in an old jacal (picket hut), Elfego Baca killed 4 and wounded 8. With Elfego Baca in the hut was Mi Señora Santana, a religious statue over 500

(*Continued on page* 43)



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THIS WEEK

MAY 27, 1944

SHORT STORIES

HOPE HALE
Straight Answer. Vicky wanted the truth about war marriages. She got it. Page 14

GEORGE S. BROOKS
Horsemen Never Smoke. At 18 a veteran of 30 battles—was he to be treated as man or boy? Page 16

THOMAS BELL
Young Man in a Hurry. When you're sweeping a girl off her feet, don't give her time to think. Page 27

OWEN CAMERON
Runaway Home. The bite of the domestic tyrant is seldom as bad as his bark. Page 29

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Better Than a Carnation, by Irene Kittle. Page 22

SERIAL STORY

FAITH BALDWIN
Change of Heart. The first of five parts. Page 11

ARTICLES

HERBERT ASBURY
Here We Go Again! *Moonshine likker, bootleggers, hijackers—are they with us to stay?* Page 15

LT. TOM HARMON
Missing . . . The first of two parts. Tom's harrowing escape from the jungles of South America. Page 17

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Guns for Invasion. Your boy is fighting with the best weapons in the world. Page 18

LEO CHERNE
The Army Changes Men. What has the war and army life done to G.I. Joe? An authority gives you the answer. Page 23

RUTH CARSON
Like New. Hang on to your old clothes—but make them over to fashion freshness. Page 24

JULE JUNKER MANNIX
Pretty Kitty! How to get in and out of the skunk dairy business—in a hurry. Page 45

JIM BISHOP
Mr. Broadway, p. a. Meet the guy who, for cash on the line will tell all he knows about you. Page 50

KYLE CRICHTON
Gifted Gordon. Nice going for Ruth Gordon, author and star of the smash hit Over Twenty-One. Page 75

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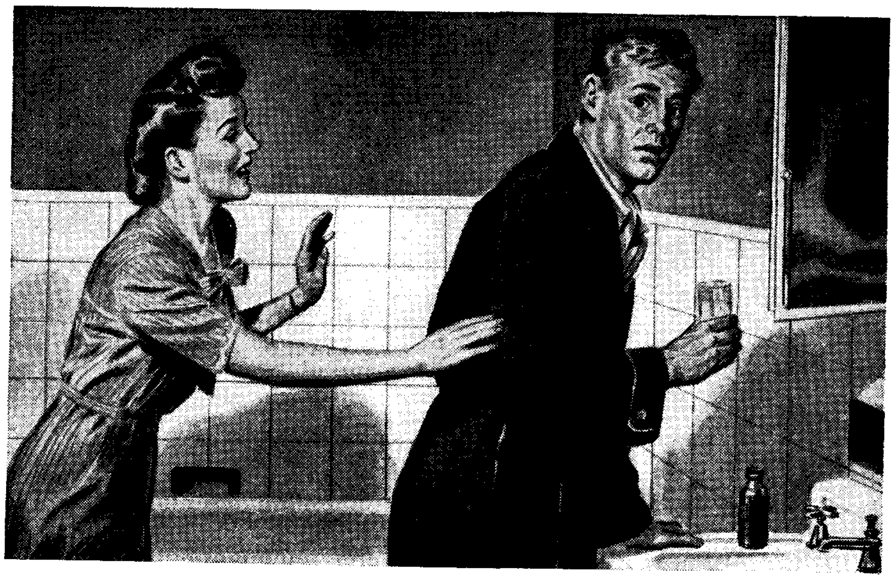
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6
WING TALK. Page 8
PRONUNCIATION TEST. Page 39
FAITH BALDWIN. Page 47
THE GUILTY
(Frau Gertrud Scholtz-Klink). Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 43. Page 57
THE WEEK'S WORK. Page 66
EDITORIALS
Real Help for Veterans.
Chain-Letter Nuisance.
Beware the Drys.
The Idea Department. Page 78
COVER TONI FRISSELL

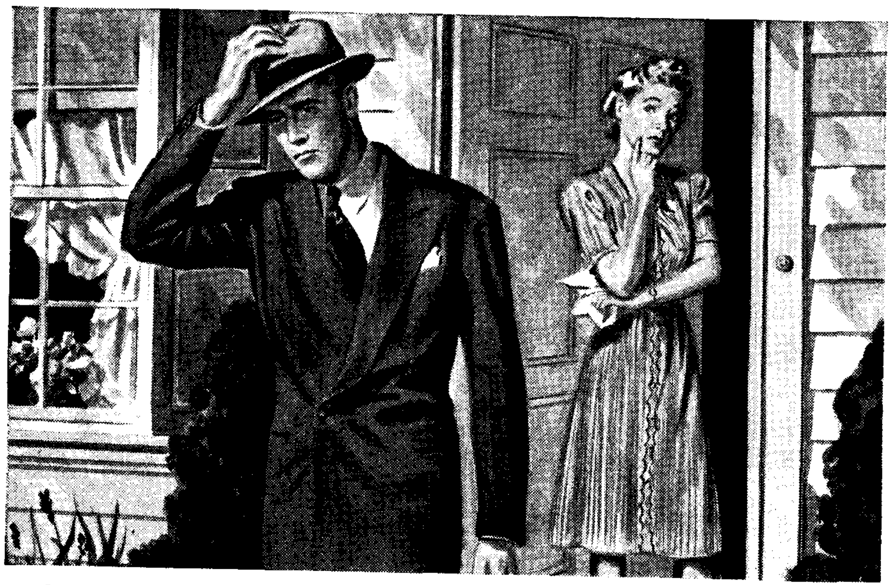
Stomach-ache or Appendicitis?

—it's not for you to say



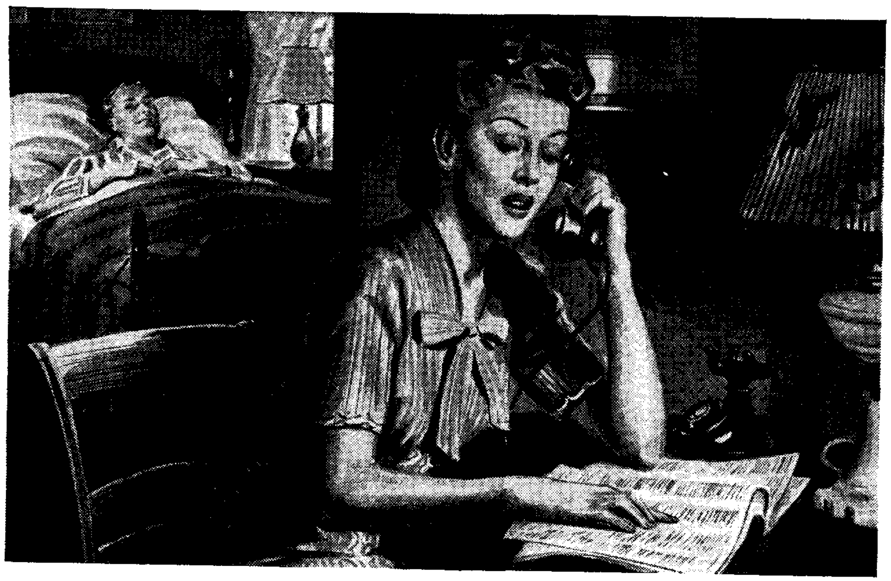
DON'T DO THIS: If you have an unusual abdominal pain—don't take laxatives or home remedies; don't take food or liquids, except water.

WHY NOT? Your appendix may be inflamed. If so, burdening the intestines with food, or taking a laxative might rupture the appendix and spread infection—the cause of most deaths in appendicitis. These serious complications are four times as frequent among patients who have taken laxatives.



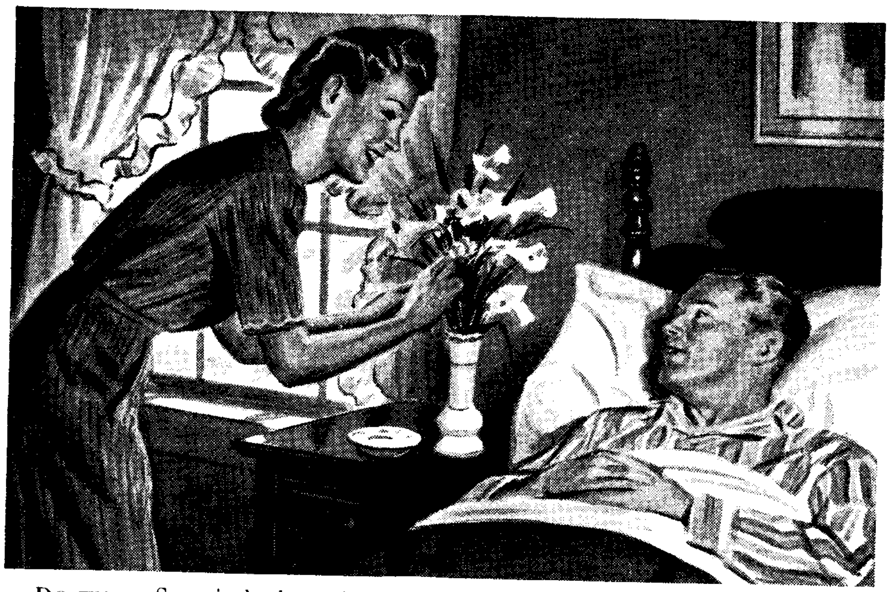
DON'T DO THIS: Don't try to go about your business. Don't rub the spot that hurts, or apply an ice bag or hot-water bag.

WHY NOT? Physical exertion or massaging may be dangerous if the appendix is inflamed. Heat or cold might kill the pain and give you the mistaken idea that the attack has passed. Of course it may be "only a stomach-ache." But that's not up to you to decide.



DO THIS: If the pain is puzzling and persistent, if it's accompanied by nausea or vomiting, call a doctor—and call him at once—instead of attempting to prescribe for yourself.

WHY? Only a doctor is qualified to say whether you have appendicitis. He may want to take one or more blood-cell counts, watch your temperature, and wait for pain to localize. Chances are it *isn't* appendicitis. If it is, and the doctor advises an operation, quick action may save life, time, and money.



DO THIS: Stay in bed, resting comfortably until the doctor comes.

WHY? If you *do* have appendicitis, complete rest may help prevent serious complications. Thus you'll benefit yourself, and conserve your doctor's time—time on which the war places heavy demands. Prompt attention, together with the recent advances in medical science, have reduced by half the deaths from appendicitis in the past few years.

You'll find Metropolitan's free booklet on appendicitis helpful. Send for it.

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Please send me a copy of your free booklet, 64-C, on appendicitis.

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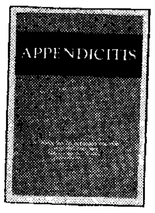
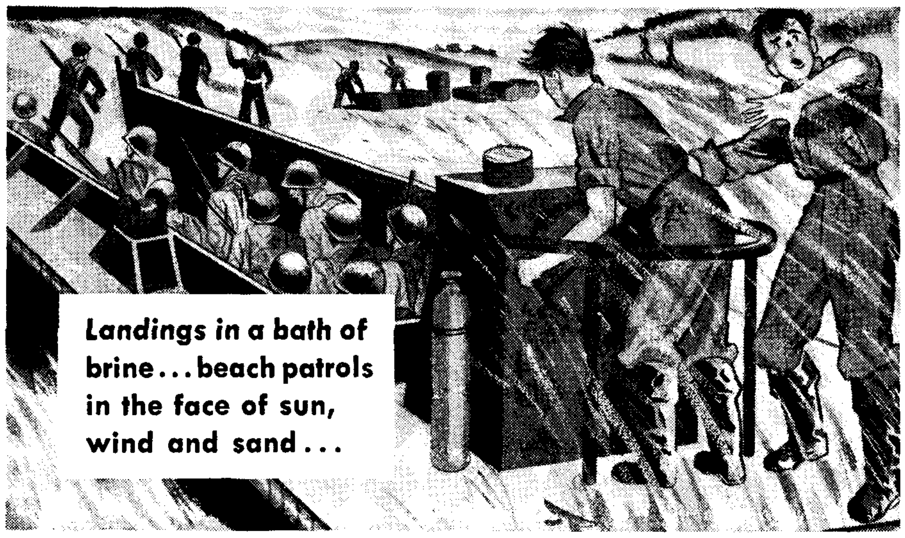
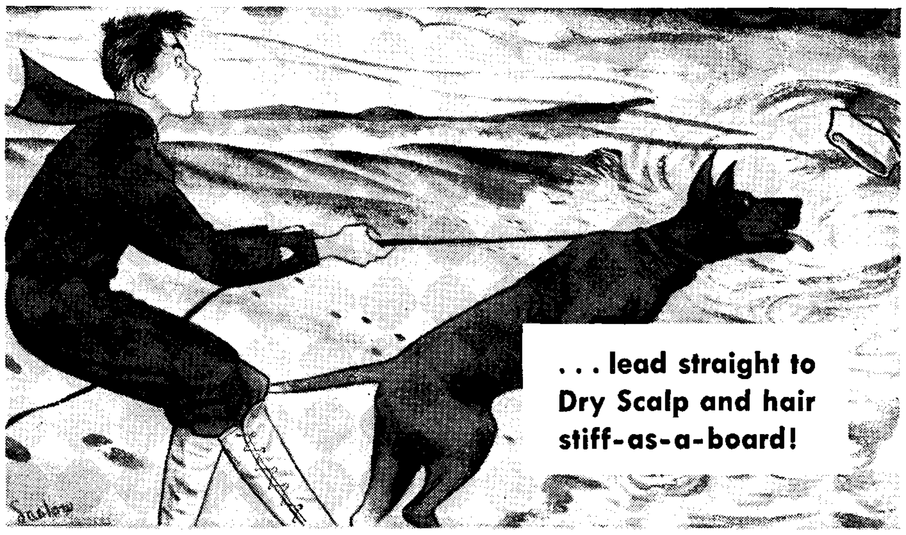
City____________ State____________



How Coast Guard he-men sink the Dry Scalp demon!



Landings in a bath of brine... beach patrols in the face of sun, wind and sand...

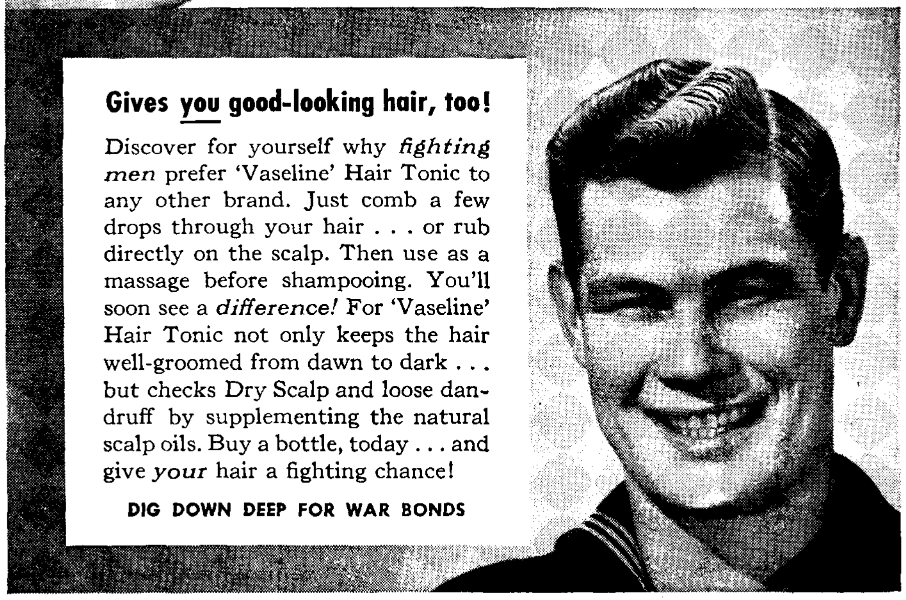


...lead straight to Dry Scalp and hair stiff-as-a-board!

but...5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away

...MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC



Gives you good-looking hair, too!

Discover for yourself why *fighting men* prefer 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to any other brand. Just comb a few drops through your hair . . . or rub directly on the scalp. Then use as a massage before shampooing. You'll soon see a *difference!* For 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic not only keeps the hair well-groomed from dawn to dark . . . but checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Buy a bottle, today . . . and give *your* hair a fighting chance!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

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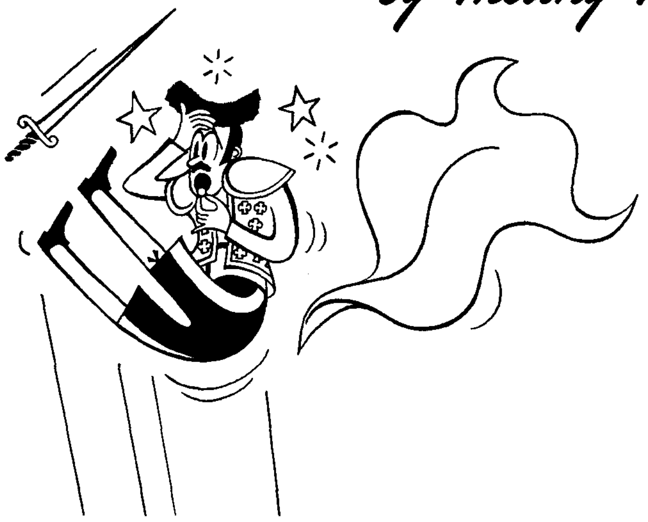
Keep Up with the World

by Freling Foster



A New Jersey drug company advertises its aspirin in Colombia today by having the trade name painted in large white letters on the sides of the bulls during bullfights.

The San Francisco office of the OWI writes a daily five-hour radio program of news and propaganda in the Japanese language and beams it to Japan over five powerful short-wave stations. As the Japanese-Americans working on the program live in Denver because of their evacuation from the Coast, the OWI teletypes the script to them, and they translate and telephone it back to San Francisco, 1,300 miles away, so recordings of their voices may be made for each broadcast.

Among the substitutes for human blood plasma used successfully are casein, pectin, coconut milk, beef blood and isinglass or gelatin made from fish bladders.

While the 850 words of basic English are claimed to be sufficient for any general literary work, about 150 additional ones were required to rewrite the New Testament in basic, among them being soul, kingdom, disciples and heaven.

American voters of 1944 will elect not only a President, 33 senators, 435 representatives and 34 governors, but also between 150,000 and 175,000 officers for other state, county and municipal positions. Also, the ballots will probably request a vote on between 4,000 and 6,000 proposed laws and other measures.

The twenty-one penicillin plants, now under construction in this country and Canada at a total cost of $20,000,000, should have a combined production of nine pounds of the chemical per day. Although seemingly small, this quantity, at the present price, would cost $290,000 and be sufficient to cure 8,300 severe cases of blood poisoning.

Because we lack seamen and some Allied nations have a surplus, the War Shipping Administration has transferred 300 of our merchant vessels to eight Allied countries, under whose registry and flag and by whose crews they will be operated temporarily, although still the property and under the orders of the United States government. Belgium has one, the Netherlands have three, China has three, Greece four, Poland five, Norway 14, Russia 70 and Great Britain 200.

Despite the importance of national political conventions, they are only party customs and are not recognized by law. Furthermore, the delegates receive no compensation of any kind for their services and also have to pay their own expenses.

Between 1774 and the adoption of our present Constitution in 1789, the Continental and Federal Congresses elected 14 Presidents, who could be ranked as Presidents of the United States. The famous John Hanson, who is widely reputed to have been the "first President," is eighth on the list of those who preceded George Washington.

A scientist working on postwar lighting recently made a number of glass balls and coated them with fluorescent powders in a variety of colors. When bombarded with the ultrashort radio waves of a small diathermy machine installed in a near-by room, the coatings radiate a bright-colored light and the glass balls become "radio lamps" without any direct electrical connection.

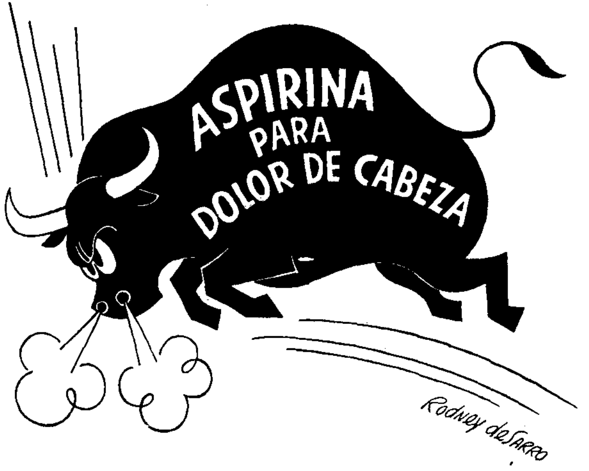
Undoubtedly the most widely read living writer is Upton Sinclair, whose works have been published in 772 editions in 47 languages, including Mandarin, Urdu, Tamil and Singhalese.

The name of each Liberty ship built for our Merchant Marine is painted out after launching, so the vessel cannot be identified by the enemy. To complete the anonymity of the ship, only a code symbol of its name is shown on such floating equipment as life preservers, rafts and boats.

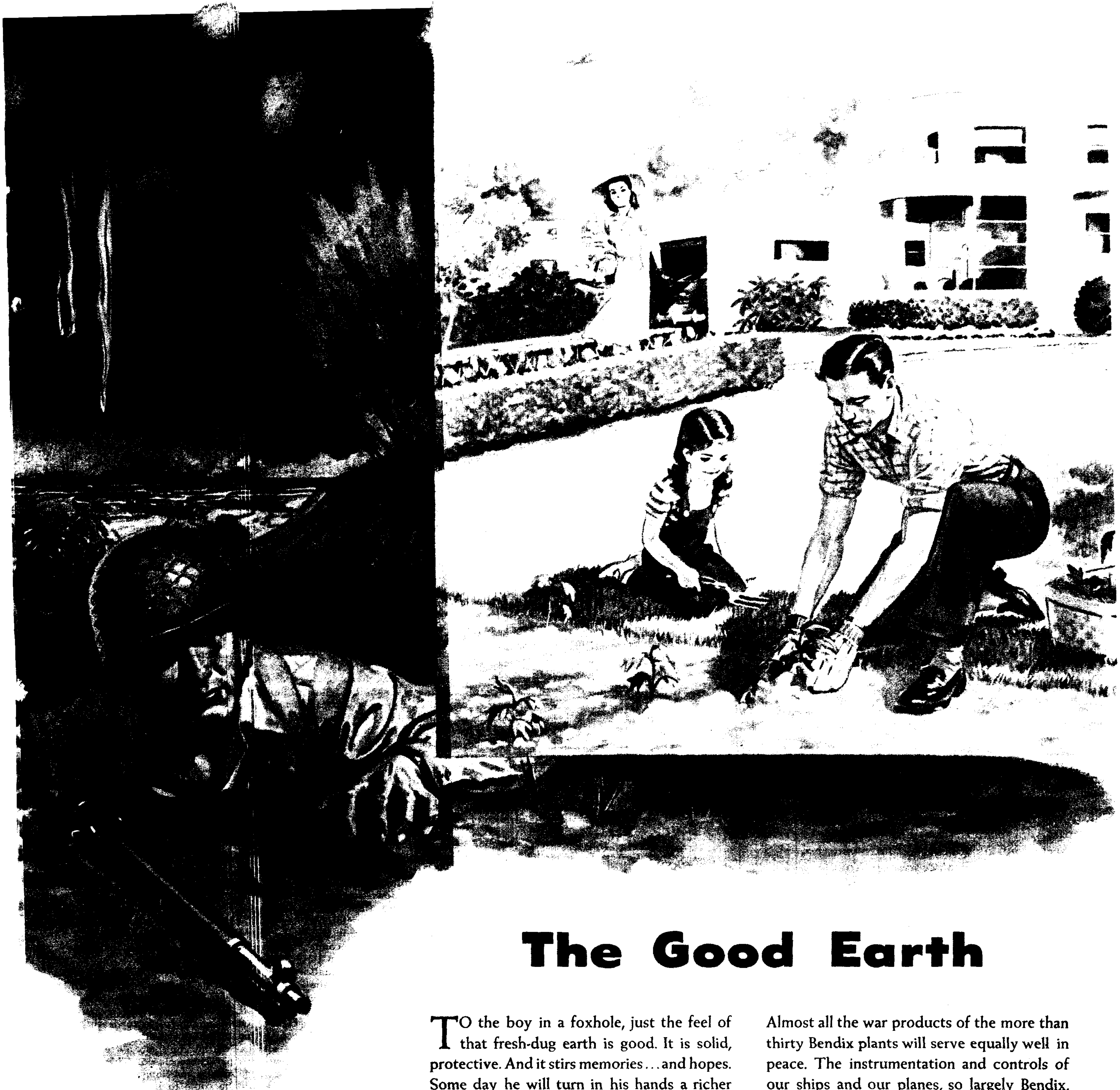
The new 52,000-ton U.S.S. Wisconsin has eight separate announcing systems, with 20 transmitters and 355 loud-speakers, and a telephone system with 950 handsets and 1,250 headsets, about three quarters of these telephones being installed at battle stations.

The largest group of symbols in existence is that used by chemists throughout the world to designate the formulas of the some 250,000 pure substances now known.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



ASPIRINA PARA DOLOR DE CABEZA
Rodney deSarro



The Good Earth

TO the boy in a foxhole, just the feel of that fresh-dug earth is good. It is solid, protective. And it stirs memories . . . and hopes. Some day he will turn in his hands a richer soil . . . made to grow things, not to hide or bury them. Some day it will be Springtime . . . in a garden . . . with loved faces beside him, and a loved home beyond.

Thus he must dream . . . and rightly. For they who have crouched behind ramparts of alien earth have a right to earn a share of their own good land . . . a right to the rewards of free enterprise, and all the blessings it brings. To make that dream come true is the first obligation of all Americans.

We at Bendix Aviation are aware of this . . . and of the unique opportunity our role affords. Almost all the war products of the more than thirty Bendix plants will serve equally well in peace. The instrumentation and controls of our ships and our planes, so largely Bendix, will offer continuing fields of employment. Bendix developments are opening new frontiers in the fields of communications and transportation; in fact, in all industry. Peacetime employment can only be assured through producing more and better things for more people. That is our aim.

The immediate job for Bendix is to match your extra War Bond purchases with ever bigger and better production. But we must back up our boys tomorrow as well as today. We must make sure they can come back to a flourishing and happy land . . . THEIR OWN GOOD EARTH.

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PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY
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Worn out piston rings waste gas, too!

Worn piston rings let gases blow past your pistons instead of sealing every explosion to generate maximum power. You can't replace your car. You can't replace your engine. But you can replace your old worn out piston rings —*restoring original* power, saving gas, saving oil and lengthening engine life.

Sealed Power is headquarters for quality in piston rings. For over 30 years Sealed Power has led because of facilities, laboratories, engineering, craftsmanship. Sealed Power Piston Rings (selected from 26 basic designs) are packaged in sets individually engineered for each make and model of car, truck, tractor or bus.

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planes and ships. And we are also making rings to keep your engines running. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario.

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WING TALK

INTERNATIONAL

The involuntary parachute jump made by Major Ritchie (see story below) rivals that made by Lt. Col. Lovelace (above) in June, 1943

THIS is the story, hushed until now by military secrecy, of a series of dive tests flown by Major Perry J. Ritchie, a test pilot for the Army Air Forces Matériel Command at Wright Field.

Ritchie, then a captain, undertook the lethal chores in a Republic P-47 Thunderbolt. Many of the details of his performance are still military secrets. To twist an old proverb: What our enemies don't know will certainly hurt them. But the story of Ritchie's heroism can now be told.

It begins with the last flight of the series, made on a cloudless summer day, July 3, 1943. Ritchie took off from Wright Field, climbing slowly until he was over open country several miles from Greenville, Ohio, and about seventy miles from his starting point. His altitude was 38,000 feet. The sky above him was deep blue, darker than we groundlings see it. The horizon was more than two hundred miles away.

He was glad this was the last flight. It had been a strain, roaring downward in twenty-five earlier dives during seven flights, not knowing what reaction to expect from his controls, not knowing there would be any reaction.

The Thunderbolt was making 250 miles an hour. For a moment he listened to the unbroken roar of the engine. Then he turned on the recording instruments, rolled the plane on its back and pulled the nose down vertically. Aided by gravity, plus more than 2,000 horsepower at full throttle, the Thunderbolt lunged earthward. At 35,000 feet it was making 400 miles an hour. In a few seconds it would hit 500. Ritchie reached down to adjust the trim tabs; that is, set the small auxiliary control surfaces so that the plane would hold its diving course without the force of his hand on the stick.

It was then that he noticed smoke coming through holes in the rear partition of the cockpit. Suddenly the stick went loose, like a breaking handle on a shovel. He knew the cause instantly. There was fire back of him. The supercharger was burning. Worse, the intense heat had melted the tubular control shaft which connected the stick with the elevator. Without the elevator, the plane couldn't be flown even if it came out of its dive. With such a fire raging, the whole tail of the plane would probably burn off.

THIS was it. Nothing he could do would prevent it. The Thunderbolt was going in. Moreover, she was going in straight down and wide open, just as she was. If he closed the throttle, trying to ease the speed, she might go over on her back and tear herself to pieces in mid-air. Already nearing 500 miles an hour, she would hit at least 600 before she crashed. If he had a chance to bail out, and he doubted that, it was right now.

He tried to open the cockpit canopy, but his speed was so great that the slipstream held it firmly closed. He operated the emergency release. The canopy vanished in thin air. He knew that in bailing out he must pass squarely through the 90-degree angle between the tail surfaces; otherwise they would chop him to pieces.

Crawling out was hard work. The slipstream exerted a force of more than two hundred pounds—five times the force of a sixty-mile gale—on his emerging head and shoulders. Inside the cockpit, at 80 degrees Fahrenheit, he was hot in his thin summer flying clothes. The blast of outer air smote him at 35 degrees below zero.

He glanced at the instruments. His altitude was 32,000, his speed 500. He inched out a little farther, swiftly but carefully. The slipstream snatched him from the cockpit. He saw flame in the aftersection. A tail surface flashed by, six inches from his face. The Thunderbolt was instantly lost to sight and sound. In his ears the roar of the giant Pratt & Whitney engine was replaced by the high-pitched scream of the wind. His body, twisted as it was torn from the cockpit, spun like a top. Sight became a blur of lights and shadows. He had escaped one death. The question now was whether he could escape another.

BEFORE bailing out, he had filled his lungs with pure oxygen. When the slipstream took him, the tube stretched, pulled the mask from his face and broke off. The mask slapped him smartly. He thrust it aside and covered his nose and mouth with his hands, holding his breath. He did some fast thinking. If he pulled the ripcord now, the jerk of the opening parachute might kill him. He must wait, decelerate from 500 miles an hour, if possible, to his body's terminal velocity of about 200 at that altitude.

That was only part of the problem. At that altitude he would lose consciousness in a few seconds even if he held his breath. With his parachute open, he might die before floating down to the lower altitudes of oxygen sufficiency. Or he might freeze to death, if the cold biting into him was any indication. As an alternative, he could do a free fall, go down with parachute closed. That wouldn't take long, maybe not long enough to die. But would he come to in time? The book said that almost all men making free falls from high altitudes would regain consciousness safely. But he didn't like that phrase, "almost all men."

As these thoughts raced through his mind, he fell to about 28,000 feet. The lessened rush of air told him he had lost much of his original speed. It was no good trying to hold his breath; he was losing consciousness anyway. He exhaled and pulled the ripcord.

There was a violent wrench as the parachute opened. Twisted somehow in the harness, he felt a fearful stab of pain in one leg; he thought it must be broken. He put his hands under his arms, hoping they wouldn't freeze. He looked up. His spinning body was twisting the risers of the parachute like the receiver cord of a telephone; the canopy was closing steadily. In a moment, he thought, it would close completely, and he would go down like a released bomb. That was the point at which he passed out.

(Continued on page 64)

"MOM..."

He was a thorn in their side . . .

All morning long, his accurate mortar fire kept them from forming up, smashed their supply trucks, broke the spearhead of their attack . . .

So, they went all out to get him . . .
And finally, a sniper shot him.

Then they laid down a cross fire that was death to defy. I know . . . because one of our men tried. But it was damned hard to lie there and hear him call "Mom" . . . and cry and call "Mom" again . . . like a kid who'd been hurt, he didn't know just how or why.

And all we could do was just lie there . . . and grind our teeth together and tighten our guts because each time he cried "Mom" . . . it tore out our insides.

When I couldn't stand it any more, I got up and ran . . .

And when they saw me coming and the Red Cross band of the Medical Corps on my arm, they held their fire until I knelt down beside him. I put a syrette into his arm and then another, and he relaxed and his head fell back and his eyes were still wide but I could tell he thought his mother was there by his side . . .

Listen, America . . .

Open your hearts, wives and daughters! Open your pocketbooks, fathers! Give your blood, brothers and sisters! Give your money . . . give your work!

So the freedom you want . . .
So the country you want . . .
So the future you want . . .
Will be there when we come back.

• • •

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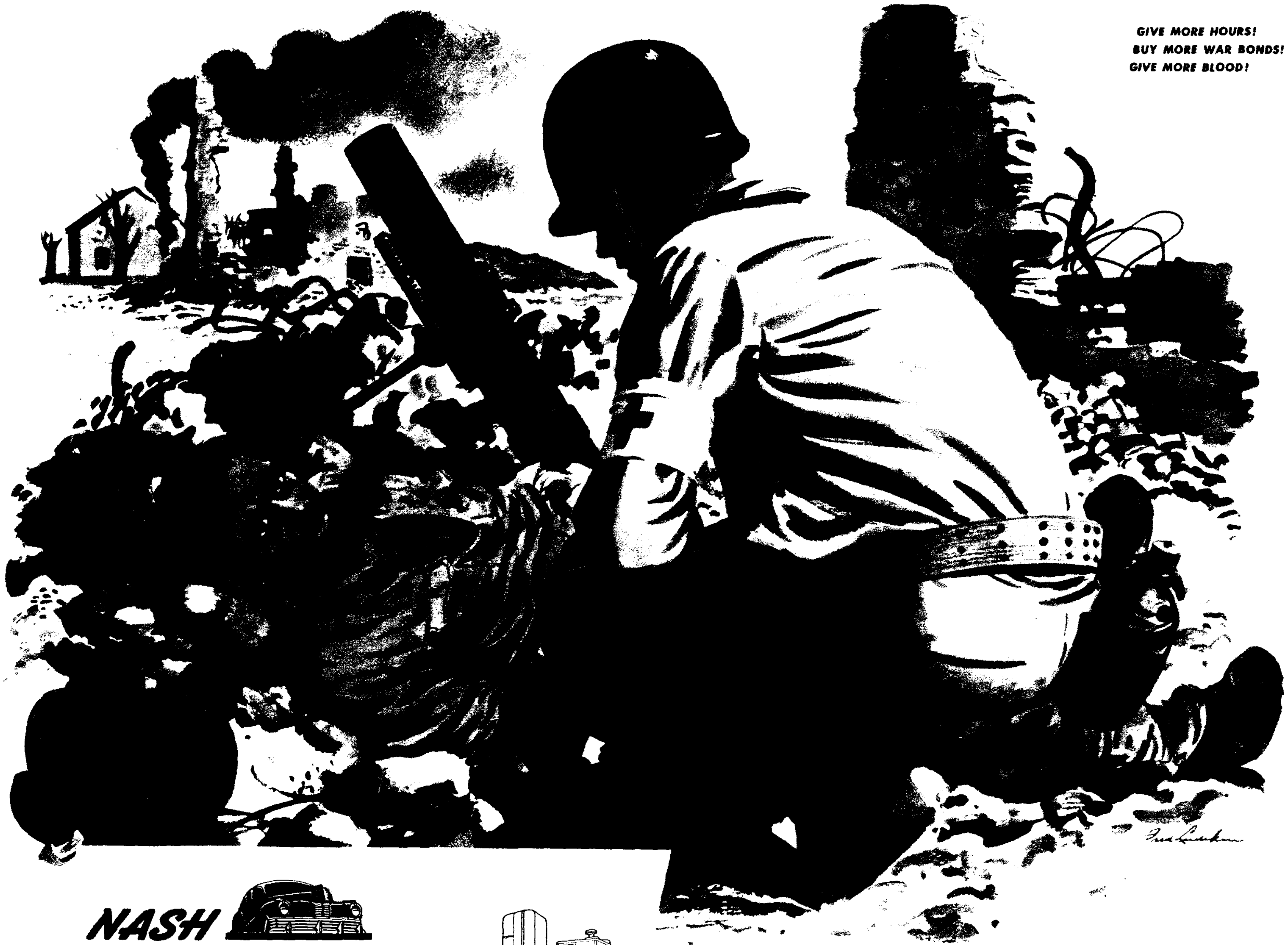

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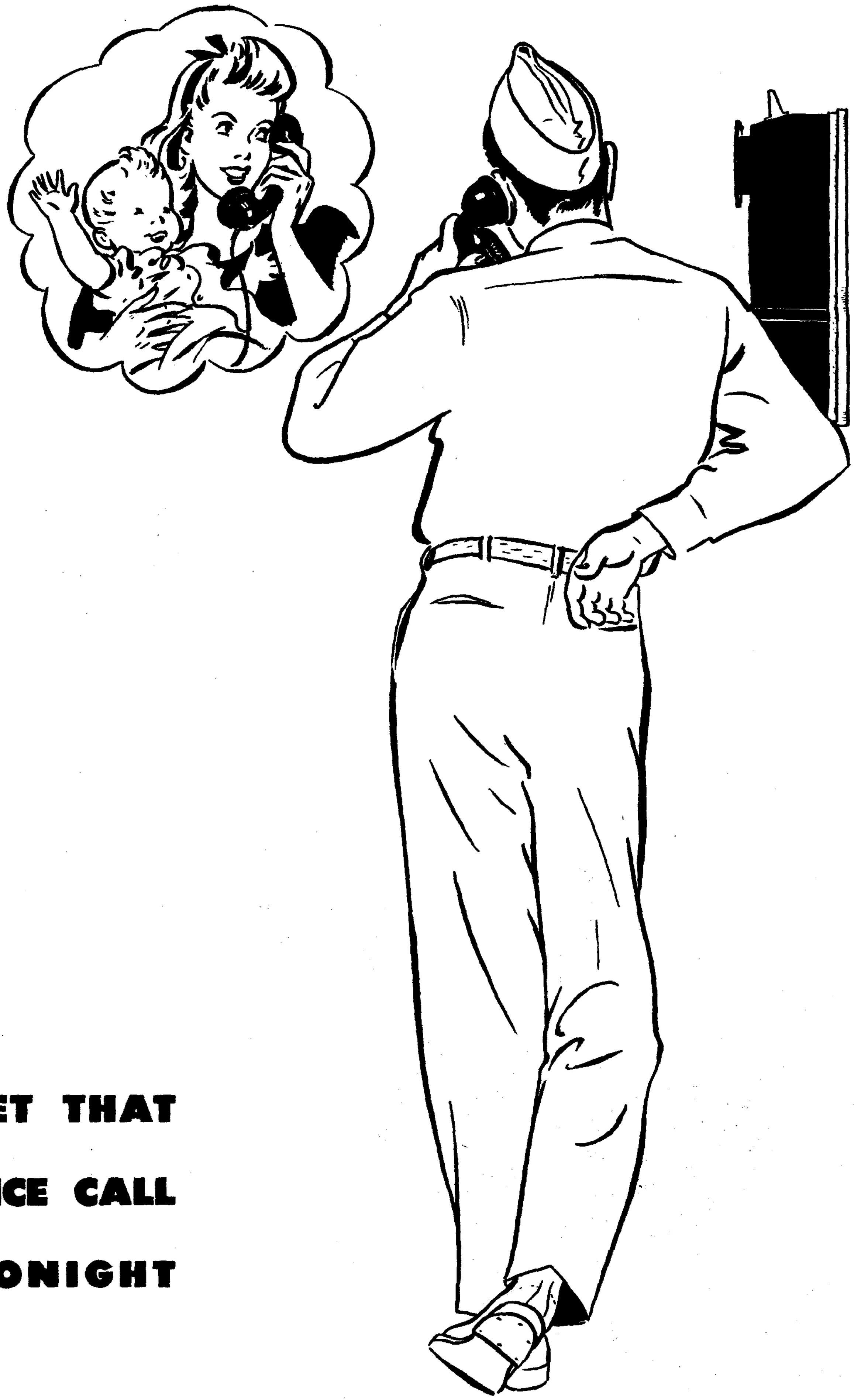

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You can do it by not using Long Distance between 7 and 10 P. M. Those are the night-time hours when many service men are off duty and it's their best chance to call the folks at home.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 27, 194

Change of Heart

BY FAITH BALDWIN

Everyone envied Carol Hillary—the smart clothes she wore, her interesting job, her famous parents and her brilliant fiancé. She seemed to lead a perfect life—until suddenly she discovered that her heart had gone astray and that happiness was something she must fight for. Here her story begins. Don't miss any part of it

It was evident Carol had not had the diamond long enough to be accustomed to it, for she turned it this way and that

ONE sunny Saturday morning last spring, an extraordinarily pretty girl walked into the chaste, costly little shop known as Chez Mimi and sat down in a beautiful, low chair expensively upholstered in gray chenille. It was early and a dawnlike hush brooded over Mimi's reception room. Mimi—(born Mamie)—sold custom-made frocks and hats, lingerie and stockings, and "amusing" accessories. The latter line included costume jewelry at about fifty dollars a chunk of plastic, perfume at a comparable sum per ounce, belts designed by a willowy young man under the influence of bourbon and Dali, and other trinkets. But also, because of the pressure of war times and her patriotic duty, Mimi reluctantly marketed a few ready-to-wears in the interest of those customers whose time was too limited to permit three fittings.

Carol Hillary, waiting quietly for a priestess to come into the outer sanctum, lighted a cigarette and surveyed herself in a mirror set into the gray-paneled walls. She was not wholly satisfied with her reflection but she might as well be resigned. She had seen the same face and figure with, of course, the alterations wrought by the passing of time, for about twenty-three years. She might as well become reconciled to seeing it, barring accidents, for the next fifty-odd.

She was a moderately tall girl, very sweetly shaped. Her skin was clear, her wide-set eyes were gray, her hair was black, and curly. Her mobile mouth was painted a bright scarlet, and her little nose was adequate and charming. Her chin, if you looked closely, bespoke either character or stubbornness, depending upon how much you liked or disliked her.

She thought: Dudley likes me in gray.

Her suit was gray, her sables were sable, her silly hat was brown, and she had spent a coupon on the brown lizard shoes which matched her handbag. Her gloves, too, were brown, as was the cashmere sweater, enlivened by a string of tiger's-eye beads. She wore no other jewelry except upon the fourth finger of her slender left hand, which was decorated with a very large, square-cut diamond, breathing blue and white fire. It was evident that she had not had it long enough to become wholly accustomed to its intimate presence, for she turned it this way and that, admiring it in silence, and with a pleased, small smile.

Smoke spiraled upward from her cigarette, a door opened, and a young, expensive-looking woman with sleek blond hair, a revealing black frock and a quite authentic accent, advanced upon her, hands deprecatory, eyebrows raised. She cried, but not above a whisper, "But, Miss Hillary, I did not hear you come in."

"That's all right, Yvonne," said Carol, smiling. "I'm in no hurry. Is Madame Mimi in the shop?"

Yvonne shuddered slightly. The word shop seemed a trifle crude when applied to the charming, subdued décor. She answered, "But, of course. I shall fetch her at once."

"Thanks," said Carol, and watched Yvonne glide away. You would not have known from watching her, fore or aft, that not many years ago she had cowered in a ditch and listened to the scream and stutter of the diving Stukas.

Madame Mimi arrived, in a tempest. She was always in a tempest. She surrounded herself with an aura of unpredictable temperament and sat quietly in the middle of it, the vacuum at the heart of the cyclone, watching her audience, calculating her effect, and knowing just when to snap out of it before a sale was forever lost. Mimi had been born of an Irish father and a Jewish mother. She was as short and squat as a fabulously well-dressed toad, and, like the toad, her eyes were great green jewels, set in the ugly little face.

CAROL had known her for a great many years. As a matter of fact, Carol's mother had backed Mimi's venture into her own, very lucrative business.

"Darling," said Mimi and dropped her phony accent. It varied these days, depending upon the newest refugee she employed; it could be French, Russian or Czech. "I haven't seen you in ages."

She sat down on a winsome love seat, upholstered in the brilliant geranium-red which gave character to the gray room, and looked at Carol. She said, "You are really a very pretty girl."

"Thanks," said Carol. "So I came to see if you could make me prettier."

"Gray," said Mimi, frowning, "and brown? Very smart. But a little colorless, isn't it, for you? Better for blondes. With your black hair and your gray eyes—"

"I like it," said Carol firmly. "Mimi, I want a new dinner frock. I don't like the short ones. Long, please, and not too startling. I'm not Jenny."

Mimi smiled widely. She murmured, forgetting that she was talking to Carol, "The so-dear Jenny . . ."

Jenny Davis was only one of the important stage women dressed by Mimi. Mimi dressed—or undressed them all—stage and cinema, social and literary, new money, old money.

Carol said, "It's this way: Mother's coming home . . ."

"It's about time," said Mimi. "Your mother's an idiot. Tearing off to China and the Pacific theater of war, at her age!"

"What has her age to do with it?" Carol demanded.

"And," said Mimi tragically, "with such a wardrobe! I saw it the night before she left. A suit, with a change of blouse and sweater, a stupid little print—"

"At two hundred bucks?" said Carol. "It wasn't too stupid. You sold it to her, Shylock."

"Well," said Mimi carelessly, "it was amusing . . . and she said it was all she'd need. That, and a change of shoes, her cosmetics . . . and the sort of lingerie that washes but needn't be ironed, three pairs of cotton stockings and one pair of nylons, and Helen Hillary flies around the world."

"It hasn't hurt her," said Carol. "Anyway, she's coming home next week and there's to be a party and I need a dress."

"That suit," said Mimi, "is three years old and you got it from me, practically wholesale. You are a dreadful girl, Carol. The sables . . . let me see, Helen and Adam gave them to you Christmas before last . . ."

"And a baum marten coat this Christmas," agreed Carol. "Mimi, your spies are everywhere."

"You *could afford* . . ." began Mimi.

Carol shrugged. She said, "Have you forgotten I took a job a year after I left college? I would have done it sooner but Mother had worn out two secretaries and I pinch-hit. It was excellent experience."

"Oh," said Mimi, "a job!"

"Not that I pretend," said Carol, "to live on the startling emolument which Foresight pays its humbler workers in the morgue."

Mimi screamed.

"Control yourself," said Carol. "Research department to you. As I said, I don't live on it. I live at home, although I'd rather not. But I do like to buy my own clothes and my own cigarettes. So," she added, with her wide, warm smile, "how about a little frock which sells for a hundred and a quarter but which you'll practically give me at a hundred?"

"My dear child," said Mimi, "a hundred and a quarter! Are you out of your mind?"

Carol said, "Quite *often*, with the most fascinating results. I meant a ready-to-wear, of course."

"Okay," said Mimi, "if you insist." She raised her voice. "Yvonne," she said in a subdued howl, and Yvonne came at the double. "Find Elsa," ordered Mimi, "and tell her I want her to model evening clothes—the ready-to-wear—for Miss Hillary. The white crepe, with the gold belt, the gray and turquoise, the beige. . . . Oh, pick out half a dozen and send her in—if she's sufficiently recovered from her hang-over," added Mimi in a bitter whisper.

WAITING for Elsa, Mimi and Carol talked. They talked of Carol's mother, who had for so long been considered one of the most beautiful as well as the most brilliant women in the United States that even her daughter was accustomed to the legend. They talked of Carol's father, Adam Hillary, who had written several best sellers and was currently engaged upon another.

"I haven't seen Adam in a long time," said Mimi with a sigh. "Is he still the best-looking man I've ever known?"

"That depends," said Carol cautiously. "You see, I don't know as many men as you do, Mimi."

Mimi chuckled. She said, "You're lucky." Mimi had had three husbands and several runners-up. A great many men find ugly women, who are also shrewd, fastidious, intelligent and rich, quite interesting.

Elsa wandered in, with her model's undulations. She was Carol's type, which was why Mimi had sent for her. Her coloring was much the same, and her figure. She was, perhaps, a little more overstuffed above the waist, than Carol. Carol's torso produced the effect of gentle, firm curves, but Elsa's looked somewhat crowded.

The white frock was Grecian in design. Carol shook her head and Elsa departed. Elsa's head ached and her nerves were screaming. But there was nothing of the hang-over in her measured pace.

She departed and returned, departed and returned. Carol settled for the gray frock. It was the smoky color of her eyes, gray which has both blue and mauve in it. The dress itself was beautifully cut, and the slim waist was encircled with a varicolored sash, turquoise, cherry, fuchsia.

"I'll try it," said Carol.

Mimi was present at the trying. She nodded, well satisfied. There need be only a slight alteration, she said. She watched Carol turn in front of the mirror and suddenly screamed, to the horror of the fitter, poor wretch, who was tired, overworked and had four children to support. Mimi screamed, *"Carol, what's that on your hand?"*

Carol looked at her hand as if it weren't her own. What a dope she had been, she thought, not to take it off and put it in her bag before Mimi arrived.

"It's a ring," said Carol mildly.

"You drive me nuts," said Mimi. "Of course, it's a ring. It's quite a ring," she added, seized Carol's hand and regarded it, for a considerable length of time. "And was *that a* Christmas present, too, from Helen and Adam, or did you go without your lunches to buy it?" she inquired.

Carol said, resigned, "Look, Mimi, I just got it, last night. I haven't told anyone and I didn't mean to tell you. I'm waiting until Mother comes home to make the announcement."

"Darling," said Mimi, "I swear I won't tell a soul!"

"You," said Carol affectionately, "are a *platinum-plated sieve.*"

Mimi looked hurt. Her jewel eyes misted. She said, "I'm a worthless woman, Carol, and I'd sell my grandmother's body if the price were high enough. But I don't betray confidences." She remembered the fitter suddenly and looked down at the meek, small woman who was busy doing things to the hemline of the frock. "You, Bella," she said, "*you may scat.*"

The fitter scatted.

"Now," said Mimi, "who is he? Not Pete Tomlinson?"

"Pete," said Carol, "was a passing fancy. He is now on a battleship somewhere."

"Howard Carey?" asked Mimi. "I saw your picture with him, taken at the Stork or somewhere, last year."

"Howard's in the Air Corps—"

"Well," said Mimi, "for heaven's sake, who?"

"Dudley Lennox," Carol told her.

Mimi's mouth fell open and stayed that way. When she had the power to close it she said feebly, "You mean to say—"

"Listen," Carol interrupted, "get me out of this dress and I'll tell all."

MIMI obliged, and Carol sat down in a chair and took a cigarette from a crystal-and-silver box on the low table near by. She said, "I've known him, slightly, for years. He's quite a friend of Mother's and Father's, and I've seen him at the house and here and there. But of course he seemed years older—"

"He is," said Mimi; "not that it matters."

"He's thirty-six," said Carol.

"Or thereabouts," said Mimi. "I've known *him for ten years. He used to come in here* with . . ." She broke off and Carol grinned.

Carol said, "Don't spare the horses. I know all about her, anyway."

"Oh, well," said Mimi, "in that case . . ."

"In that case," said Carol, "we won't discuss it. When I went to work for Foresight, I just walked in, cold, asked to see the personnel manager, told him what I thought were my qualifications and got myself a job. I didn't get it through Dudley. He didn't know I was working on the magazine until he came into the department one day and saw me. He nearly dropped dead."

Mimi said, "Then he didn't know you very well." She looked at the girl and reflected: No, of course she wouldn't use Hillary influence to get herself a job.

Carol said after a minute, "Well, that's all. It was a year ago, and I've seen a lot of him since."

"What does the family think?" Mimi inquired.

Carol rose and stepped into her skirt. She said, "I wouldn't know. Mother likes him, quite a lot, I believe. I don't think Father does, especially. He's a little suspicious of every man who isn't in this war—principally because he himself would like to be."

"But he's fifty," said Mimi, startled.

"I know, yet he's tried everywhere and everything. He could get a desk job, of course, but he doesn't want that. He still thinks he can fly. He hasn't forgotten the last war. He's still living in it."

Mimi asked, "But why *isn't* Dudley Lennox in?"

Carol said, "He has a knee injury—from football—and a slight heart murmur. Also, *he owns and publishes Foresight, and that's* considered pretty important. It isn't old, as news weeklies go, but it is just about tops. He owns a motion-picture outfit, Mimi. He had intended to go into competition with March of Time. That sort of thing. Instead, he makes propaganda shorts for the govern-

ment. He's in Washington a lot, and has, besides, a sort of hush-hush advisory job. I don't know much about it."

Mimi asked, "When are you to be married?"

Carol shrugged. She said, "I don't know. Autumn, perhaps." She added, smiling, "It's hard to set a date. I never know when Mother and Father will be around at the same time—what with her war corresponding, lecture trips and all that . . . and he—well of course, he's always off somewhere, lecturing, too. It is quite a merry-go-round. The only person who stays at home is Aunt Agatha."

"Tell her," said Mimi briskly, "that it's time she came in for a fitting."

"I don't know why," said Carol, "she always wears the same dress, short for day and long by night. Black."

"It isn't the same dress," said Mimi, "it's merely another just like it." She smiled. She said, "I wish you happiness, Carol, for I don't know anyone who deserves it more."

Carol said, touched, "Thank you, Mimi."

Mimi added, "And when it's time to select your trousseau—"

Carol laughed. She said, "I knew that was coming. All right—everything Chez Mimi. And now I must run . . . hairdresser." she said vaguely. "Please, Mimi, can you get the dress to me early next week if possible? And we haven't talked price."

"No price," said Mimi, with a shudder at her own madness. "It's an engagement gift."

Carol hugged her. She said, "Nope, you'd have insomnia for six weeks. Just cut it down to my size, Mimi, and when I know definitely when Mother returns, I'll call you. The party wouldn't be complete without you, and you know that you and Jenny Davis are the only women Mother can stand."

She kissed Mimi's cheek lightly and, properly attired, left.

Mimi went into her strictly utilitarian, rather shabby office which no client ever saw, took a box of small brown cigars from a desk drawer, lighted one, sat back in her swivel chair and thought. She thought about Carol Hillary whom she loved and about Helen Hillary whom she reluctantly admired. She thought about Adam Hillary. He was one of the few men with whom Mimi had ever fancied she could be in love. She had not been in love with any of her husbands, including the current one, nor for that matter with any of her lovers . . . ditto. She thought of Jenny Davis who was the brightest single star on the musical-comedy stage, and one of the world's most enchanting women. Jenny Davis had been in love with Adam Hillary for a good many years. And he, it was assumed, with her.

Why he didn't divorce Helen, thought Mimi—and he had plenty of grounds, discreet as she was—was one of life's major mysteries.

SHE pressed a button. A harried minion appeared, and Mimi said, "Bill Miss Carol Hillary for the gray frock." She looked at the price tag which she had brought with her. It read, one hundred and fifty dollars. She said, sighing, "One hundred."

"Gray?" said the secretary. "Which gray?"

Mimi said with impatience, "There's only one. It's called Before Twilight."

The secretary scurried away. Mimi relaxed. This was a screwy business but it paid off. She wondered when the party would be. She wondered if Helen had aged. Any other woman would age. Racketing around the skies, smelling the smoke and blood of battle.

Helen was in on everything. She had been blitzed in London and torpedoed on the Atlantic. But nothing aged her. Nothing left its mark; not the success, or the money, not the adulation or the excitement, or the weariness of travel, and none of her reputed and generally reputable lovers. But *had* they been lovers? thought Mimi who was interested in her friends' diversions. If so, Helen hadn't been in love.

That's what ages you, thought Mimi sagely. Keep yourself detached, and you haven't a new line in your face when the time comes to say goodby and good luck—or goodby and good riddance.

She turned her thoughts to Carol. Carol was a completely real person, by herself. Surround her with parents and she became unlikely. It wasn't possible that between them they had produced her. Mimi flirted a little with the idea that perhaps they had not; or, at least, that Adam hadn't. But that wasn't any good. Carol looked like Adam, she had his dark hair, his gray eyes and his chin, in a feminine edition.

She hoped that Carol would be happy with Dudley Lennox. Lennox was as eligible a man as you could find nowadays. He was rich and orphaned. He had never been married. The lady with whom he had visited Chez Mimi in the past had not been Mrs. Lennox. She had been Mrs. Somebody Else.

Yvonne came in. Importunate clients waited, so Mimi put out her cigar and assembled her accent. This morning had cost her a good deal, she reflected. Her profit on Before Twilight would be some forty bucks instead of ninety. But you could afford a gesture, for sentimentality's sake. And Helen had been responsible for Chez Mimi. To be sure, she had been repaid with interest, Mimi's heart's blood and crocodile tears, but the obligation remained. And Carol.

She sailed into the reception room and looked severely at a plump blonde whose husband had seen the war coming. New money. She could smell it a mile off. She smiled inwardly. The fifty-dollar gesture would return to her a thousandfold.

CAROL met Dudley Lennox for luncheon, after the hairdresser. She was a little late and he was waiting for her in the small lounge of the French place where they had often met during the past months. He rose as she entered, and looked at her with pleasure. He took her hands and murmured, "Mind if I kiss you . . . now?"

"Very much," she said sedately, but her heart beat a little faster. She thought: I am in love with him; he's wonderful.

He was not a very tall man but he was well and compactly built. His hair was as dark as her own, but there was a salting of gray in it. His face was controlled and dark, his teeth very fine, and his hands. His eyes were hazel and quiet under heavy brows. There was strength about him—you felt it at once—discipline and vitality. He could be, she knew, entirely ruthless. She had seen this quality in operation more than once and

(Continued on page 52)

Miles stood there and answered the reporters' questions while the battery of cameras was trained on them. If Helen could take it so could he. He took it, and it was worse than the angry chatter of machine guns

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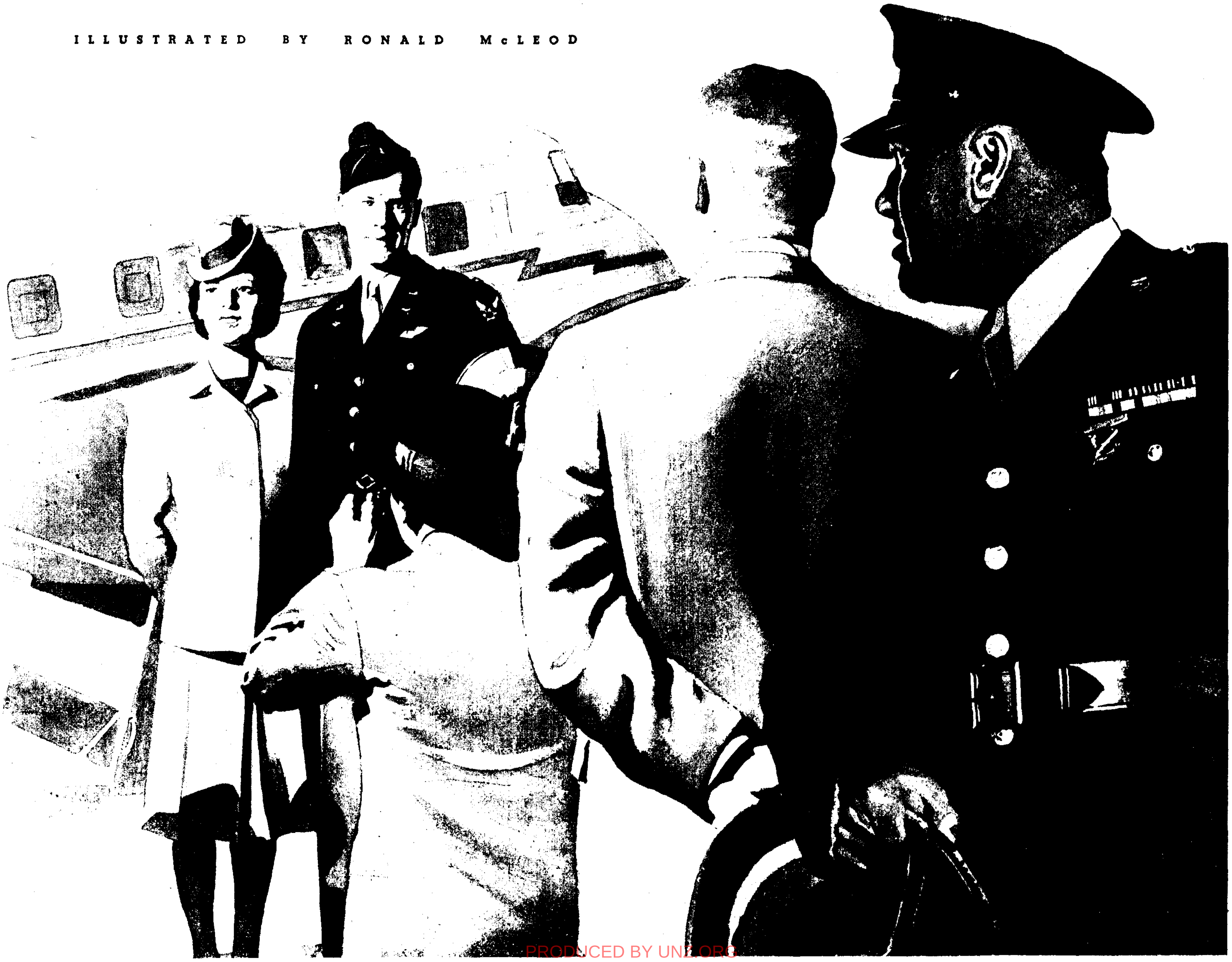
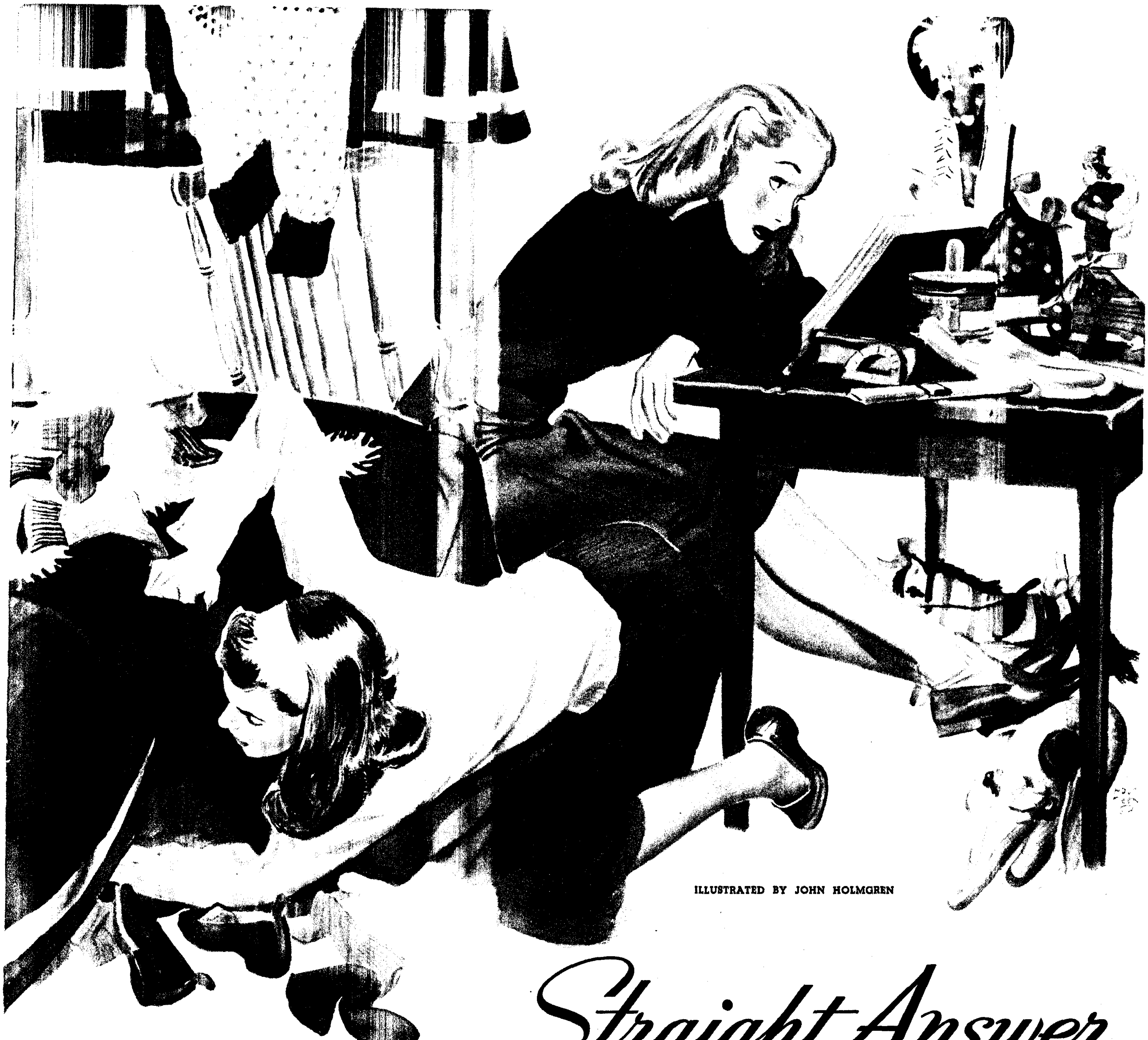




ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Vicky knew without turning that Pen was gathering anklets from all the nooks where socks can be tucked away

Straight Answer

BY HOPE HALE

The question was *simple*: Is a war marriage worth while? Pen had two answers and the right one was the wrong one

IT WAS before-dinner study hour, and Vicky sat staring at page 41 of The Intelligent Individual and Society. Behind her she heard Pen moving quietly about the room they had shared since the students doubled up to make space for the Waves. Vicky knew without turning that Pen was gathering anklets from all the unimaginable little nooks where a pair of socks can be tucked away in a dormitory room, and she was piling them on a kerchief spread out on the lower bunk.

This passion of Pen's was just one change from last year. Then Pen had waited like everyone else until she was down to her last pair, and washing any woolens but her own would have been unthinkable. This year, though—

Vicky jumped up and followed Pen to the little room at the end of the corridor and stood watching while she turned on the hot and cold faucets. Pen filled the basin carefully, then pushed the sleeve of her sweater above her elbow to test the temperature of the water.

Pen's arm was thin, Vicky thought absently. The wristbone came out sharp beneath the smooth skin still faintly golden from last summer's tan. Her cheekbones, too, Vicky saw now, were almost startlingly apparent. The overhead light flooded down on the lovely clean shine of dark brown hair that fell about her shoulders shading her face. Only a faint moving light came up, reflected from the water, giving a luminous glow to the shadows around the good bones and large deep eyes, high-lighting the plane of her forehead and the tender curve of her upper lip. She was beautiful this year, Vicky thought.

Pen looked up and smiled. Vicky's lips opened to speak, but Pen said, "I know. Follow me around with Pinky clutched to your bosom and I see it coming."

Vicky smiled vaguely and hugged the polka-dotted giraffe closer. She always picked up one of the animals from her bed when she had a problem to solve. "This time it's different," she said, frowning. "It's crucial. I mean, before, we were just discussing it in a nebulous sort of way—"

"Nebulous on your side," Pen said, shaking soap powder into the water. "Also trite; it's a crazy world and shouldn't two people be crazy too and snatch their happiness while the snatching's good. Well, my answer isn't nebulous." Pen selected all the white socks and dropped them into the suds. "And it's still No."

"But, Pen." Vicky's head, the gold-red hair drawn smoothly back from the temples, rested against the doorframe. "I mean, you did it. You married Don. And you don't regret it." She stated that as a fact, her voice sure.

"How do you know?" Pen's words were barely audible beneath the sound of water being forced through wool by urgent clasping motions of her thin hands.

"I know," Vicky said. "I've seen you when his letters came; I met you at the train, remember, after Christmas. And once I even saw you with him. In New York, on 53rd Street? You looked right at me and didn't even see me. It was wonderful!" Pen didn't answer.

DON had gone overseas, long before these endless weeks in which there had not been even a letter. Abruptly, almost angrily, she pushed back the soft dark cloud of hair that fell against her cheek.

"No, but Pen"— Vicky leaned forward, anticipating her, frowning with intentness so that the strange auburn lashes almost hid the gray-green of her eyes—"but, Pen, what you've had you've had. Happiness—"

"Do you imagine," Pen asked quietly,

(Continued on page 65)

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

BY HERBERT ASBURY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL WEBB

All over the country, hijackers are casing liquor trucks, alky cookers are bending over their pots, moonshiners are choosing likely clearings for illicit stills, and bootleggers are on the prowl. So far, their operations are comparatively small, but they are organizing and their business is growing

IN NEW YORK not long ago, gangsters stole two trucks and trailers loaded with $100,000 worth of liquor. In Baltimore, 510 cases of whisky were hijacked; in Jersey City, 570 cases; in a Massachusetts town, at a truck terminal in broad daylight, 650 cases. In Chicago, two men were killed in a booze war, several bootleg rings were broken up, and federal authorities confiscated a huge still, with two wooden vats each five feet high and ten feet in diameter and containing 5,000 gallons of mash. In the Bronx, a completely equipped still was found in an apartment bathroom.

In Florida, moonshiners set up their apparatus in the belfry of a church. In Georgia, they started operations in a lonely cemetery. In New Jersey, federal agents raided a still which was protected by barbed wire and an elaborate electric-alarm system. The presence of wood alcohol and other poisons in whisky has been reported; several persons have died after drinking the stuff. In New York and other states, federal grand juries have begun to investigate the activities of bootleg rings and their big cousin, the black market.

These are samples of what is happening more and more often all over the country. They can't be dismissed as isolated instances, for they're beginning to fall into a definite pattern. And the pattern is that of the prohibition era. Said J. Edgar Hoover, head of the F.B.I., recently:

"There is a trend toward the same rampant gangsterism which cost the nation thousands of lives and billions of dollars during the 1920s and the early 1930s. Once again the drivers of liquor trucks are riding in mortal terror of hijackers. In certain centers, rotgut booze is being sold openly to both soldiers and civilians. The speak-easy, now called a 'cheat joint,' has reappeared. Bribery and coercion have begun to appear again."

Although nearly every city of any importance in the United States now has its little nest of bootleggers, actually their business is on a very small scale compared to the gigantic operations carried on by the booze gangs in the gaudy days of Al Capone and Terrible Johnny Torrio. So far, they've been more or less held in check by several factors —sugar rationing, the occasional release of good whisky through regular trade channels, scarcity of materials, shortage of manpower, and the vigilance of the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, which is always on the alert to see that Uncle Sam gets what's coming to him in the way of liquor taxes.

But the point of the situation is this: The bootlegger, the hijacker and the illegal distiller are again on the prowl and they're organizing. If the shortage of whisky becomes acute enough—and there's scant indication that it will become any less acute—conditions similar to those which made the noble experiment a national nightmare will certainly develop.

And the boys are beginning to overcome their difficulties. The old-timers of prohibition days, alky cookers, cutters and hijackers with experience under Capone and other masters, are crawling out from wherever they've been hiding for ten years. And they seem able to get hold of copper tubing and other materials which the honest man who wants to build something hasn't seen for two years. Moreover, there has been a considerable leakage of sugar from warehouses and other supply centers, some counterfeiting of ration stamps, and a large number of grocery-store burglaries have been reported, in which the loot consisted of bags of sugar, with an occasional side of meat.

In some parts of the country small-time crooks are buying ration stamps from people who don't use much sugar, salving consciences with the plea that their wives want to do a lot of canning but are prevented from doing so by the cruel rationing boards. In this way, they collect sugar in five-pound driblets, hoarding it until they've accumulated enough to interest a big operator.

A little of this diverted sugar goes to a few candy manufacturers, but most of it winds up in the stills of the bootleggers. Several fairly large caches of illegal sugar have been confiscated in recent months. In one raid in Chicago, agents of the Tax Unit found 10,000 pounds stored in a garage, together with a 500-gallon still and other equipment. In another, they seized 2,500 pounds of sugar, ten cases of yeast, and 140 gallons of fresh moonshine whisky, raw and unpalatable. But it was all ready to be cut, doctored for taste, and sold under well-known trade names, complete with phony labels and counterfeit revenue stamps. Incidentally, a lot of this sort of liquor (and, of course, almost all of the good whisky that the bootlegger gets) is watered down to a point where it wouldn't test more than thirty or forty proof.

After sampling some of the colored dishwater that passes for whisky in parts of the Middle West, you can sympathize with the complaint of a Kansas City guzzler. "I spent ten bucks on drinks last night and couldn't even get a whisky breath!"

Kitchenette Distilleries

The most efficient way to operate a still is to use sugar, but actually, alcohol can be made from almost anything and it can be cooked on the kitchen stove. Millions of gallons were so made during prohibition. Chicagoans will recall the heady odors along West Madison Street around Halsted, where a little batch of alky was always on the fire in hundreds of apartments.

Also, grain isn't the only thing that can be used to make an acceptable mash from which a more or less drinkable beverage can be concocted. An agent of the Tax Unit had something to say about this down in Georgia, where a flood of bootleg liquor has appeared that is far worse than the traditional Southern "corn likker."

As a matter of fact, genuine moonshine corn, especially if it has been aged a bit, is very palatable; many experienced drinkers prefer it to standard ryes and bourbons, and insist that it's the only drink fit for human consumption. The trouble now is, the mountain moonshiners can't get enough corn, and they're making their booze out of whatever's handy. But they still call it corn; it would be corn to them if they concocted it from discarded harness and old plowlines.

"There's no knowing what it really is," said the Tax Unit man. "They are making some of it out of a sort of mash sweetened with sirup and molasses. I suppose that ought to make rum. But they are using mashes composed of cornmeal, rice, grits, oats—everything, apparently. Some of the stuff tastes as if it might be made of old shoes and tires.

"I recently came across a mixture that seemed to be principally molasses and potatoes. I guess potatoes ought to make a sort of vodka, but the stuff that came out of this still wasn't vodka. What it was, I can't tell you. I tried a half ounce or so of it and I've never tasted anything like it. Or as bad, either. I'd like to know what happens to a man when he puts a mixed breed of bad rum, terrible vodka, and worse corn whisky into his stomach. Judging from the antics of some of the men I've seen drinking the stuff, it's not anything I'd want to happen to me."

The dry state of Mississippi, home of some of the finest moonshine corn ever made, is having liquor troubles, too, of the same sort that are plaguing the authorities in Georgia. A member of the Mississippi legislature declared on the floor of the state senate recently that more whisky was coming into the state and being manufactured there, than was being made in the adjoining wet state of Tennessee, site of many distilleries.

The legislature devised a curious method of remedying the situation; it adopted a law levying a twelve per cent sales tax on liquor and other items "the sale or distribution of which is prohibited by the laws of this state or the United States." If the state can collect, it should do well, for despite the dry laws, saloons have been operating more or less openly in Mississippi for years. And since everything they do is against the law anyway, they sell whatever they can get to whoever wants it at the highest possible prices.

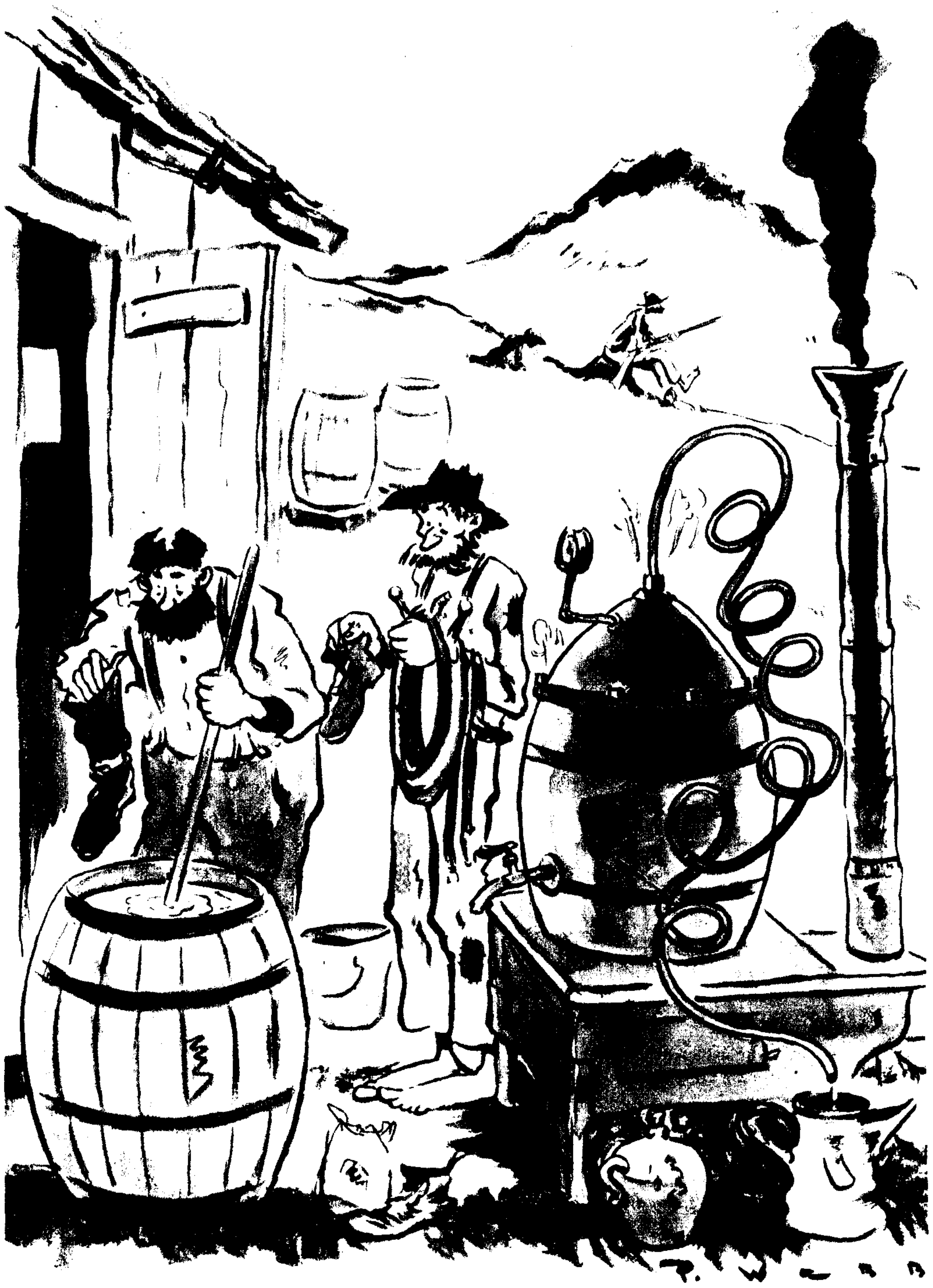
Some of the Georgia and Mississippi moonshiners must have moved to Pittsburgh, because during the past few months, Pittsburgh's so-called "hill district," a slum area, has been flooded with bootleg booze known locally as "moonie." It has been selling for around $65 a case and tastes pretty much like the Georgia concoctions sound. Following their noses through the hill district not long ago, federal agents traced an extraordinary odor to the kitchen of an old woman who used to be an alky cooker for one of the Pittsburgh booze gangs. She was brewing a horrible concoction of potatoes and chopped corn, for which she found a ready sale at eighty cents the half pint.

"I never sell nobody more'n that," she explained. "It ain't good for 'em."

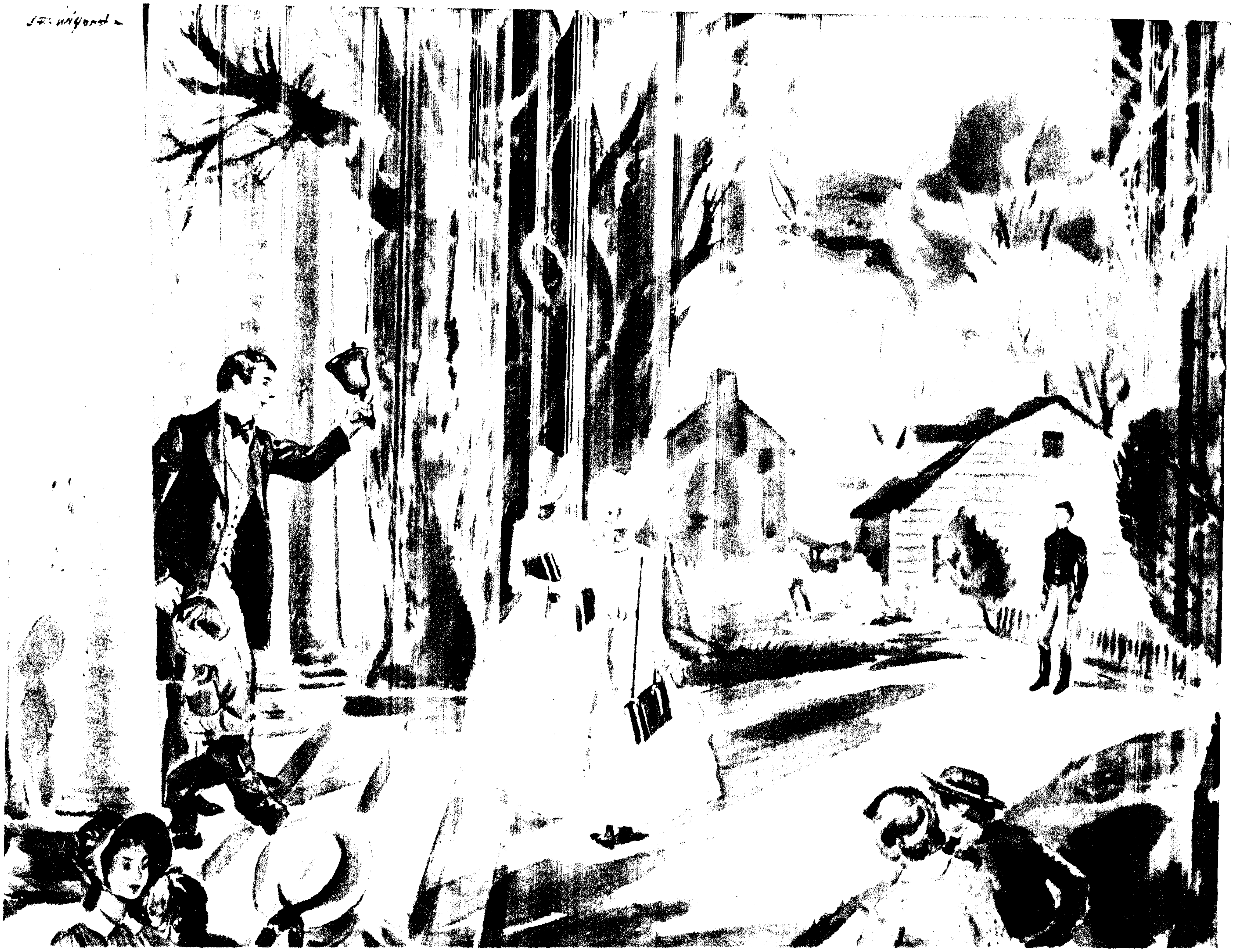
When asked why she did it, she replied, "My sixteen kids gotta eat, ain't they? I got a nice business here. I'm makin' good dough."

It is doubtful if any of this Pittsburgh or Georgia stuff is worse than a fiercely raw alcohol known around Chicago as "yockey dock," which generally sells at from three to five dollars a gallon, depending upon the quantity purchased. It is much used for cutting purposes in the dives and cheap saloons of South State Street, and large quantities are absorbed by the gin flats and low call houses which flourish on Chicago's West Side. In some of the latter resorts the customers are said to drink it straight, a thing which passeth understanding. A lot of yockey dock has also been sent into Detroit and other Michigan cities (where liquor is rationed),

(Continued on page 48)



What some of the liquor you're getting now really is no one knows—the moonshiners are using some weird mashes. A lot of the stuff tastes as if it might be made of old shoes



From all directions children hurried. Margery and Marion were waiting for Matt at the Academy steps

HORSEMEN NEVER SMOKE

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY LORIN F. WILFORD

He was back from Gettysburg. He had played a man's part, fired a man's rifle at other men. He was a man. But here in Grantland they still tried to use him as a boy

AS HE traveled north, Corporal Matthew Titus found no welcome. People were trying to forget the war. Besides, the country had been overrun by a horde of discharged bummers and coffee-coolers until decent citizens suspected every man in uniform. Even little children looked at him with hostile eyes. They might all have been Copperheads or Sons of Liberty or Secesh.

No one spoke to him except a predatory woman in Philadelphia who called, "Howdy, soldier." Later, after they crossed the New York State line, an inquisitive man with a carpet bag and a lodge pin shared his seat.

He drew two cigars from his pocket and offered one of them to Matthew.

"No, thanks. A horseman shouldn't smoke."

The man agreed that matches were dangerous in a stable and noticed the facings on the corporal's blue jacket. "Cavalry?"

"Yes, sir."

As soon as he said it, Matthew wished that he could recall the "sir." That was what Washington duty had done to him. There, civilians had to be handled like a pocketful of stolen eggs. Some of them had influence in the Congress.

"Been in very long?"

"Since November, sixty-one."

"Why," he said, "that's four years."

"Lacking six weeks."

"Seen any action?"

"Some."

"Where?"

"Gaines Mill, Fair Oaks, Seven Days, Brandy Station, Yellow Tavern, Winchester, Fishers Hill, Mount Jackson and a lot more places I forget."

Evidently the man did not believe him. He stared at the soft fuzz on Matthew's cheek. "How old are you, bub?"

"Twenty."

"Yeah?"

"On my discharge, that is."

"You don't look it."

"My right age is eighteen," explained the corporal. "I lied a little to enlist."

"What regiment?"

"Fifth and Second."

"N'York?"

"U. S."

"Oh! The regulars." The man said it contemptuously, as if the state troops were superior.

Corporal Titus felt himself growing angry. More than once, they had covered the retreat of badly mauled volunteers and had lost good men doing it. He reached in his pocket for his plug. A chew of tobacco helped a fellow control his temper.

THE train stopped for a few minutes at Graysville Junction. As the engine jerked at the coupling pins to start them forward again, the conductor marched through the coach. He was pot-bellied, jaundiced, ill-natured; a pompous tyrant with a gold watch chain stretched across his vest.

He glared as if Matthew were trying to steal a ride. "You're next."

The corporal cupped a hand behind his ear. "What say?"

"You get off. Next stop."

"Hey?"

"Grantland next."

"Yes, sir, it is. Awful nice weather for this time of year," said the boy pleasantly. "Dug your potatoes yet?"

Passengers grinned and the conductor's face reddened. "Deef," he announced loudly. "Deefer than a milepost."

Matthew felt better. He had played deaf before. Once, during the conspirators' trials, he had worked it on a militia major and even his own lieutenant had laughed.

He peered through the sooty window. Across the valley was the Stagner farm. Beyond, in a hollow, lay the marshy millpond where the village boys went frogging. They passed the Deacon Buckley place; the weeping willow still stood in the front yard and the trotting-horse weather vane adorned the barn cupola.

In the distance towered East Hill, gorgeous now with yellow and scarlet maples. Late-afternoon sunlight flooded the summit, although the valley bottom was in shadow.

Matthew stood up and was astonished to find that his knees were weak. For an insane moment he considered staying on the train. He could be in Buffalo by midnight, sleep at a hotel and go west tomorrow. His friend, the horseshoer, lived in Kansas. Perhaps he'd like to settle out there.

(Continued on page 34)

Missing . . .

BY LIEUTENANT TOM HARMON

Vivid account of the thrilling adventures of Michigan's All-America Tom Harmon, who has made two crash landings in remote parts of the world and managed to return to the A.A.F. each time

INTERNATIONAL

Lieutenant Tom Harmon, in California on leave, poses with his bride-to-be, Elyse Knox. He calls her "Butch"

THERE were a lot of Army pilots sitting around the ready room, "hangar flying," one day, and a good question came up concerning the heroic rescue of Eddie Rickenbacker. I was sitting on the side lines listening; a cub pilot learns a great deal that way. It was old "Whaletail" who was speaking and he was a newcomer, too, but Whale had always spoken wisely, and his question started the session off to new heights.

"Which would you take if you had your selection of a crash landing in water or over land?" he asked.

The majority of the boys preferred water. I didn't. I had read about Captain Rickenbacker, and if I have ever read a story that was no tea party, that was it. The Atlantic and Pacific oceans are pretty good-sized puddles. A life raft out on those huge blue masses is hardly distinguishable at 1,000 feet, and the higher you get, the smaller the raft appears.

In my mind, it was very firmly entrenched that if I ever ran into difficulties which presented that problem, I would certainly take the land. I like flying as much as any boy who ever pushed the throttles, but when you are down, there is nothing like good ole *terra firma*. At that time, little did I realize that soon I would be face to face with just that problem.

It was about three months after the bull session. We were on an X mission for the Army Air Corps. We had trained together for several long weeks. Each of the boys was a specialist at his job. We were flying along, and everything was perfect. My plane, Little Butch, was purring like a kitten, and none of us seemed to have a worry in the world. We had traveled many miles in Little Butch and we protected her like a baby. She was a good airplane.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Little Butch the First, referred to here, was a bomber named by Harmon in honor of his bride-to-be, Miss Elyse Knox of Hollywood. So was Butch the Second, a fighter in which he was later downed in China.]

Sailing into Trouble

We were sailing along at 10,000 feet and had just busted out of bad weather. We saw that we were over the coast and we turned inland to try to get under the soup. We had started a small gradual downward spiral to the right. Then something happened to our right wing. The ship went into a sharp spiral to the right.

Everyone went to work trying to right the ship. It was useless. The order was given to bail out. We were over land. The first duty of a pilot of any bomber is to look out for the safety of his crew. I stayed with the ship until the altimeter read 1,000 feet, and, upon looking back, the ship appeared to be cleared. I threw open the top escape hatch, and Little Butch went into a spin to the left as I went out.

It was quite an experience, this parachuting for the first time. I missed the ring, and it seemed ages until I could get my hand on it. Then I hung in the trees about forty feet off the ground in a heavy jungle. Not more than twenty yards away, Little Butch had come to her final resting place.

It was a very shaky boy who pulled himself over to the nearest branch of the tree and grabbed things out of his jungle kit. The kit contained a bolo knife, compass, chocolate, matches, quinine, water-purification pills, and a fishline and hooks. It was from this kit that I got the things which I believe saved my life. The knife was indispensable in that heavy jungle, and the compass gave me a true and straight course which eventually led me to a native village.

I went to the plane and called and yelled to see if anyone had landed near by. It was raining, and in that dense jungle your voice would be tremendous if it carried a hundred yards. Receiving no answer, I sat down under a tree and tried to compose myself. I never saw any of my crew alive again. After about an hour, I was in better shape. I wandered in hope of finding some of the crew. No luck. I returned and searched the plane to see if there was anything I could use to help me get out.

Looking at that jungle from up above was all I needed to tell me that, regardless of how much the Army boys searched, they would certainly never find me here. The life raft was thrown free of the plane, and I secured a flare pistol and some cans of water and a little dipping bucket. I thought that I could catch some rain in the bucket and drink that.

I salvaged a heavy winter flying jacket that would keep me warm and dry, and managed to find some clothes out of which I fashioned a knapsack to carry what few things I did have. Outside of a little shaking up and a stiff foot, I was in good physical shape, so I started off.

My watch was still running, and I still had my Saint Francis medal, my crash bracelet and my ring. It was about noon. I figured I would be from ten to twenty days trying to reach the coast. I put the distance at around thirty miles and allowed for plenty of time, because that jungle looked tough. After saying a prayer to the Lord, in thanks for letting me get out of that crash alive, I started off in a due east direction. I knew that the ocean was due east, and so I shot for it.

It took me just about five minutes of walking to know that I had a real task in front of me. The jungle was so thick that I couldn't walk five yards without using the bolo to cut vines and branches away to get through. Small vines were forever tangling in my legs and pulling me back.

I held the compass in my hand constantly, because I had a growing fear that I would walk in circles. The territory was full of small mountains. They might not even be classed as mountains because they were, at most, seven or eight hundred feet high—almost vertical, and slippery. It rained all the time.

After beating my way uphill and down trail all day, I figured that I had covered about four or five miles at the most. I had just walked up to the top of the last hill I could see—which was funny, because in that jungle you had no visibility at all over twenty or thirty yards, as the vines and foliage were so thick you just had no vision of open space at all.

It was often hard even to see the dull gray sky overhead, due to the denseness of that jungle. Glancing at my watch, I could see that it was six o'clock and I knew that it got dark early, so I decided to try to build a shelter. Having quite a bit of Boy Scout training, I knew that a high place was best.

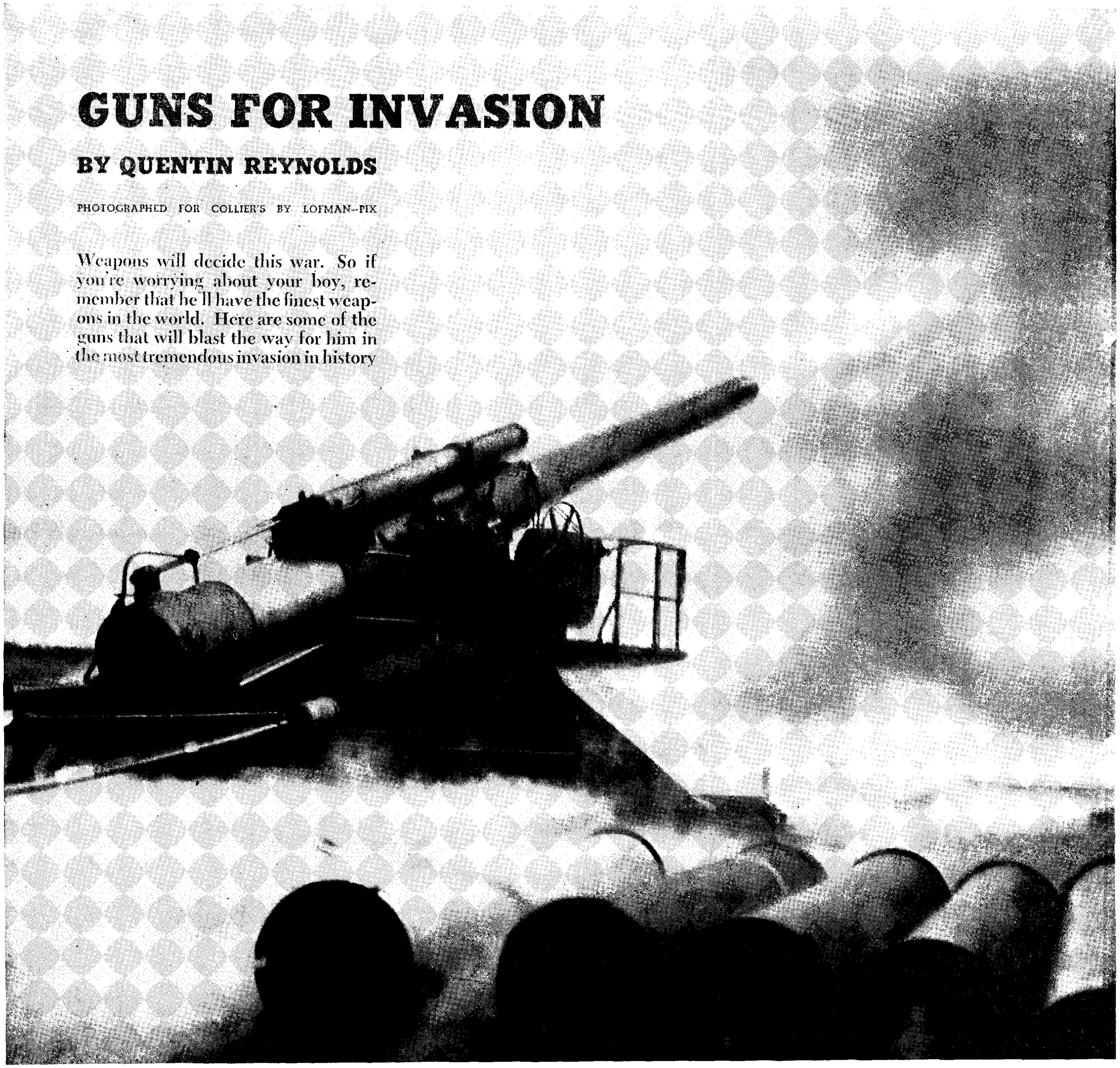
(Continued on page 39)

GUNS FOR INVASION

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

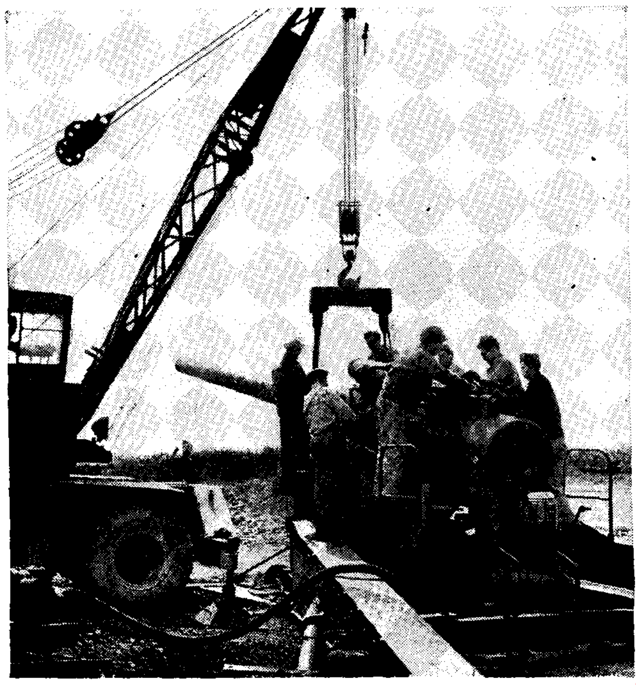
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN–PIX

Weapons will decide this war. So if you're worrying about your boy, remember that he'll have the finest weapons in the world. Here are some of the guns that will blast the way for him in the most tremendous invasion in history

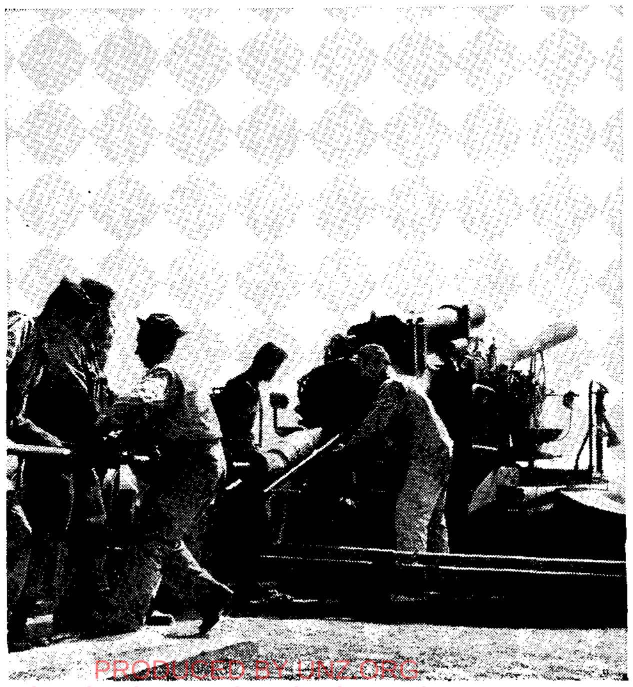


The 8-inch gun should be the star of the Big Show. It is extremely mobile, and anything within twenty miles will bear proof to its accuracy and authority

Accompanying crane lifts 8-inch gun on its carriage



It throws one of these 240-lb. shells every minute



A 90-lb. powder charge follows; then see picture above

YES, Mrs. Jones, I know you're worried. So are a couple of million other mothers worried about their sons abroad. You think of the German as a huge frightening mechanical monster. Your boy is only a kid. What chance has he, you ask despairingly, against that professional army of Hitler's? Well now, let me tell you some things that may make you feel better about this invasion. It's true that your son is only a kid who until quite recently was never trained to combat. He's not the killer type at all. But the Big Show is being decided by weapons, Mrs. Jones, and your son has the best weapons in the world right in his hands now.

Last August we were up against a very good German outfit in Sicily, the Hermann Goering Division. The 45th Division captured a great many of these men on the northeast coast of the island. They had been under our artillery fire for several days and they were badly shaken. Artillery fire has a habit of demoralizing the toughest soldier, and our fire had considerably blunted the sharp edge of their courage.

"We would have held out," one German prisoner said sullenly, "if it hadn't been for that big automatic cannon of yours."

This made the Intelligence officers who were questioning the prisoners blink. There is, of course, no such weapon as "a big automatic cannon." Further questioning revealed the fact that the prisoner was talking about our Long Tom. It was made to fire three shells a minute, but our artillery lads in Sicily had stepped that up to such an extent that the bewildered Germans actually thought it was firing automatically.

That, Mrs. Jones, is typical of the weapons our Ordnance Department, under the command of brilliant Major General Levin Hicks Campbell, has given your son for the invasion.

The weapons pictured here are, for the most part, our standard weapons. In addition to these, there are a great many others which are on the so-called "classified list;" that is secret. The Germans don't know anything about them, and neither do I. I know we have improved rocket guns that we will be hearing about any minute now. We have new rapid-firing stuff that was saved for the Big Show, and in the field of chemical warfare, we are quite ready (offensively and defensively) to combat anything that the Germans may dream up to hit us with. But to speculate on these new weapons would be idle and would only get us very dark looks from the gentlemen in charge of security censorship. Instead, let's talk a little about the standard weapons.

Pin-up Gun of the Invasion

My guess is that the 8-inch gun will be the real Pin-up Gun of the invasion. We have heard a lot about the Long Tom and a lot about the 240-mm. howitzer because both have seen a lot of service in Sicily and Italy.

But when the Ordnance people at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, who test every gun before it is put into combat, talk about the 8-inch gun, the same rapt, dreamy look comes to their eyes that you see in the faces of the bobby-sox kids when you mention Frank Sinatra.

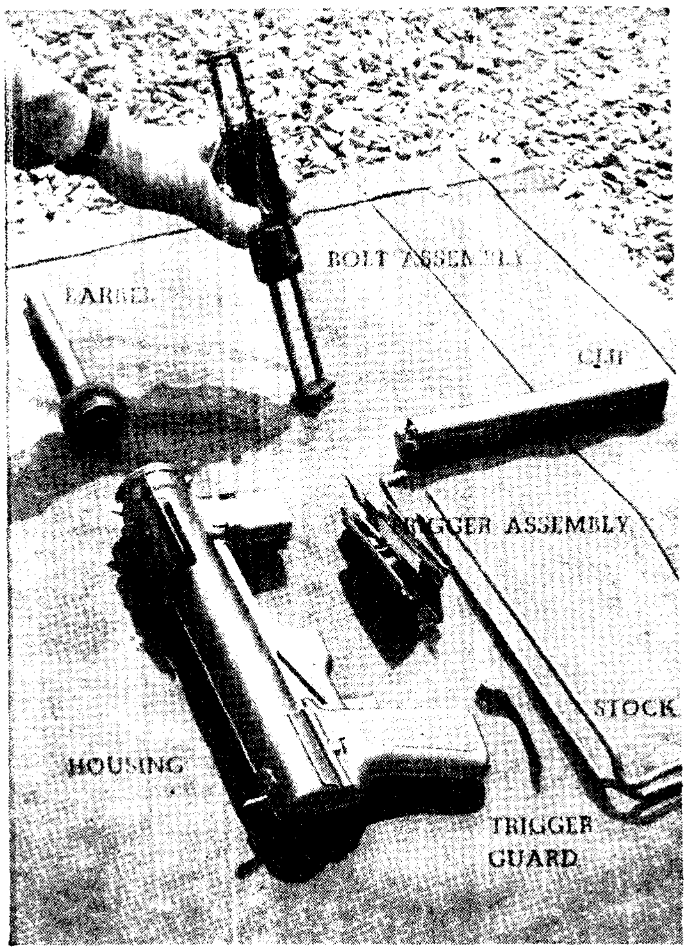
Major General Gladeon Barnes, one of the world's greatest experts in gun design, said of the 8-inch gun, "It'll drop a projectile right on the courthouse steps."

Now, just what courthouse the general was referring to, I don't know. Perhaps he had in mind the huge gloomy Alexanderplatz Polizei Praesidium in Berlin, and it is true that if you had the gun twenty miles outside of Berlin, you could literally drop a shell (or projectile, as the artillery boys say) on that courthouse of unhappy memory.

It is very hard to humanize a huge hunk of steel. It is hard to picture the mighty agent of destruction which the Army merely calls the 8-inch. But a little simple arithmetic (for me, it had better be simple) can tell you more about the gun than that the diameter of the nozzle is eight inches. If you want to get the weight of the shell it fires, the formula is $D^3 \div 2$ (D must be in inches); that is, multiply 8×8×8, which gives you 512. Divide by 2 and you get 256, and that is the weight of the shell fired by the 8-inch.

The 240-mm. howitzer tosses a heavy shell (345 pounds), but its range is much less than that of our glamor girl of the artillery. The 8-inch fires one round a minute, and a feature of the big girl is that it can be knocked down, loaded and sent somewhere else all within

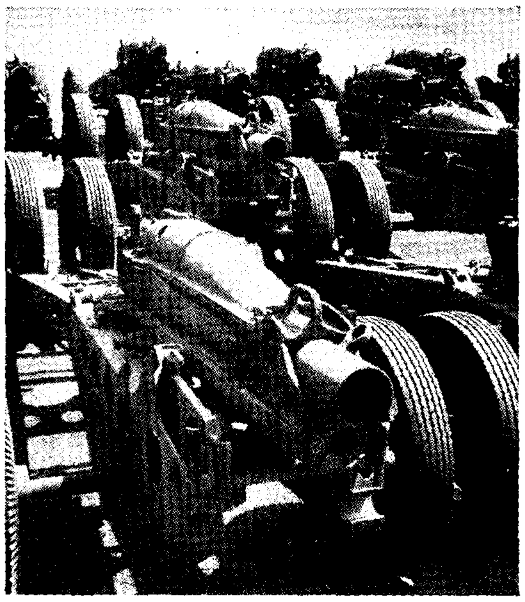
Lt. Robert Clarkson of Camden, S. C., demonstrates the absence of recoil as he fires the .45-caliber submachine gun



All-metal stamped parts of the simple, inexpensive, easy-to-fire, easy-to-clean .45-caliber 8-lb. gun

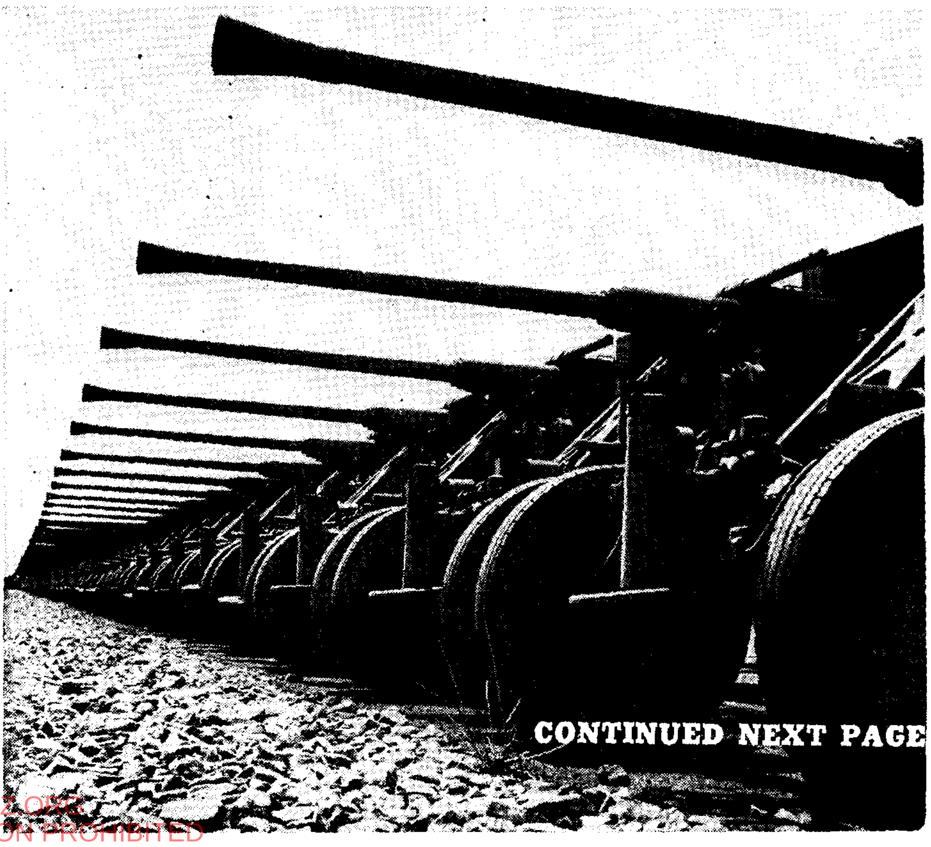
The 75-mm. pack howitzer weighing 1,200 lbs. can be divided and dropped in six paracrates

Real work horse of the war, the 105-mm. howitzer showed its worth in Sicily, at Salerno and Anzio. It tosses 15 shells a minute



This is the 20-mm. rapid-firing weapon that is the nemesis of the German dive bomber

The 40-mm. all-purpose gun can do everything but cook. It is equally effective against men, planes and tanks, and fires 120 shells a minute



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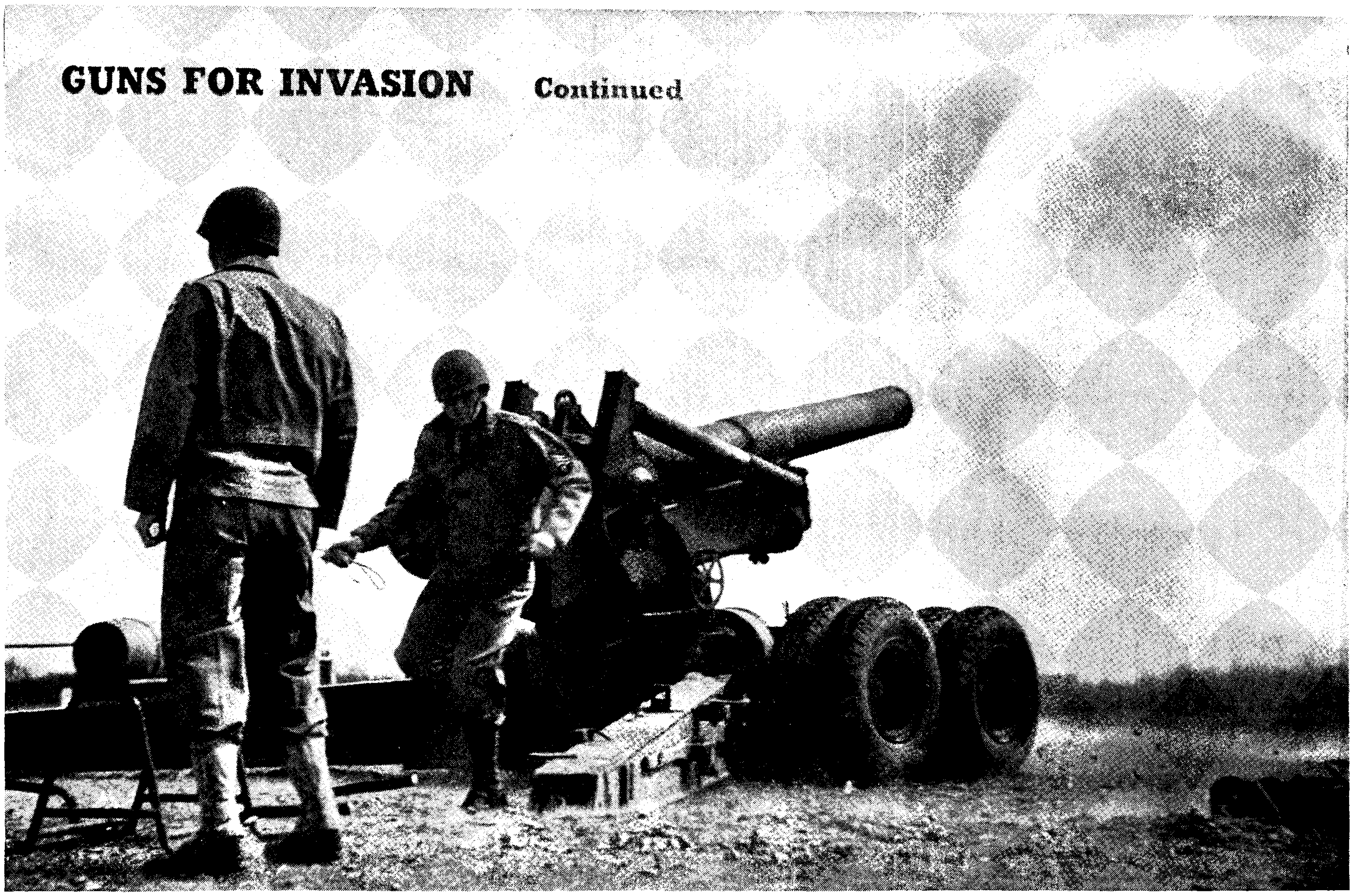
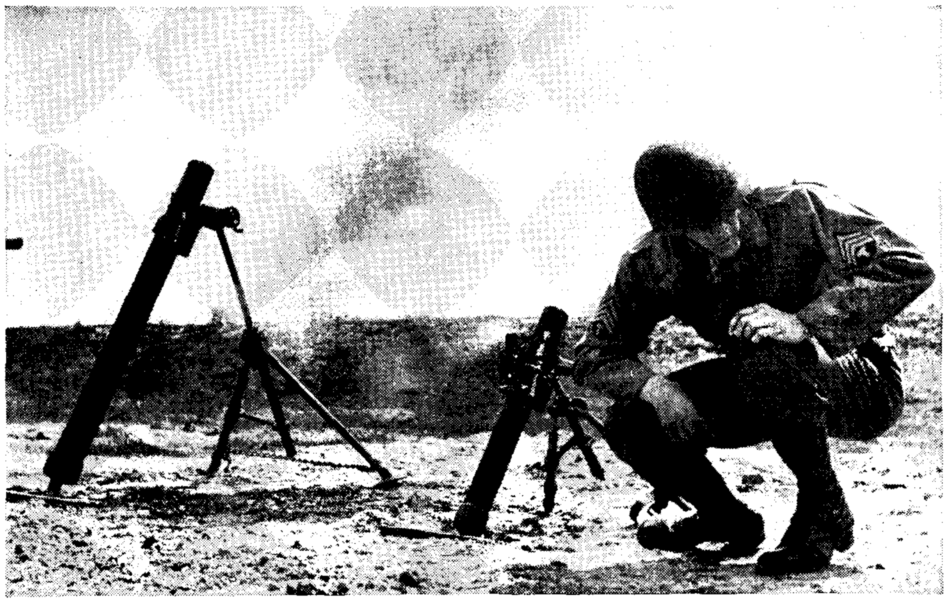
GUNS FOR INVASION Continued

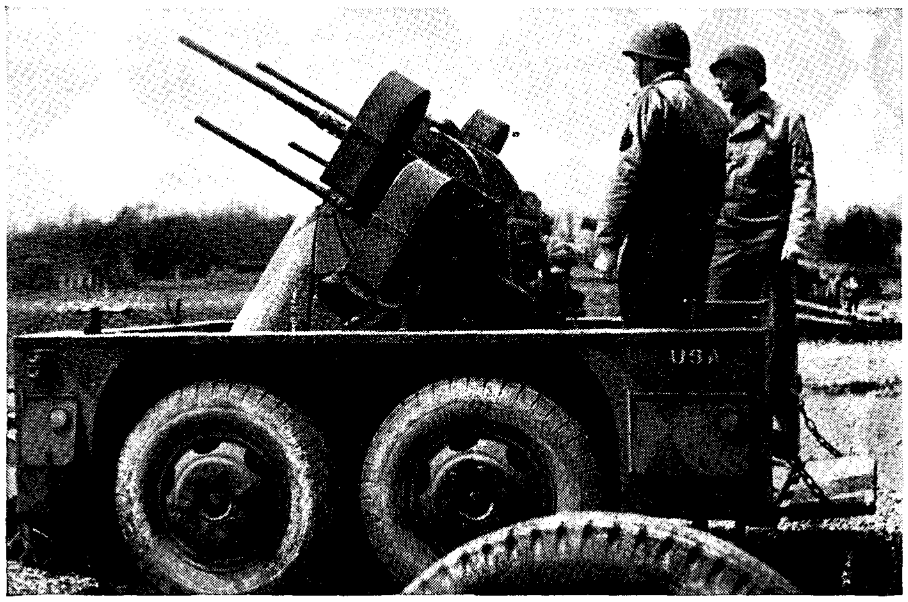


Gun and carriage, the 8-inch howitzer weighs 28,000 lbs., but it can go places quickly. This is one of the guns that will reduce German defenses to rubble

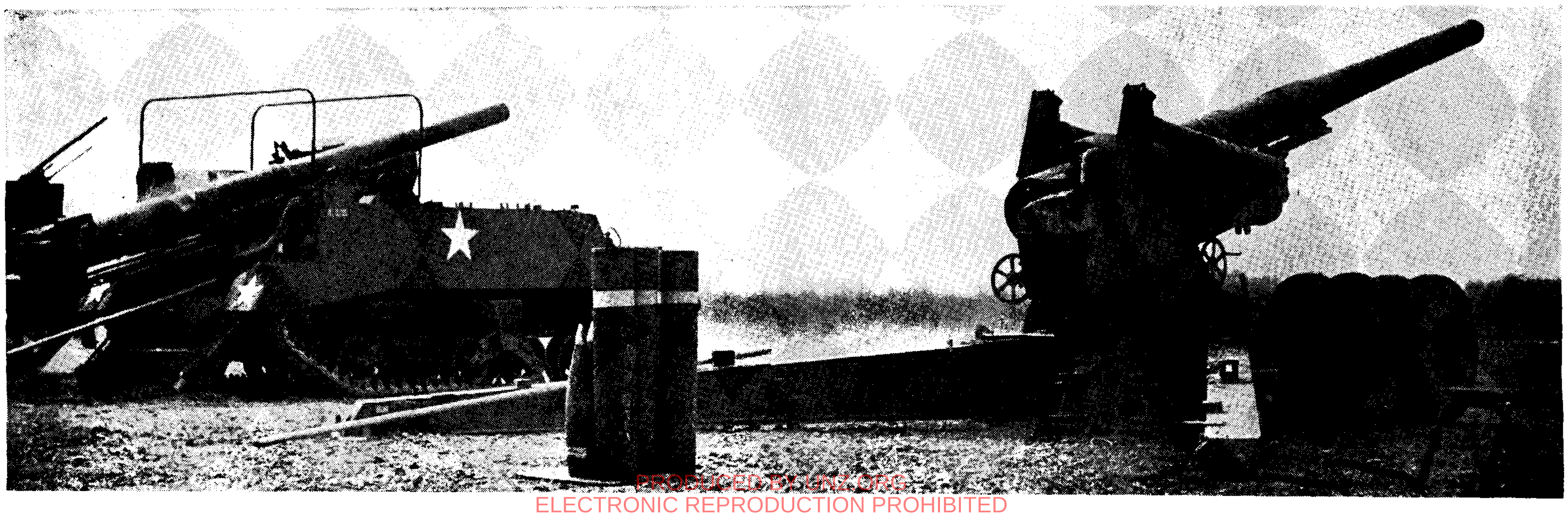
The 81-mm. mortar (left) throws shells or smoke bombs more than 3,000 yards. Its baby brother, the 61-mm. (right), has a shorter range



These four .50-caliber antiaircraft guns mounted on a fast-moving truck spell death to enemy planes that come within reach



The boys call the 155-mm. gun the Long Tom. It can be mounted on either a mobile carriage (left) or a stationary one (right). It is deadly either way



Artillerists think of a tank as a gun. These fortresses on caterpillars, the Medium M-4s, pack a 75-mm. cannon, a .50-caliber gun and two .30-caliber guns

forty minutes. In short, the 8-inch gun is, as Ordnance experts say happily, the best big mobile gun in the world. That is why it looms so big at the moment.

Warfare is not the static contest of position that it was twenty-five years ago. Big 16-inch guns and the Big Berthas of the last war are only good now for coast defense. They just sit there immobilized by their concrete bases and they're awfully hard to move. Once their position is spotted, the Air Corps can usually do something about them But by the time the German air corps knows the position of these 8-inch guns of ours, they will be on their way somewhere else.

It isn't only in the field of big mobile stuff that we are splendidly equipped. We're good down to the lovely little 5-pound .30-caliber carbine that is very nice for short-range fighting. In addition to throwing a bullet that will knock you down at 300 yards, it can launch both smoke and high-explosive grenades.

Then there is the M-3 submachine gun that is a delight to shoot. It is one of the most simple bits of lethal apparatus in the world, and a child can take it apart, clean it and operate it. It weighs under eight pounds, and when we drop into enemy territory, we always carry a large extra supply with us. The gun comes packed in a cardboard box, and, if you didn't know, you'd think it held breakfast cereal.

These extra guns are to distribute to friendly civilian neighbors who might want to join the fun. After these years of German occupation you'd be surprised how many Czechs, Norwegians, French, Belgians and Dutch welcome the chance to curl their right forefingers around the trigger of an M-3 submachine gun. This is the perfect gun for amphibious landings.

On the Dieppe raid we had a gun very similar. There was one fault with it: When our lads hopped out of their boats to land with a bump, the shock was enough to release the firing mechanism and fire the gun, an unhappy event that gave our presence away a bit prematurely. But now Ordnance has put a little gadget on the M-3 that prevents this.

You can pick practically any of our weapons at random and feel pretty good about things. Take, for instance, our big 120-mm. antiaircraft gun. Of course the rocket gun has received a lot of publicity of late because it is very photogenic. But it is also very inaccurate, as all rocket guns are. Our 120-mm. gun is not inaccurate at all. Under favorable conditions it will knock the eyes off an enemy plane at 40,000 feet with a 50-pound shell. Our 120-mm. has an extreme range of over 60,000 feet. Merely by lowering the tube (that's what the experts call the gun barrel), this 120 of ours is changed into a very nice antitank gun.

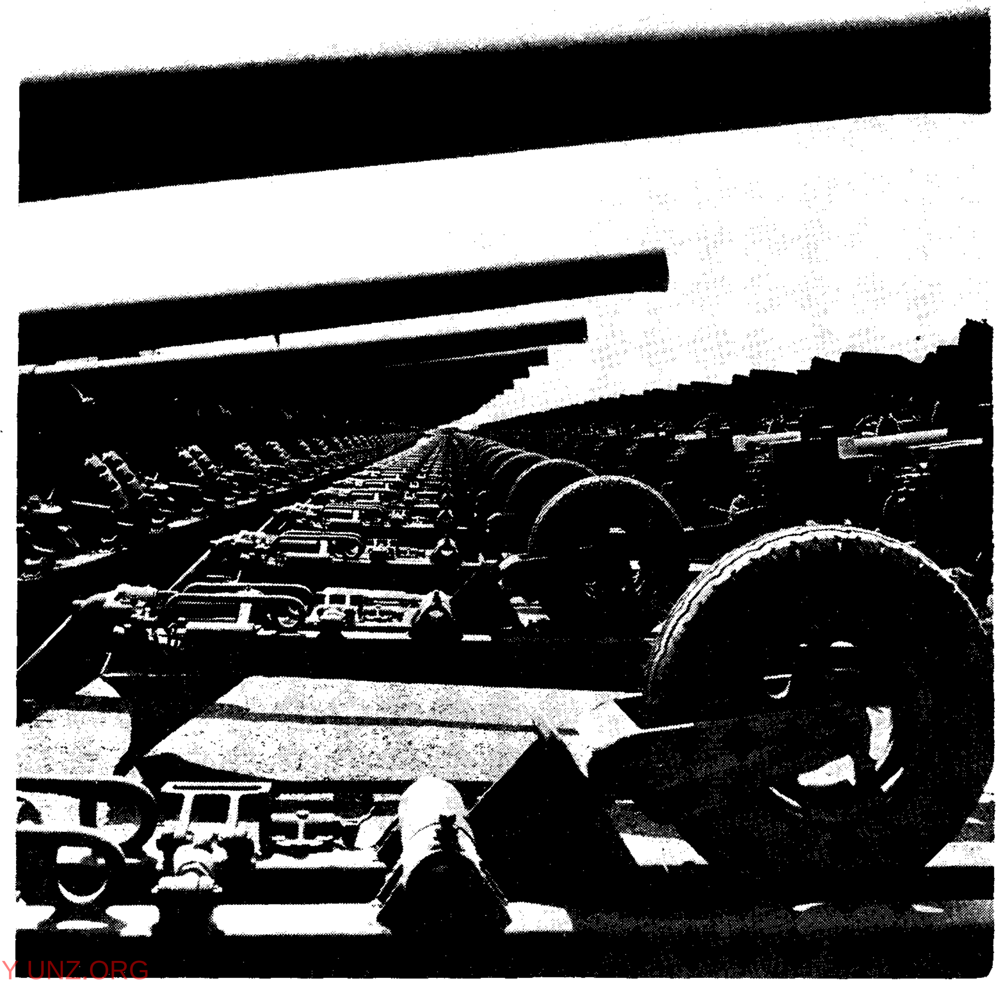
Gun for Pack or Parapackage

If you want to single out another, consider our 75-mm. pack howitzer which the Chinese are so delirious about. This is an airborne gun that can be broken down into six packages and dropped from a plane. It only weighs 1,200-pounds—not much for a gun that throws a very hefty projectile and tosses six of them a minute enemyward.

These are just a few of the weapons that should make the invasion a success. All of them are tried and tested; none is experimental. They're being used today, and the boys who use them think them all to be far superior to comparable German weapons.

Well, Mrs. Jones, there you are. No one can keep you from worrying about that kid of yours, but at least remember the odds are in his favor; he doesn't go into battle with a slingshot or a bow and arrow. He's got the best there is. Give a prayer of thanks to our Ordnance Department. They deserve it. ★★★

The 57-mm. gun fires thirty 6¼-lb. shells a minute against tanks or personnel. It is easily moved into position and has a 10,000-yard range

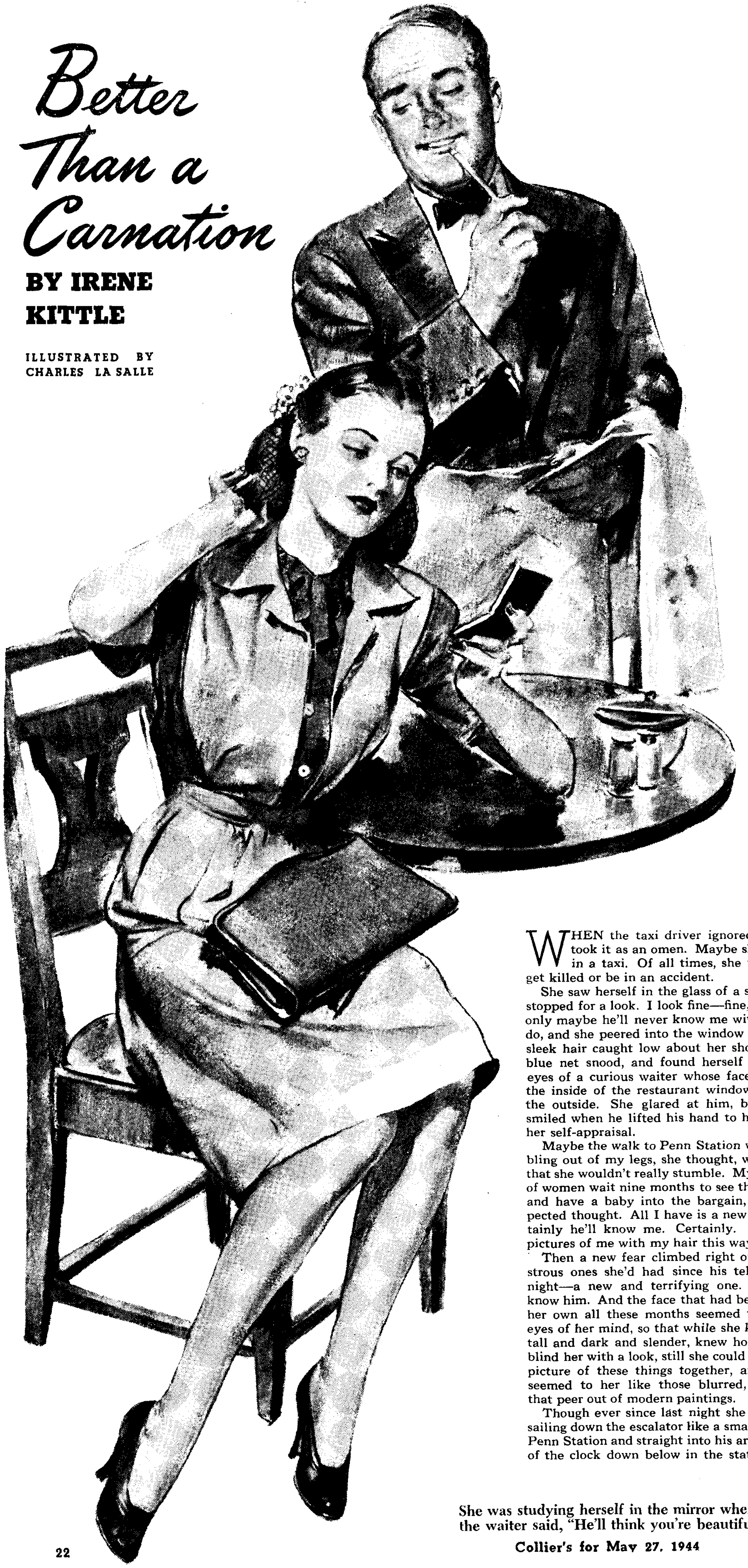


Better Than a Carnation

BY IRENE KITTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

a short short story complete on this page



She was studying herself in the mirror when the waiter said, "He'll think you're beautiful"

WHEN the taxi driver ignored her signal, she took it as an omen. Maybe she shouldn't ride in a taxi. Of all times, she thought, I might get killed or be in an accident.

She saw herself in the glass of a shop window and stopped for a look. I look fine—fine, she told herself, only maybe he'll never know me with this new hair-do, and she peered into the window to better see her sleek hair caught low about her shoulders in a pale blue net snood, and found herself staring into the eyes of a curious waiter whose face was as close to the inside of the restaurant window as hers was to the outside. She glared at him, but softened and smiled when he lifted his hand to his hair to mimic her self-appraisal.

Maybe the walk to Penn Station will get the trembling out of my legs, she thought, walking faster, so that she wouldn't really stumble. My goodness! Lots of women wait nine months to see their husbands . . . and have a baby into the bargain, came the unexpected thought. All I have is a new hair-comb. Certainly he'll know me. Certainly. And I sent him pictures of me with my hair this way.

Then a new fear climbed right over all the monstrous ones she'd had since his telephone call last night—a new and terrifying one. Maybe I won't know him. And the face that had been as familiar as her own all these months seemed to have fled the eyes of her mind, so that while she knew that he was tall and dark and slender, knew how his eyes could blind her with a look, still she could not assemble the picture of these things together, and his face now seemed to her like those blurred, clownlike faces that peer out of modern paintings.

Though ever since last night she had seen herself sailing down the escalator like a small Valkyrie—into Penn Station and straight into his arms, still the sight of the clock down below in the station kept her off the escalator. She was much too early and she could not bear to lose herself, forlorn and worried, in the sea of khaki and navy blue below. She went back to the bar she had passed in the station entrance and, going in, found herself a wall seat behind a corner table.

I won't know him, her heart was wailing, and he won't know me. She studied herself in the mirror in her compact and was immediately lost in trying to see if there had been any changes in her face since he'd last seen her. She jumped—really jumped—when she realized that the waiter had been leaning against the wall, waiting for her to stop looking at herself. She knew she was blushing.

"He'll think you're beautiful," the waiter told her. "Matter of fact," he went on magnanimously, "you're not bad-looking at all. Ah," he said in answer to her look, "they all come in here before they meet their guys. Nervous and trembly, just like you. What'll it be, whisky or brandy?"

"Milk," she said, furious to think she was acting exactly as any other woman would in the same situation.

"Milk?" said the waiter. "Well, your conscience sure must be clear."

"You waiters are comical," she said.

Returning with the milk, he placed it before her and leaning on the table, said, "Waiters get to be amateur psychiatrists. They can't help it. Just comes natural—things we see. Why, I could tell you . . ."

"Listen," she said, "please leave me alone. I want to pray."

"Yes, ma-a-am!" he said, and he went very fast.

And that's no lie, she thought. Dear God, please do this one thing for me, and I won't ask you to speed up the V-mail any more. Please, God, make him be there and remember me when I come down off that escalator.

She sipped the milk and thought of the numbness that had descended on both of them the last time he'd been able to get away to see her.

It had been downstairs in the station, just like today. They'd sat huddled close on a bench, struck dumb with a miserable glory.

"Darling," she'd managed to whisper, "I have new shoes. I bought them just for you."

"They're beautiful," he'd said softly, never taking his eyes off her face.

THEY'D got up then and left the station and ridden all over New York in a taxi, while he told her that it would probably be the last time he'd see her for a long time. Their talk had been full of sentences that neither bothered nor needed to finish. But it had been so long—so terribly long—since then, and there had been stretches of time when she thought of him as a complete stranger.

Now, musing over the glass of milk, she heard his voice as it had sounded last night on the telephone, and suddenly she was in a terrible haste to find him. She paid her check and flashed such a smile at the waiter that he shook his head and said, "That must have been some prayer, lady."

She sailed down the escalator right on the dot of the time he'd told her to be there, but his arms weren't waiting for her. She stood as near the information booth as the crowd of soldiers, sailors, Marines and girls would let her, and she kept her hands from fiddling with her clothes by folding her arms and using each hand to hang on to an elbow.

Every time a khaki shape moved toward her, she turned to meet it, though she knew before she really looked that it wasn't the right one. Three such bad starts, and her eyes were so blinded by tears that she couldn't read the time on the clock and she couldn't tell whether she'd been there a long time or just a few minutes.

Now I know, she thought, that I'll never know him. I wouldn't know him if he came up to me and kissed me. Or only then will I know him. (Now her only hope was that he would know her.) But he'll never see me in all this crowd. Wherever he is, he'll probably be looking toward the escalator. I'll go up and come down again, she thought, that's the only sensible thing to do, aware suddenly that her heels seemed terribly high and unsafe under her legs.

She started across the station, breaking into a run, and she did not stop until she reached a soldier standing at the foot of the escalator with his back to the station. She swung him around and tried to bury her head in his chest. Holding her close to him, he led her up the stairs and out onto Seventh Avenue and into the spring sunshine. He held her away from him and stared at her.

She stared back and finally put one hand up to touch his face. "Is it bad?" she asked.

His laugh was so loud and brash that people turned to look at him. "It wasn't much to begin with," he said, "only they want me to keep these on a little while longer." He touched the bandages that swathed his head and most of his face. "I was afraid you wouldn't know me with them on."

"Darling," she said, and her voice was strong and amused and even a little chiding, "darling, don't be silly. I'd know you with your head in a sack."

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Strikes such as this one at an Ea[illegible]ar plant are deeply resented. "A growing distaste for organized labor will have developed in substantial segments of the military"

"[illegible] and he wants work. He expects that job, and he's well prepared to be angry if he doesn't get it." Scenes such as this, when men fought for jobs, may be repeated

THE ARMY CHANGES MEN

BY LEO CHERNE

What has the war and army life done to G.I. Joe? What does he think about? What does he want? How does he feel about life in the postwar world? What is likely to happen to him when he is demobilized? An authority gives you at least partial answers to these and other questions

THE future of America is locked in your mind. The combination of what you'll think and what you'll do will make history. The *conflict* between what you'll think and what you'll do will make that history violent. The numerous long threads of that story are still to be intertwined. It could hardly be otherwise when there are so many of you with varied attitudes, diverse personalities, individual demands on your society. Perhaps the most important will be the pressures on the future applied by the twelve million veterans of World War II.

To understand those pressures, you must see them against the background of the thought and action that will comprise the warp and woof of the American fabric.

New rivulets of thought are becoming part of the nation's stream of consciousness, and the sharpest change in the American way of thinking will come from the more than twelve million men whose ways of living have been abruptly and profoundly transformed. The monotonous continuity of the same uniform, the fact of the uniform itself, the bark of the sergeant, the authority of a shavetail, the competition for a marksmanship medal—these do things to a young mind. They'd do things to anybody's mind. So would the apparently endless training and waiting and orders and canceled leaves and cleanups and inspection.

The doughboy of World War II will be a new man when he comes back to Main Street, Forty-second Street, the poolroom, the cow pasture. He'll be living with you for a long time. You'll hear a lot about him, and not a little of it from himself.

Know why a soldier fights and you have an excellent preview of his demands on postwar America. That doesn't guarantee his future conduct. He may be fighting for an extension of democracy or merely its preservation, but his actions in the peacetime community after the war will not necessarily hew to that line.

The American soldier's participation in this war, no matter how generously his motives are appraised, flows mainly from one fact: It was compelled. Educated to the ideals of peace, the great majority considered war a dirty job, and, in common with the civilian, the soldier has little taste for it, little hope from it. G.I. Joe's first wish is to get out, get home, get back. His longing is not for the things he didn't have, but for the things he hasn't got—the girl friend, the jaloppy, the hot dogs, the girl friend, the boys on the corner, sleeping late, Sunday dinner, the girl friend.

The Army Special Service Section conducted a contest in which the soldier was asked to describe what he was fighting for. The contest was open to all branches of the service. There were some, like the lieutenant in the Engineers, who said: "I want a better government when I return home. I fight for that and I will fight for it when I return."

But more typical in this second great American Army was the shavetail in a bomber who fights "for week ends at the beach or ball park, evenings at home and the kids in my lap." And a corporal in the Engineers, in words that echo from camp to camp: "I'm fighting to get this damned war over and come home."

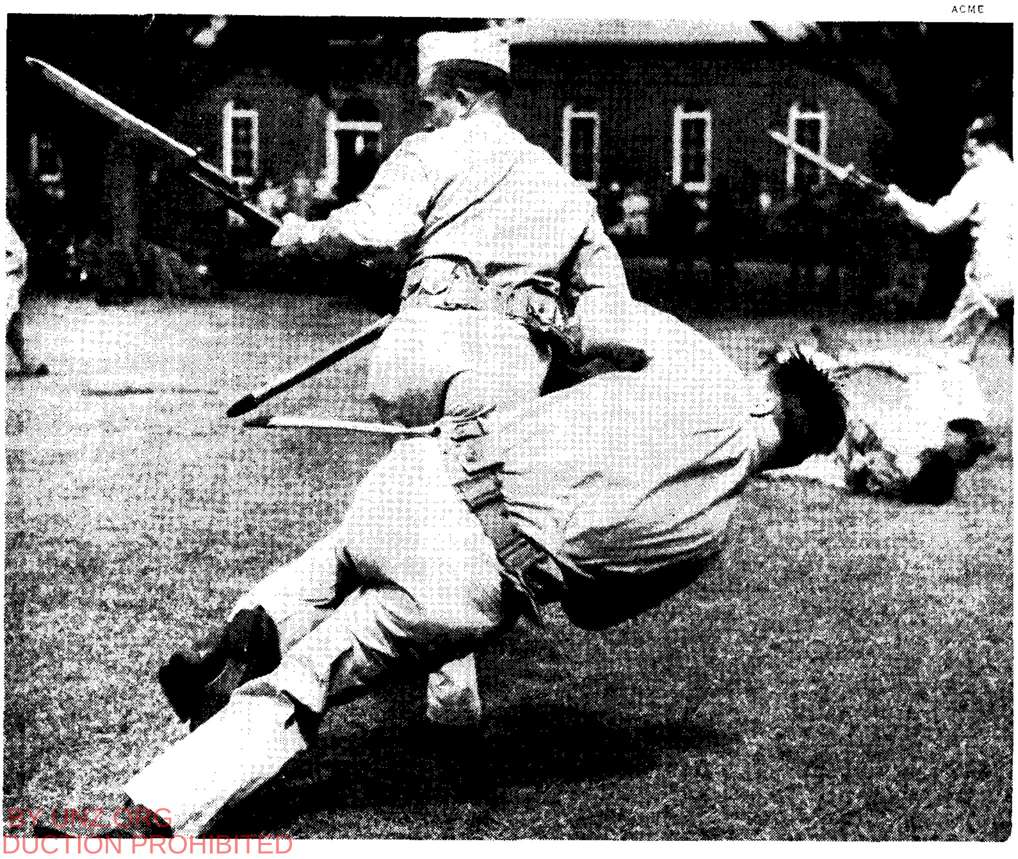
Maybe the radio writers and wartime dramatists had their servicemen right when, amid the hail of shells, every foxhole had a doctor of philosophy who stood up and announced with sudden inspiration, "This is the last bastion of liberty." But the reporters and observers at the fronts and in the camps won't agree.

The average serviceman doesn't talk like Thomas Jefferson. As a matter of fact, the boy with the gun prefers not to talk about war or peace, or at least not except as they directly affect him—peace meaning what *he'll* do when he's out.

(Continued on page 69)

"You will find the serviceman frequently calling for more authoritative leadership." His failure to get it may lead him to listen to such extremists as Father Coughlin

ACME

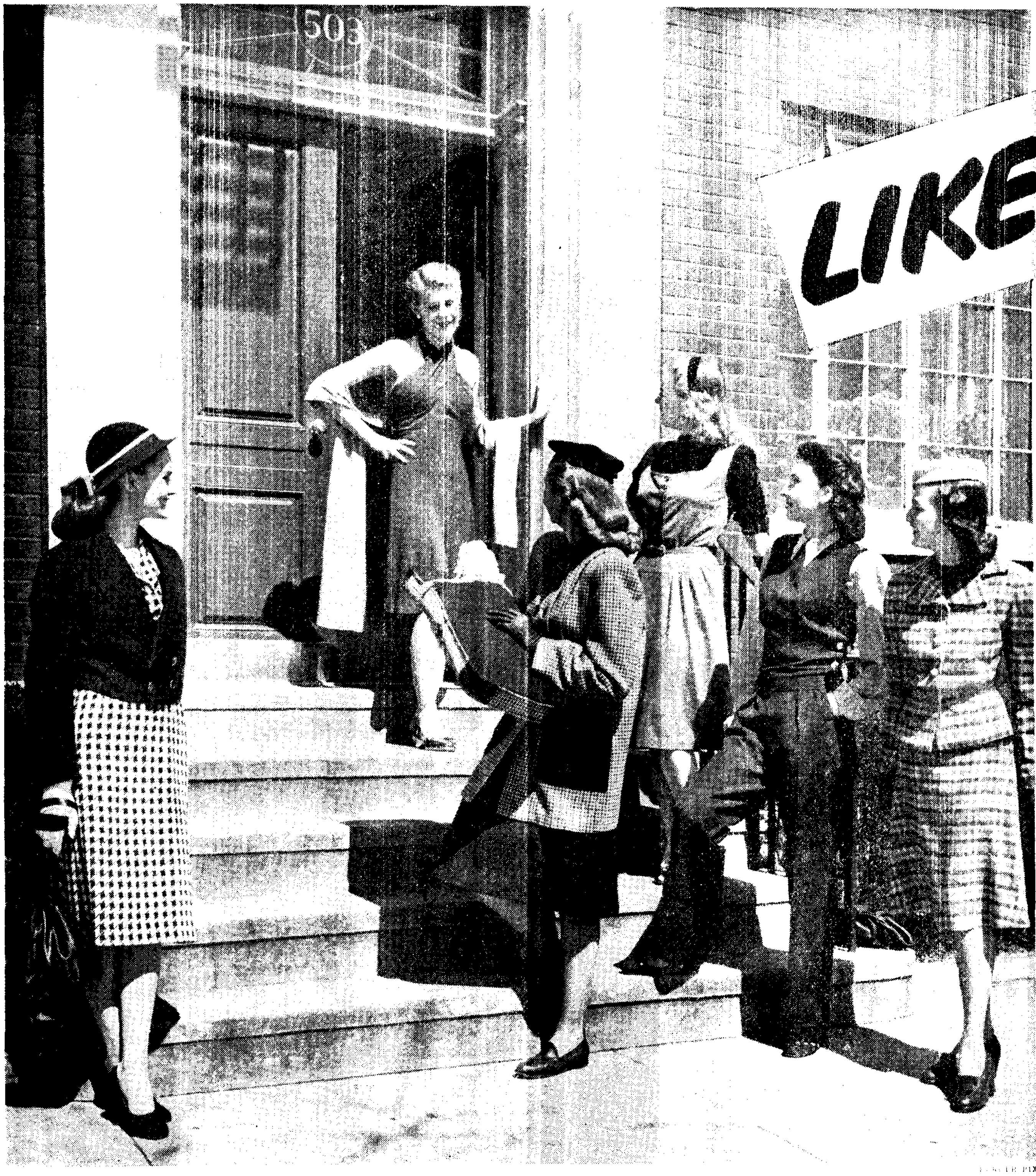


G.I. Joe has learned to be tough, to take care of himself. "The veneer of civilization will be rubbed off some of the boys"

LIKE NEW

BY RUTH CARSON

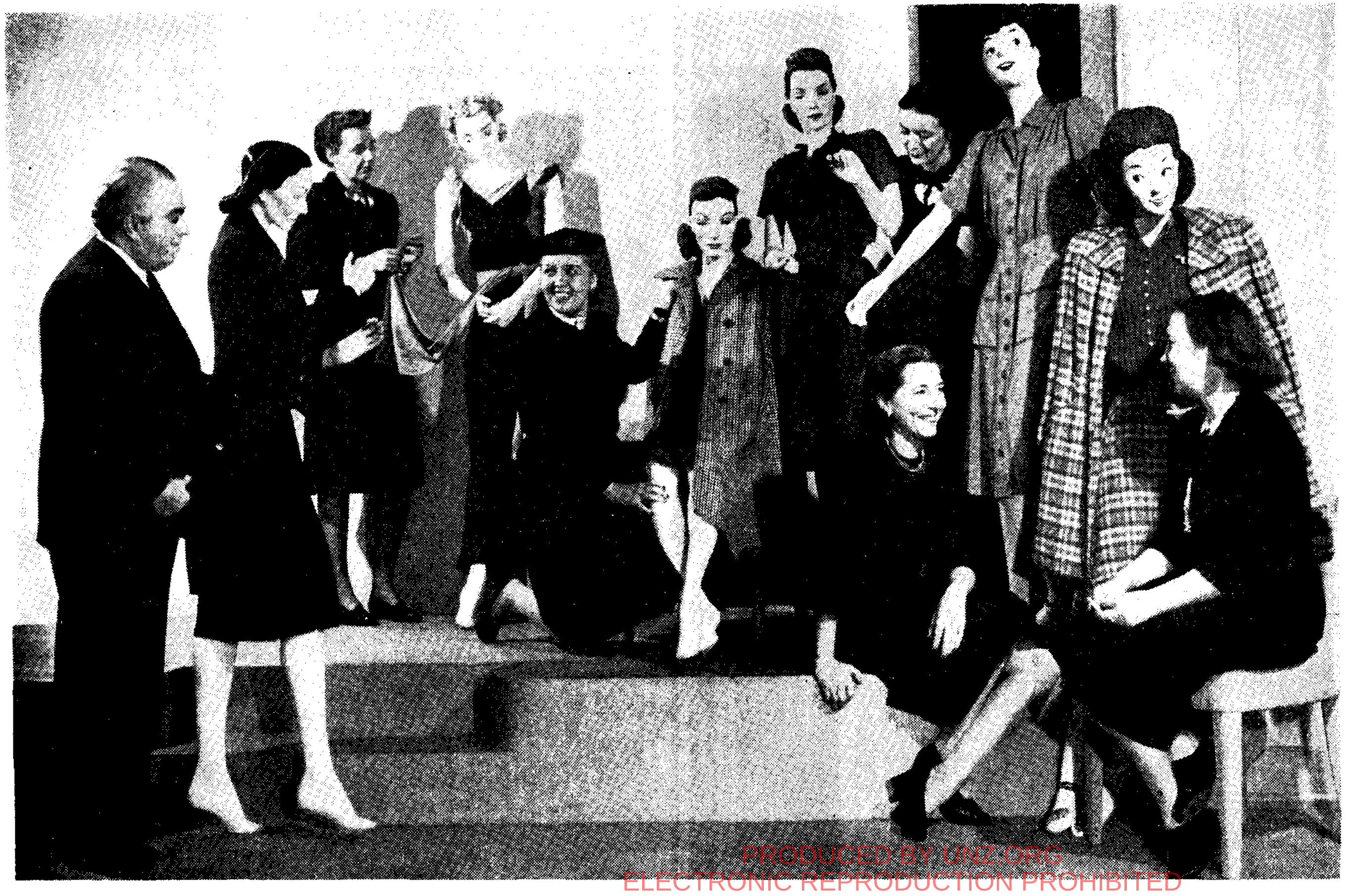
You are going to wear your old clothes and love 'em, if the AWVS can inspire you. And here's how



[illegible] PIX

Below, half a dozen American designers pose with the clothes they elected to work on, to demonstrate what can be done with make-over. Above, girls model the designers' revisions, standing in the same order, so that you can compare. Left to right, **Philip Mangone's** bolero out of butler's coat; **Claire McCardell's** new short dinner dress with scarf out of old-time evening gown; **Vera Maxwell's** suit and baby carrier (waterproof mattress with papoose pocket of tweed, neat for traveling), made from tweed cape and old suit; **Joset Walker's** jumper, out of dress with worn top; the slacks suit **Clare Potter** made from a chauffeur's uniform, when she decided the shirtwaist dress below didn't need remodeling; trim suit **Margot Kops** made from the torn, too voluminous plaid tweed suit below

NINA LEEN-PIX



THE girls are diving into their closets, and coming up with wonderful finds. Suits, dresses, evening gowns—beautiful, beautiful stuff. Like nothing you can buy today. Of course, they need fixing. That's why they've been hanging there all these months, or maybe years. But making them over is a cinch after shopping these days, when what you want is so difficult to buy.

So suddenly our old clothes have got glamor, and even women who used to vow they hadn't a thing to wear, unless it was a brand-new wardrobe, are preening themselves in their castoffs, getting a lift out of their quality that makes it easy to be patriotic.

The thing has reached such proportions that the American Women's Voluntary Services, corralling a bunch of old clothes and a dozen of America's top-ranking fashion designers, is putting on a remade clothes revue, May 22d, at the Waldorf in New York during their convention to boost make-over as their home-front project. They rank it in importance with the vast amount of sewing and mending for servicemen and their families, and for local hospitals and the like, which they now do in their 348 workrooms scattered through the country. Morale, they explain.

There won't be a new costume in the show. But there'll be a lot of fresh new fashion, thanks to these high-priced, fashion-setting designers who, shedding a few drops of their life's blood (no sale, you see—but coming across anyway, and for free), have demonstrated with make-over what ingenuity can do. They didn't always stop to alter a sleeve and fit a jacket. Such details are up to you.

Take a look at the pictures here, for bright ideas from half a dozen of the country's best.

There's Joset Walker, who is petite and French, with a flair for designing simple but individual clothes, that has netted her a fine job on Seventh Avenue in a penthouse office with prices to match. But the bright yarns she braids into her hair for a gay coiffure could be scraps left over, and she won first prize at a costume ball, when she was going to school in Chicago, by twisting a bedspread into a skirt and bedecking herself with curtain rings and the like. "It's good," she says, "not to have much when you are young. It makes you ingenious."

Now for her adopted daughter, Ginger, she makes jumper dresses like the one herewith. "Ginger," she says, "plays baseball and all the time rips her sleeve. So I cut out the torn sleeve, use it for a pattern to cut out the other. Then I cut half the neckline deeper, used it for a pattern to cut the other half. There's a jumper dress to wear with fresh blouses."

Tailoring is Easy

Vera Maxwell, who is famous from coast to coast for her coats and suits, knows about made-over clothes from experience. Wore them as a child. "My mother was always making over things for us," she says. "We wore a lot of tailored clothes because, contrary to what you think, they are easy to do.

"The reason most make-over jobs are botched is that people don't start at the beginning. You can't just yank in a waistline or double a shoulder under, and expect it to look like anything. Unstitch any section you are going to remodel, even if it means taking the whole thing apart.

"Sometimes it's smart to use the wrong side of the material—it's a newer surface with better color. You can clean and freshen each piece by sponging with a mixture of two parts of vinegar to one of warm water. Or, if you can afford shrinkage, wash instead, and you'll have a thicker, spongier material.

(Continued on page 66)

your "Civilian Miniature" *is with the Army... Navy... Air Forces... Marines...* in Uniform

WHEN production of cameras for you stopped short, Kodak 35—owned by a large number of America's miniature camera enthusiasts—won a preferred rating. Production of the 35 "in uniform" sped ahead, on Government order.

Because the Army . . . Navy . . . Air Forces . . . and Marines . . . needed a camera which does precisely what you, in civilian life, want your camera to do.

From trim black and silver finish into non-reflecting black and olive drab—that was the only change in the 35.

Kodak 35, making pictures in either black-and-white or Kodachrome, offers more "picture capacity" than the average person usually needs. Yet it's comparatively simple to operate—not too much of a handful for a man who's excited . . . under fire. And it is dependable—can take some banging around, and still get the pictures.

Kodak 35 is the heart of the Photographic Field Kit, designed and made by Kodak for the U. S. Signal Corps, which is responsible for Army photography in ground operations. A complete photographic laboratory in a "suitcase."

If you are not one of those who own this smart little Miniature, you can look forward to it as one of your "after the war" experiences.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REMEMBER LIEUT. ALEXANDER R. NININGER, JR. . . . first man awarded the Congressional Medal in this war? —how on Bataan, he was three times wounded—but fought his way into the enemy positions again and again, wiping out whole groups single-handed? . . . how, after the battle they found him dead, far behind the Japanese lines . . . alone . . . surrounded by dead Japs? A stern example for the rest of us. BUY MORE WAR BONDS.

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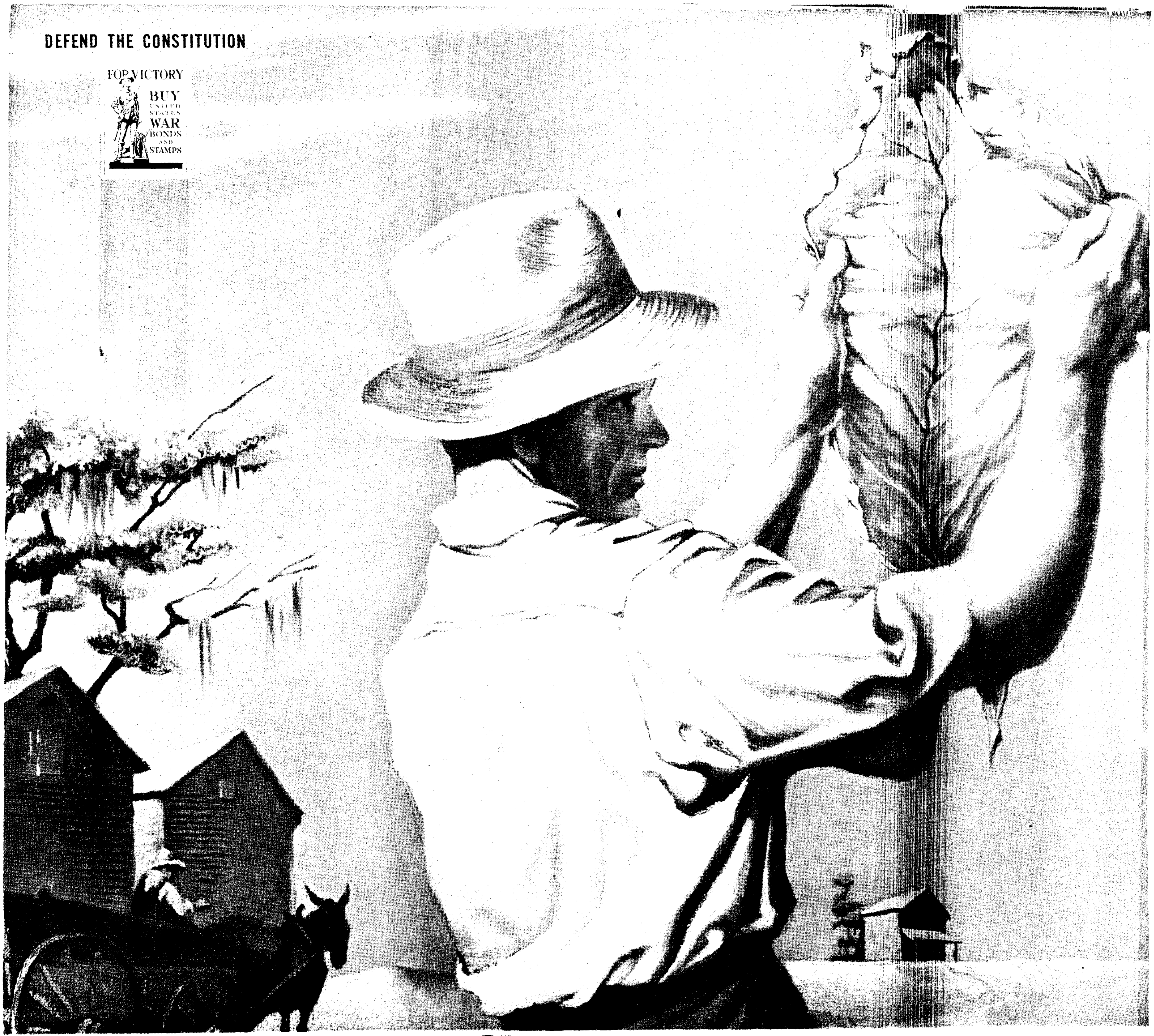

"Man, that's ***fine*** tobacco"

...that's **LUCKY STRIKE**
tobacco!

yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco

LUCKY
STRIKE
IT'S TOASTED

L.S./M.F.T.

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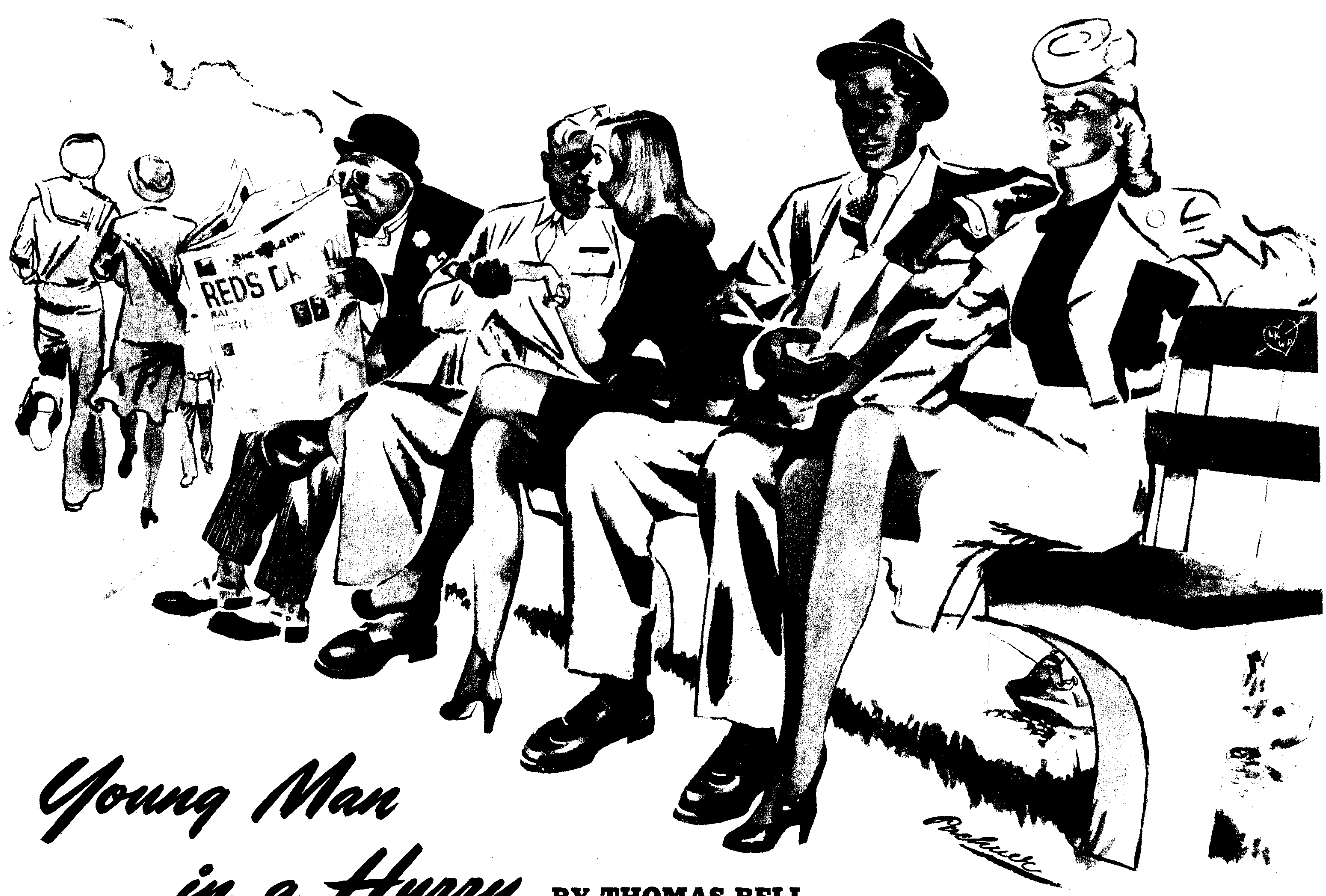

Young Man in a Hurry

BY THOMAS BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Whatever is love coming to? This story seems to say that the way to a girl's heart is through her old man's furnace

STEVE walked her home. She lived near the Wheelers, and it was a fine night for walking, a spring night with the wind soft against their faces and a damp, clean smell in the air; the day had begun with rain.

"That's our house," Nora said, as they waited at the curb for a car to swing by, "the second one from the corner."

It proved to have a front porch and a puddle in the middle of the front walk. All the windows were dark; this part of Brooklyn went to bed early. "Watch that puddle," Nora said. She stepped around it and turned at the foot of the porch steps. "Well here we are."

He was in no hurry to say good night. "It's been quite an evening," he said, gazing at her appreciatively. "All Ed Wheeler promised me was a good supper. He didn't say anything about meeting you."

"Mildred asked me to come over."

"I'm sure glad she did. Could you be talked into going to a movie with me Saturday night?"

Nora studied the toe of her shoe. "I'm sorry. I have a date Saturday."

He nodded. "I figured you would. Well," he said, "he must be a nice guy or you wouldn't be going out with him. But I don't think I'll ever be very crazy about him. What's his name?"

Nora smiled. "Leonard Crake."

Steve pushed his hat back off his forehead. "I knew a fellow named Leonard once," he said conversationally. "Worked in the same shop with me. He liked to play parchesi all the time. Nobody," he assured her, "could stand him."

She was still smiling. "I used to love to play parchesi when I was a little girl."

"How big do you think you are now?"

"I was pretty good at it, too."

"After we're married," Steve said, "I'll buy you a set for your birthday."

Nora gasped. "After we— Well!"

"Meanwhile," he continued imperturbably, "I'm going to pray for good weather Sunday afternoon. Think you can be ready by two?"

"I—I suppose so."

"That's fine. I'll be here on the dot. Good night."

He started away, snapped his fingers and came back. "I'd better kiss you good night," he said. He put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her lightly on the lips. "Otherwise," he explained, "I'd lie awake till all hours kicking myself—and I've got a hard day ahead of me tomorrow."

Nora stared at him without moving, her just-kissed mouth half open in sheer astonishment. Steve chuckled. "And don't look at me like that. Considering how long it's taken me to find you, you're lucky to get off with one kiss. In fact, for two cents—"

Nobody offered him two cents but he kissed her again anyway. Then he tipped his hat to her respectfully. "Good night, Nora."

"G-good night," she said faintly.

At the corner he turned. "Nora!"

His voice was exuberantly clear in the quiet street, and Nora glanced apprehensively at open bedroom windows. "Yes?"

"Wear your walking shoes on Sunday. If it's nice we'll go walking in the park."

"Oh." She relaxed a little. "All right."

"Two o'clock, don't forget. And listen—"

"Yes?"

"Tell your mother I think you're wonderful! Good night!"

Sunday was brilliant with spring, a blue-sky and white-cloud Sunday made, as Steve pointed out, for walking in the park with your best girl. The walks were crowded with children and grownups, girls were wearing bright dresses under their coats, and in one place a clump of forsythia was a soft explosion of color.

STEVE took several snapshots of Nora against the forsythia and Nora took one of Steve; and then a soldier took one of them together, Steve in return taking one of the soldier and *his* girl, which was only fair. After that they found a bench near the lake and sat down, sharing a bag of popcorn between them.

"As long as your folks aren't going to be home until late," Steve said, "we may as well have dinner together. I know a place where you can get good lobster. After we eat we can take in a show."

"My goodness," Nora said, "I thought we were just coming out for a walk in the park."

"Eat some popcorn and don't talk foolish," Steve said. "You have a good time with Leonard last night?"

"We went to a movie."

"I meant to tell you the other night that you ought to let him know you won't be able to see him any more. On account of because you've met me."

"Oh," Nora said lightly, "I did."

"You did?"

"Oh, of course. I made it quite plain."

"That's fine. You know," he went on, studying her, "you look just as pretty in the daytime as you do at night."

"Another thing I couldn't remember," Steve went on, "was your legs. Whether they were thin or fat or what"

She glanced at him sidewise. "Were you wondering?"

"Well, I'd only seen you that once. I thought your hair was almost black, but it isn't. It's got red lights in it." He admired the red lights. "I like the way you comb it, too. Another thing I couldn't remember," he went on, reaching for more popcorn, "was your legs. Whether they were thin or fat or what."

She lifted her feet straight out in front of her, and he inspected her shins gravely. "They're not bad," he decided. "I think it's better for a girl's legs to be a little thin than a little fat."

She let her feet drop. "Was there anything else you were wondering about?"

His eyes crinkled. "It can wait."

Wednesday night he took her to a Broadway show, a musical comedy; they met at the theater because he worked late. Nora wore a bright yellow dress with gold buttons. Settling himself in the seat beside her Steve said, "You seem to like bright colors."

"Don't you?"

"On a girl I like any color as long as it isn't black. I have three sisters back home," he said, fixing his coat on his lap so he could see over it, "who read somewhere once that all a girl needed to be ready for anything was one good black dress. Been allergic to black dresses ever since."

(Continued on page 71)

Why are soldiers' rations packed in CANS?

Because you can't beat STEEL for protection!

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When it comes to protection, you want the best. In war, steel supplies it. Steel will also give it to you when peace comes. Steels that are stronger, tougher, better. Steels developed to meet war needs. You'll meet these steels in products of all kinds . . . from containers to cooking utensils. They'll be backed by 174 laboratories of United States Steel. The U·S·S Label is your guide to quality steels.

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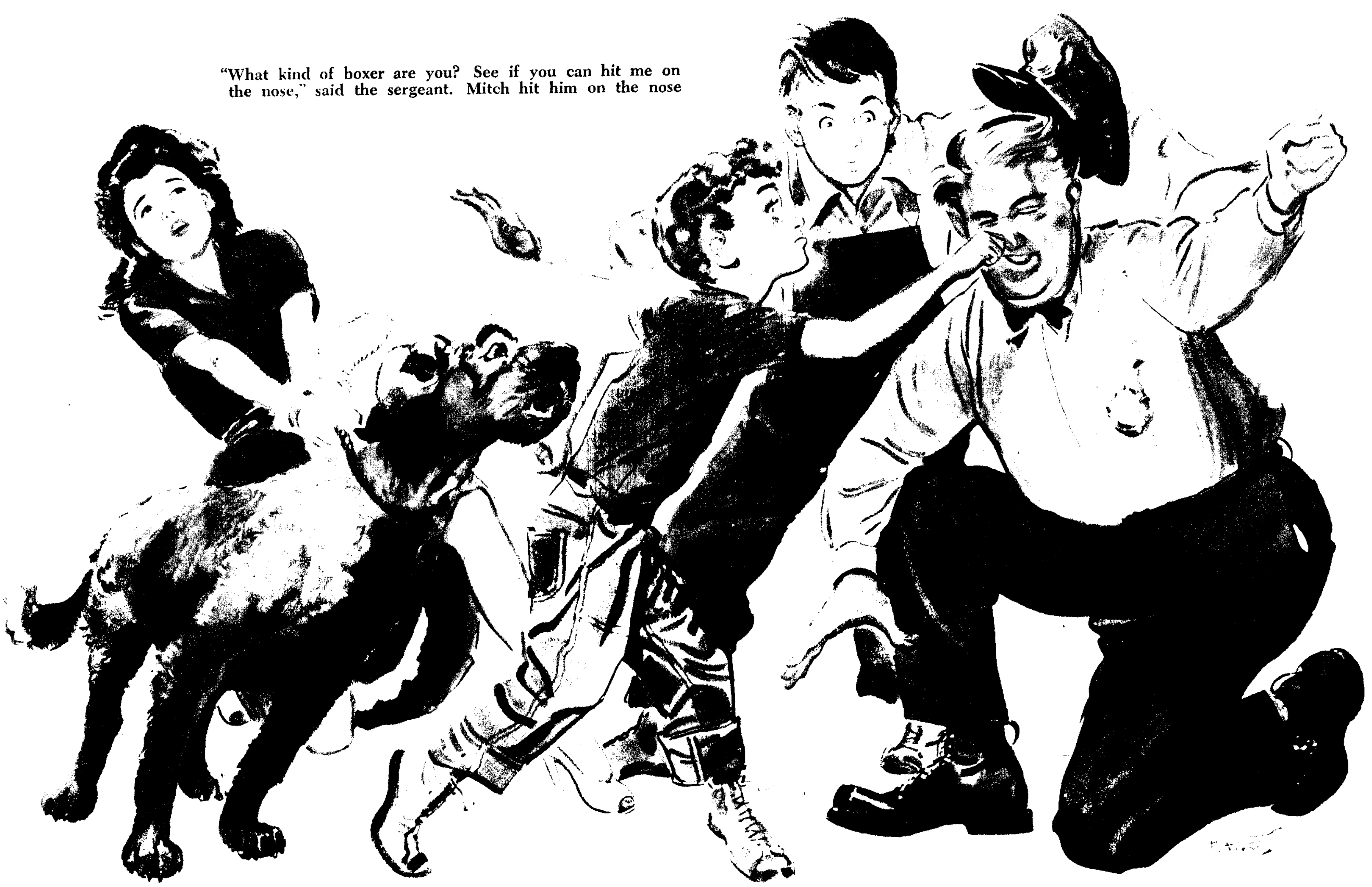
"What kind of boxer are you? See if you can hit me on the nose," said the sergeant. Mitch hit him on the nose



RUNAWAY HOME

BY OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

Did you ever run away from home—or want to? If you ever did, then you'll agree that no adventurous small fry deserves a less hilarious fate than that which befell Mitch and Edgar—and a girl named Polly

IT WAS awfully dark. Rex stayed close to us, because he was only a pup, even if he was big as a horse, like Father said. The trees grew so high they almost shut out the sky. They made a wall on each side of the road, soft and black. It was so dark that Mitch and I walked along holding hands, so that if one of us fell in, the other could pull him out.

"There's a car coming," Mitch whispered. It was so dark you wanted to whisper. His voice made me jump, because neither of us had talked for a long time, listening for things in the trees.

We stopped, and Rex crowded against our legs. We could hear the car, far away down the hill, and pretty soon we saw a little light where the road curved. And then the car reached the curve and the lights shone out over the edge, right out into nothing.

I held on to Rex, so he wouldn't get run over. When the car came close we stared into the lights. I felt like it must be someone we knew, maybe someone who had come looking for us. But we couldn't see anything and the car went on past.

Then it stopped. Mitch and I stood still.

A lady called to us, "Do you kids want a ride?"

We ran to the car and Mitch said, "You bet we do. We walked all day."

The lady smiled at Mitch and said, "Hello, Redhead."

Her eyes were bright and sparkly and whenever she said anything she laughed. She had a bubbly kind of laugh. Sometimes she laughed when there wasn't anything funny, like she had thought of something that was.

The driver was a man. He looked at the lady and asked, "Where will they ride? In the rumble seat?"

"We can hold on outside," I said.

"Certainly they can," the lady said. "And it will be fun. I always wanted to, but they never would let me."

"I'll let you. I'll let you do anything you want to do," the man told her.

"Oh, my gosh," Mitch said. "We forgot about Rex. Where can he ride?"

The man leaned out of the car and looked down at Rex. He said, "Polly, I am your slave and your servant. But I'll bet a million that dog has fleas. The rumble?"

"Nonsense," the lady told him. "He can ride in here with me. Come up, Rex!"

"All right, Rex," the man said. "Darling, I told you long ago if you ever needed a knight to whisper my name. I came to your rescue, and if you want me to rescue kids, dogs, or spotted mongooses, I'll do it."

The lady opened the door and we tried to get Rex inside. He didn't want to get in, because when he got in our car, Father punished him. But the lady pulled on the rope around his neck and Mitch and I shoved, and we finally got him in.

The lady slapped his back and said, "Good old Rex," and Rex was so happy and at the same time so afraid of getting licked that he wiggled all over and kissed everything he could reach.

The lady put her arms around Rex and hugged him. He kissed her ear, and she asked, "What kind of dog is he?"

"Half St. Bernard and half elephant, from his looks," the man told her.

Mitch said Rex was almost a pure police dog. Then the lady wanted to know where we were going. Mitch waited for me to tell her, but we hadn't really decided and I couldn't remember the names of any of the places on the map, so I said, "Oh, up the road a ways."

The man and the lady looked like they expected me to say more, so I said, "It's awful nice up there."

The lady laughed and said, "Why, it sounds exactly like the place we are bound for, doesn't it, Tom?"

"Could be," the man said. "Is either of you named Cupid?"

I told him I was Edgar Fearson and Mitch was my brother, and I was eleven and he was eight.

"Going on nine," Mitch said. "And I weigh almost as much."

"WHERE do you live?" the man asked. I had forgotten where we agreed on. I thought it was Texas and Mitch thought it was New York, and we both answered at the same time.

"Don't you live in town?" the man asked.

"No, sir," I told him. "Our home is in Texas, but sometimes we live in New York."

"Summer home and winter home, I suppose," the man said.

Mitch answered: "Yes. We just came through town on our way to New York. Is it very far, please?"

The lady laughed, but the man snorted like Father does when he says we are preposterous, and asked me, "Tell the truth, now. Didn't you run away?"

"I'll bet they did," the lady cried. "It's contagious, Tom."

I began to feel bad inside. The other time I ran away because Father wouldn't let me go to the country with Mother and Mitch, it was the same way. Before I got out of town a man talked to me, and I told him how it was about my running away, and he took me home. That was why Mitch and I had decided to tell people we were from some far-off place, so they couldn't take us back.

"Don't be afraid," the lady said. "We won't tell on you."

"You won't send us back?" Mitch asked.

"Not unless you want to go," the lady said. "Cross my heart! Matter of fact, we're running away, too, aren't we Tom?"

"Not me," the man said. "I'd have stayed and told him."

"So we know how it is," the lady said. "Some people—especially husbands and parents—think their authority is divine. Nobody asked them to be husbands, did they?"

"It was Father," Mitch said. "Mother says he is goodhearted, only his ulsters hurt his stomach, and it makes him cross. He was going to send Rex to the pound, because he ate us out of house and home. He was going to send Rex to the pound to be killed! He said so this morning."

I said, "We wanted to give Rex half our breakfast, but he said that was beside the point, and he hollered at Mother, 'What is he good for, tell me that?' "

"He catches flies," Mitch said. "Once he almost caught a cat."

"He certainly looks it," the man said.

The lady laughed her bubbly laugh and

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Fondouk Pass, North Africa, March 15. —Caught in machine-gun cross-fire when his tank was hit near the German lines, Pvt. Jim Thornbro was severely wounded.

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When you talk to the veterans at Packard —and there are over 300 of them—you realize that they think of themselves as still fighting in the war. *And they are.*

For they know that every Packard marine engine they build for PT boats—and every Rolls-Royce aircraft engine they bring off the assembly line—may help shorten the war by a week, or a day, or an hour.

And that's America's big job today: To end this war *quickly!* For this is the crucial year—perhaps the crucial month or week.

When men like Pvt. Jim Thornbro, having risked their lives in combat, are still putting every ounce of energy they can muster into *finishing* the job, can any of the rest of us honestly say that *we* are doing too much?

• Pvt. Jim Thornbro, now a gear-grinder, is one of 15 wounded veterans at the Packard plant who wear the Purple Heart. His job today—along with Packard's other 36,000 war workers—is building *more* and *finer* combat engines, together with vital parts to keep America's transportation system rolling. We've been meeting war production quotas ever since Pearl Harbor, and we intend to keep on doing it. For we think that's the surest way *not* to lose a war!

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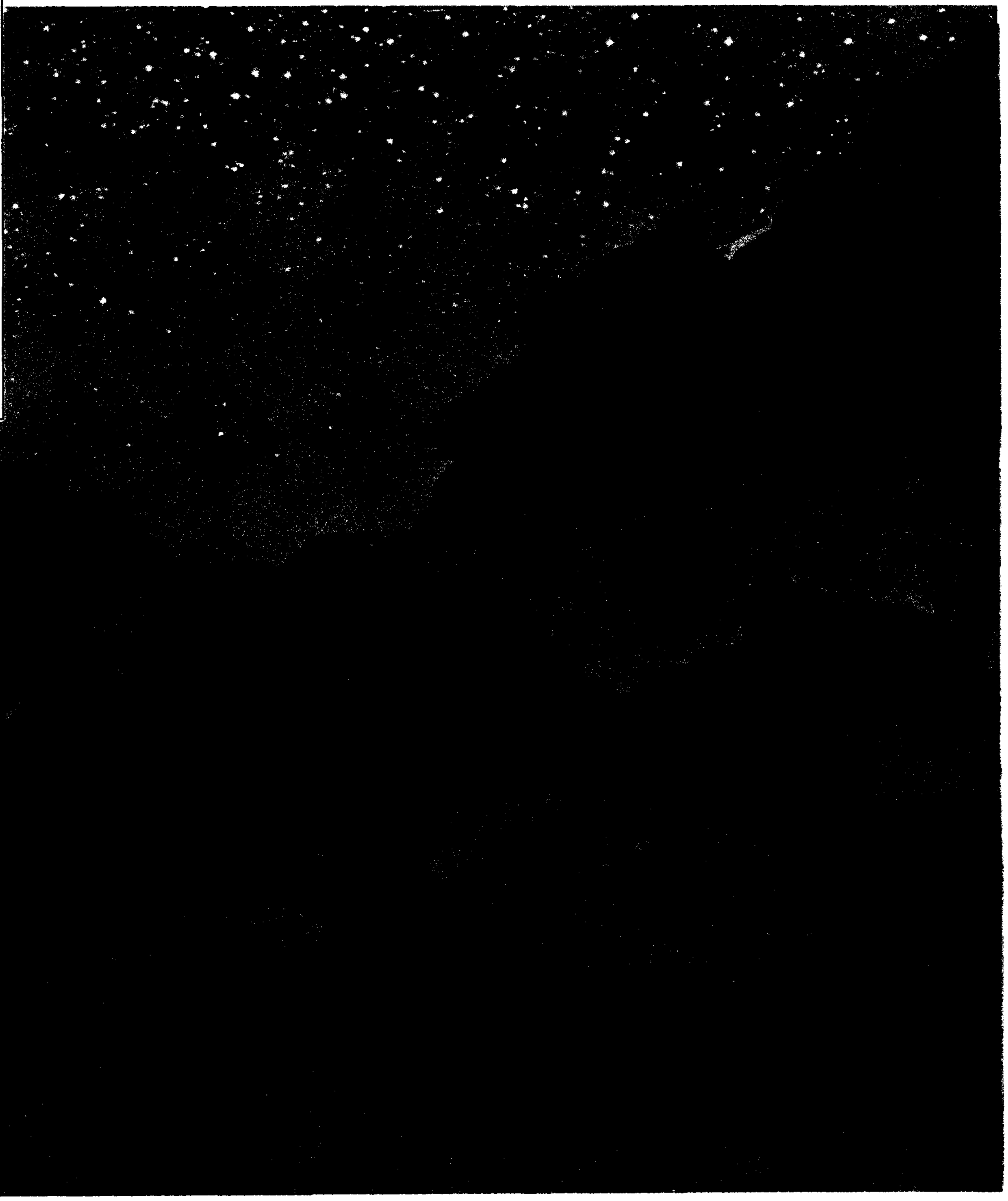


told Mitch, "I can see you are in the clutches of a tyrant. Aren't they, Tom?"

"Undoubtedly," Tom said. "But if we're going, we'd better be on our way. After all, you did leave him a note, and this is the only road to Reno."

"I had to leave the note, so he'd know about the laundry," the lady answered.

"But you didn't have to tell him where we're going. He'll probably follow us," the man said.

The lady laughed and told him, "Not Jimmy! You should have heard him. He'll be glad! He doesn't care anything about me—he won't follow. Anyhow, he'd know I was going to Reno, I think. And besides, I wanted him to have my address, so that—so that . . ."

"Hey," Tom said. "I'm the Eagle Scout—I'm not the lamb, am I? So that what?"

"Just so that if he couldn't find his underwear or something, I could tell him," the lady said. "He's so helpless he won't even be able to find his socks."

Tom said, "All right, here we go! Hang on, boys."

MITCH and I stood on the running board and held on to the door on the lady's side. It was cold when the car went fast but it was exciting, too. There was a little light inside the car, and we could see the lady's face and hear her laugh when Rex tried to kiss her. Rex liked her. She laughed all the time, even when there was nothing funny. She was an awfully happy lady.

She even laughed when Rex got sick. He wasn't used to riding, and we had had a hot dog for our supper and gave him part of the bun and let him lick the mustard off the other part. It looked like the mustard had made him sick.

The man stopped the car and swore and wanted to make Rex get out, but the lady laughed and said, "Over my dead body, Tom. I'm beginning to love this creature, and you can see he loves me."

"Who doesn't?" Tom said.

Mitch had been so quiet I knew he was thinking. Now he asked the lady, "What are you running away from?"

The lady laughed, "Oh, just things in general."

"What general?" Mitch asked.

The lady laughed again and answered, "Really only a lieutenant. But the way he shouts at people, you'd think he was a general."

"Did he spank you?" Mitch asked.

"He'd better not lay a hand on me," the lady said. "But I'm not sure we're running away from a person at all. Just strife and ugliness. You and I are hunting the same place—oh, a fine, new, wonderful place! I think it's just up the road a ways, too."

She didn't laugh. She said, "I hope it's there."

She put her face down close to Rex. The man said, so low I could hardly hear him, "It's there, Polly. I'll show you."

The lady laughed, and I was glad. It made you feel good to hear her laugh. She leaned over Rex and kissed his ear. The man's ear, I mean. The man drove with one hand and held her hand for a while, until Rex got sick again.

We came to a town. The man drove slower past the houses. The town was mostly asleep, because it was after ten o'clock. He stopped the car in front of a building that said City Hall on it.

The lady asked, "Where are we? What are we stopping for?"

The man said, "Don't you think we should eat?"

The lady looked around and so did Mitch and I. The only light near us was over a door in the City Hall.

The man got out of the car and called to Mitch, and when he had us both together, he grabbed our hands and said, "Say good night to Polly, boys."

The lady cried, "Hey! What are you doing, Tom?"

"We have to start them home, don't we? I'll just be a minute," Tom said. "This is the police station."

"Why, Tom! You can't do that," the lady said.

Mitch began to cry.

"Don't cry, Redhead," the lady said. "Tom's joking. Aren't you, Tom?"

"You're a romantic, darling," Tom told her. "And that's just one of the reasons I love you. You're also impractical, and it's a good thing you'll have me to look after you."

"Now you sound like *him!*" the lady said "You're worse than he is. He bullies me, but he wouldn't be mean to a kid."

"Hey, take it easy," Tom said. "Who's being mean? Polly, can't you see it's our duty to send these kids home?"

"Why is it?" asked the lady. "Let them have their adventure. They'll have few enough, Lord knows. They'll get home all right, but let some other human watchdog do the dirty work."

"But, Polly, think of their parents!" Tom said.

"Oh, stuff," cried the lady. "Think of the kids. Give them a couple of dollars and let them go. They'll remember us always as two swell people, two fellow pirates. And we'll remember us as swell, too."

"Suppose they were your children?" Tom asked her. "Their parents are probably frantic with worry."

"Let them fret a while. It might make them human," the lady said. "No child of mine will ever run away—not unless we run away together."

"You're sweet, Polly," Tom said. "But this just has to be done. You can see that, if you'll think for a moment. Come on, kids."

He pulled us away from the car. Mitch was crying, but I wouldn't cry. I hollered for Rex. I looked back and saw Rex trying to jump out of the car, but the lady was holding him. He was getting excited, and I was afraid he might snap at her, the way he snapped at Father once when he was excited, so I did not call any more.

The lady yelled, "Tom, come back here!"

Tom stopped, but he did not go back.

The lady said, "If you take them in there, I won't be here when you come out. It's ended and done and finished!"

Tom dragged us back to the car and leaned over the door and told her, "Don't be a spoiled child, Polly! Don't talk like that."

"I'm not a spoiled child," the lady said. "But I came awfully close to being a spoiled wife, didn't I? Thank heaven, I wasn't a complete idiot! At least I can still kiss my husband without blushing. If he wants to kiss me after this, that is."

"You don't mean any of this," Tom said. "You're just excited, Polly."

The lady looked at him without speaking, but anybody could see she did mean it. She wasn't laughing any more. She looked like she wanted to cry.

"Please don't let them send Rex to the pound," I said. "He eats oatmeal mush."

"Not for such a stupid reason," Tom said. "You wouldn't be so childish."

"It's not stupid and not childish, and I'll see he gets mush with cream on it," the lady said.

"I know you don't mean it," Tom told her. "But even if you did, I'd have to do my duty. Can't you see that, Polly?"

The lady yelled at him, "Then go on and do your duty. You—you big bully!"

The man's mouth was tight the way Father's is when his stomach is acting up. He pulled us away from the car and through the door with the light over it. There was a policeman sitting at a desk.

Tom said, "Officer, these kids have run away. Will you send them home? We picked them up on the highway."

THE door opened and the lady and Rex ran in. Rex jumped up on the policeman, to kiss him, and the policeman pushed him away and the lady yelled, "You keep your hands off that dog!"

"A dog," the policeman said. "I thought it was a horse."

Tom said, "Can't we get this over? Officer, will you take these kids, please?"

Mitch began to bawl and Rex barked. The lady hollered, "Oh, damn you!"

The policeman said, "Please, lady! No cursing."

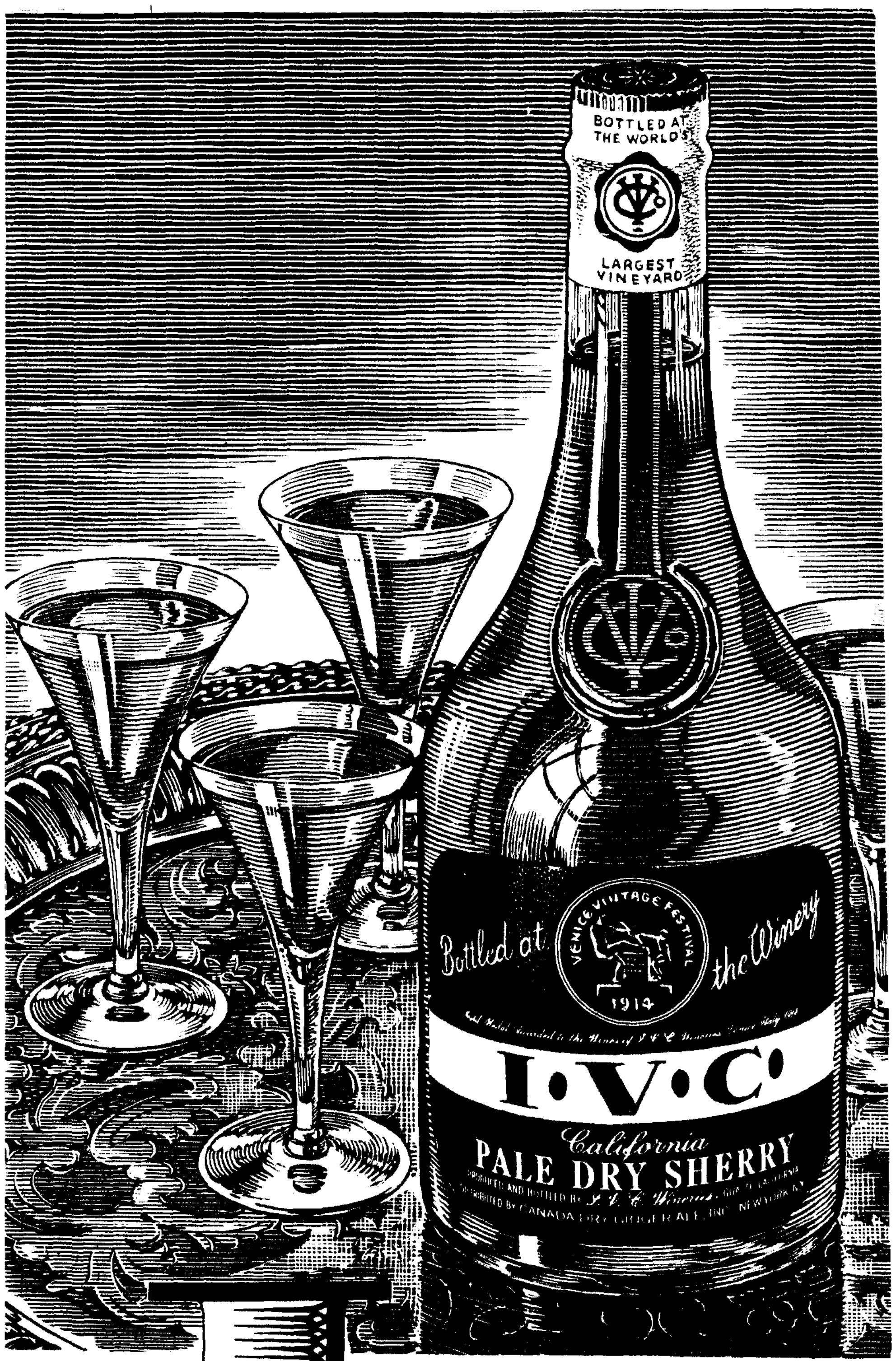
Another man with no coat came out of the next room and said, "Hooley, what in time is going on here?"

The policeman called Hooley said, "Sergeant, I swear I don't know. First there was this fellow, and then the dog, and the lady cursing like a sailor, though what I did other than my plain duty—"

The sergeant picked up Mitch and held him high in the air and said, "Hey, Red, what are you bawling about? I thought redheads were tough. You lost, or what?"

Tom took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. He said, "Sergeant, we'd like to go on. If I could have your attention for a moment—"

"Who are you?" the sergeant asked. Then



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he said to Mitch, "Hey, if I get you some ice cream, will you stop howling? You, Hooley, go get some ice cream. No, get some hot chocolate and some cake."

"Even a policeman," the lady said. "What did you do—hypnotize me? Good Lord who watches over fools get me home before he finds that note!"

"Now, Polly," Tom said. "May we leave now, Sergeant? You'll look after the kids and see that they get home?"

The sergeant got down on his knees and asked Mitch, "What kind of boxer are you? See if you can hit me on the nose." He looked at Tom and asked, "Who are you?" and Mitch hit him on the nose.

"He's a heel," the lady said. "He doesn't look it, does he? He's a nasty, vicious friend-of-the-family, that's what he is."

The sergeant said, "You win, Red." and got up holding his nose.

Tom said to the lady, "Polly, please be reasonable."

TOM wiped his face some more. Mitch had stopped crying, but now the lady was crying. Rex tried to kiss her. Tom put his hands on her shoulders. The front door opened and Mitch and I looked, but it was not Hooley, only a soldier. He ran to the lady and turned her around, and she said:

"Darling! Jimmy, darling!"

The soldier said, "Why, Polly! You're crying! I thought—"

Then he saw Tom and said, "Oh! You heel!" and he hit him and Tom fell down and Rex barked and Mitch laughed and the sergeant hollered:

"Hey, now! You can't carry on like that here!"

Tom got up and the soldier called Jimmy hit him again and he fell down again and Rex bit him and he hollered. Then the sergeant hollered some more and the lady put her arms around the soldier and said, "Oh, Jimmy, darling! Oh, Jimmy, take me home."

"That's what I'm here for," Jimmy said. "I found your note. If Tom's car hadn't been under the light I might have missed it. Nice of you to tell me that you were going to Reno."

"You'd have guessed," the lady told him. "I knew you'd guess—but I had to be sure, or something, didn't I? I mean, maybe if you loved me very much—"

"I'd come after you. And I did," Jimmy said. "Come on, we're going home."

"Oh, wait!" the lady said. "I forgot—we can't go home yet."

"I should say not," the sergeant told them. "Assault and battery is a serious matter. Especially in a police station."

Mitch said, "Here comes the chocolate! What kind of cake did you get?"

"Chocolate," Hooley told him. "Chocolate cake is my favorite."

"Mine, too," Mitch said. "Did you bring some for Rex? He threw up his supper."

Tom said, "I should've stayed in bed. Anyhow, I got the supper all over my upholstery."

"Don't worry," the sergeant told him "I saw the deed done. Hooley, book that soldier for assault."

Then the lady kissed Jimmy and said, "You can't put my husband in jail, because it was all my fault."

"Your husband?" Hooley asked. "But you came in with the other one."

"I came in with the dog, too," the lady said. "I love my husband and Rex. Anyone can be silly; can't I, darling?"

Jimmy kissed her and said, "Anyone can, especially after the way I shouted at you. The whole thing was my fault. But I do love you."

"No, I love you," the lady told him. "And it was my fault. I'm wicked."

"You're beautiful," Jimmy said.

"Please, not in here," the sergeant said. "There are innocent children present."

"And policemen," Tom said. "Maybe the whole thing was *my* fault. When she said she was leaving you for good, I should have reasoned with her. But did you ever try to reason with her? Did anyone ever try to—"

Jimmy looked at him and he said, "Now, take it easy. I was just making conversation."

"I saw it with my own eyes," the sergeant said. "It's assault, and I'll have to see the law is enforced."

"But it was my fault," the lady told him. "I'm stubborn. I was sorry the minute I wrote your name on the note, darling, but I'm so stubborn I wouldn't stop then."

"Lock him up, Hooley, before the chocolate gets cold," the sergeant said.

"Then you'll have to lock me up, too," the lady said. "I'm his lawful and legal wife, and I will be forever and ever."

"We don't lock people up here without a better reason," the sergeant told her.

"Has the cake got nuts?" Mitch asked.

The lady said, "All right, then I'll do a little battering myself."

She jumped at Tom and kicked him and slapped him. The sergeant and Jimmy pulled her away. Rex picked up her hat and ate part of it before I saw him.

"There!" the lady panted. "That makes me an accessory or something, I'll bet."

The sergeant said, "Hooley, for the love of heaven, put them in the same cell, or we won't get any sleep this night."

Tom pulled his tie straight and said, "Good Lord! Well, I'm glad to be out of *that!*"

"Oh, no, you don't!" the lady cried. "Sergeant, don't let that man get away. He kidnaped me!"

"Why, that's silly," Tom said. "You phoned me and asked me if I still meant it about waiting until you'd had enough of Jimmy. You said you were washed up, and—"

The lady interrupted him: "I think he drugged me, too. And he kidnaped these two children. Sergeant, I think he's the head of a kidnaping mob. And he's murdered people—he brags about it!"

"This is too much," Tom said. "I'm going."

He started for the door, but Hooley tripped him and sat on him.

"Good work, Hooley," the sergeant said. "Book the whole outfit. And hurry up, before this so-called dog gets all the frosting off the cake."

Hooley took away the lady and Tom and the soldier who was her husband. Then we ate the cake and had the chocolate and an apple Hooley found in the desk, only Rex wouldn't eat any of the apple. He was full of cake and the lady's hat.

Mitch and I coaxed, and finally the sergeant let us sleep in a cell like regular criminals.

Early in the morning before we were dressed, Hooley and the lady and Jimmy came in to see us. The lady kissed us and hugged Rex, and Hooley told us if we wanted any breakfast we'd better get up.

Jimmy said, "Hi, Rex," and sat down on our bed. Rex tried to get in his lap, and Jimmy laughed. The lady laughed, too, like she was just bubbling over with laughing.

"Where's the one that kidnaped you?" Mitch asked the lady.

"He's gone," the lady said. "Hooley gave him a lecture on subversive activities, and turned him loose. We even invited him to breakfast, but he wouldn't stay."

"You aren't running away any more?" Mitch asked her.

"Now or ever again," the lady told him. "Kids, there is no place like home, complete with a hot and cold loving tyrant."

"Which brings us to your problem," Jimmy said. "What kind of welcome home did you expect from your father?"

I looked at Mitch and Mitch looked at me, and I said, "If his ulsters hurt, he might lick us."

"He never licks us awful hard," Mitch said. "But he wants to put Rex in the pound to be killed."

"Hah!" cried the lady. "Now comes the U. S. Army to the rescue. Advance, friend, so we can recognize you."

"I talked to your old man this morning," Jimmy said. "He's a tyrant, like me, but he loves you, too."

"But we don't want Rex to be killed," I told him.

"He wants you complete with Rex," Jimmy said. "But I have something else to offer. One of these days I'll be shipped off to nowhere, and Polly should have a dog to keep the wolves away. This seems to be Rex's specialty. So next time—if there is a next time—Rex is in danger, you bring him to our house and we'll guarantee he lives a life of obscene ease."

"WILL you feed him, too?" Mitch asked. "You wouldn't let him get killed in the pound?"

"He likes oatmeal mush," I said.

"With cream," the lady said. "And I would always cherish Rex, because he reminds me of my husband."

"Ah, no—you exaggerate," Hooley told the lady.

"But the way your father talked," Jimmy said, "you can keep Rex till he dies of old age. Polly and I are going to take you home, after we've had breakfast, and we'll talk to your old man then, too. Everything is going to be all right."

Rex thought so, too, because he tried to kiss the lady. I think he liked the bubbly way she laughed.

"Now you'd better get dressed," Hooley said. "That is, if you want strawberry waffles for breakfast. Ah, Lord, I wish I had your digestions. And would you rather have grapefruit or apple pie?"

"Chocolate pie," Mitch said. "What's strawberry waffles?"

"It would need the tongue of an angel to tell you," Hooley said. "Get dressed and find out for yourself."

We just had to put on our shoes and shirts and overalls. Hooley went on talking while we dressed.

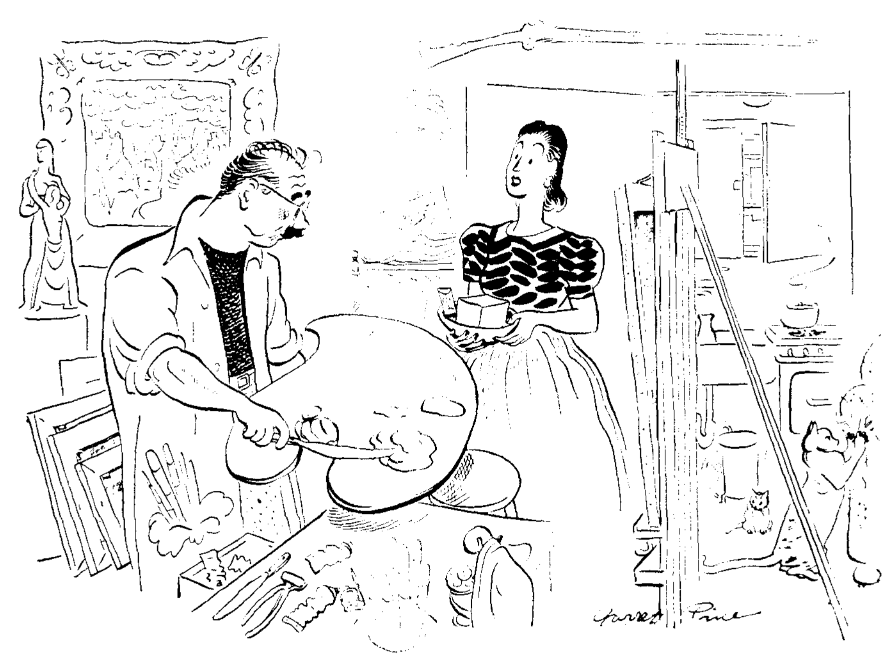
"The sergeant also talked to your old man, and it's contrite he is this day. He knows he was hasty, and he is mighty relieved to have his lads safe and sound. But you hear me! Should he make trouble, and go to bullying my friend Mitch, you have only to let us know, hear? He'll soon learn the weak and innocent have their defenders. Why, he didn't even have a license on the dog, and that's a penitentiary crime! Should he lay a hand on you, the sergeant and me—"

Mitch was too hungry to be polite and he interrupted Hooley and asked, "Do they grow just like regular strawberries?"

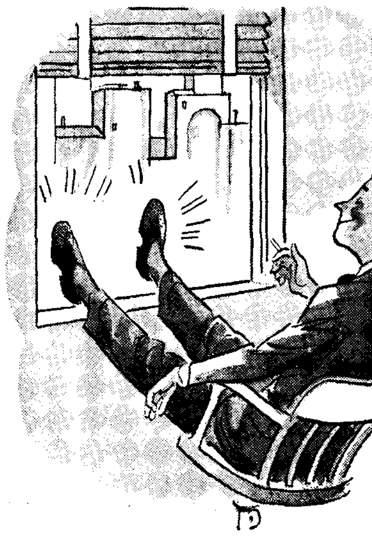
The lady laughed, and Jimmy said:

"You come along and we'll all find out."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Joe, would you mind mixing the coloring into this oleomargarine? You can do it lots better than I" GARRETT PRICE



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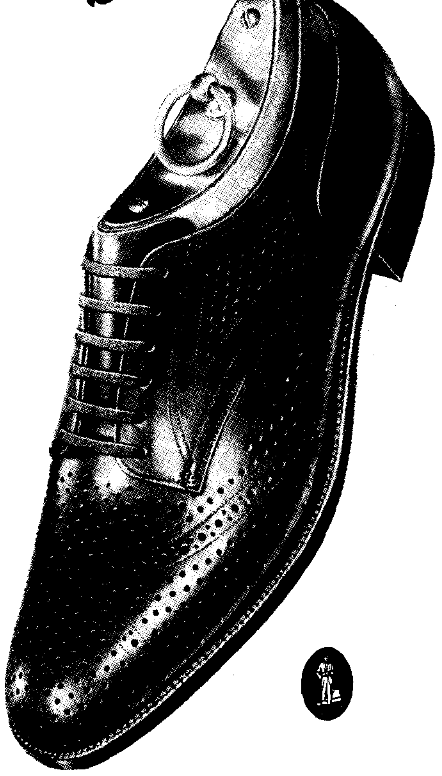

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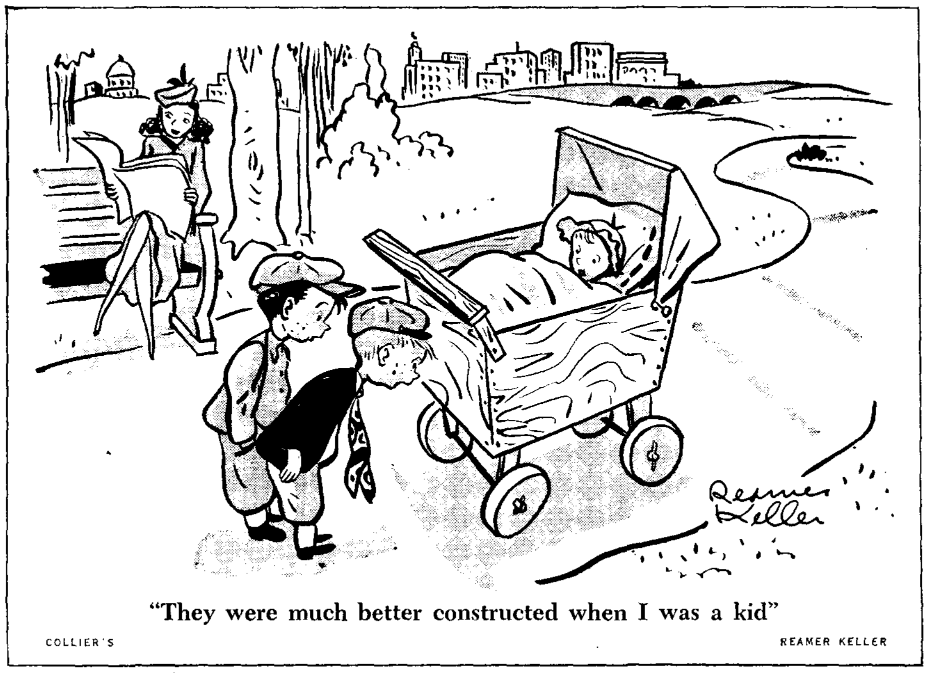
America's Finest Cigarette



"They were much better constructed when I was a kid"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Horsemen Never Smoke

Continued from page 16

With a shrug, he dismissed the idea. He'd survived two Mosby raids and a charge by Jeb Stuart's Virginians. Certainly he shouldn't be afraid to face his own family.

From the baggage rack overhead, he collected his belongings.

There was a large bundle, rolled in a tent flap and tied with a length of halter rope, which contained his overcoat, poncho and sundry souvenirs: an iron spoon said to have come from Libby Prison, a brass candlestick taken from the house where Lee surrendered, a package containing nine thousand dollars (in Confederate currency), an English revolver, a woolen hospital blanket and a set of leg irons from the slave stockade in Richmond.

He carried a pair of brand-new saddlebags, which he had borrowed from the government when the quartermaster officer wasn't looking, and a handsome presentation saber with a solid silver hilt. On the guard was engraved the arms of Virginia and the motto, "Sic Semper Tyrannis." Matthew captured it in a skirmish at Snickers' Gap.

THE engine whistled for the crossing. On the open platform at the end of the coach, a trainman tugged at the hand brakes. "Grantland. GRANTLAND!"

His spurs clicked as he hurried down the steps. He dropped his impedimenta on the plank decking and looked hungrily around.

Everything was much as he remembered it, except that a building was missing from the creek bank. However, to his surprise, the whole panorama seemed to have contracted and shrunk.

The train puffed away. The old telegraph operator crossed the platform, carrying a handful of waybills and dragging a mail sack.

"Mr. Vreeland!"

"Huh?" He blinked behind the dusty lenses of his steel-rimmed spectacles.

"What happened?"

"Where?"

"To Cole's wagon shop?"

"Burned down."

"When?"

"During the big windstorm. That's two-three years ago." The old man edged nearer, his chin whiskers quivered with a sudden agitation. "I b'lieve you're young Titus. The one who run away to war."

Matthew nodded.

"Don't your folks know you're coming?"

"Guess not. When I wrote 'em, I didn't expect to be mustered out so soon."

"Well, by dum! You hustle right for home. Before your pa hears the news from someone else. After all the worry you caused him, don't be loiterin' hereabouts. You git."

"Yes, sir," agreed the corporal meekly. He buckled the saber belt around his waist, threw the saddlebags over his shoulder and picked up the bundle.

"Hey! You!"

Matthew halted.

"Was you at Gettysburg?"

"Certainly." It was curious the way civilians always talked about that fight. It didn't make sense. Gettysburg had been a picnic. By cavalry reckoning, the toughest battle was Gaines Mill.

"Billy Van Allen was killed there."

"He was?"

"Yes, sir. Bert Gordon seen the body. A Minié ball hit him and, when Bert found him, he was deader than a cisco."

"Too bad. I always liked Billy."

Matthew crossed the road, skirting the muddy sinkhole. It had been there ever since the village was settled, the subject of much heated argument at town meetings.

Matthew was aware of a tightening and a knotting of his guts—beg pardon, his innards. He'd have to mind his language before the twins, or his father would be angry. And he mustn't let on that, sometimes, he played cards for money.

At the Lutheran church he turned the corner and saw his father's white house, enclosed by the neat picket fence. The south wing was lighted and, tied to the hitching post in front, stood a farmer's team.

An old family rule, that his father must never be interrupted while there was a patient in the office, made him hesitate. He waited uncertainly by the church shed, across the street. But beads of sweat formed under the band of his forage cap and trickled down his face.

The evening air was warm and still. Wood smoke curled lazily from kitchen chimneys. Shrill voices came from the Academy play yard, where neighborhood children were playing hide-and-seek.

Suddenly the office door opened and the farmer appeared, followed by Doctor Titus. "As soon as you get home, rinse your mouth with salt and water. Do it again before you go to bed." Evidently this had been a tooth extraction.

"All right, Sylvester. I will."

"Let us know how you are getting on."

Matthew smiled. It was his father's set formula, with which he dismissed every patient.

The farmer untied his horses, climbed over the wheel to the wagon seat and drove away. Doctor Titus noticed the uniformed man and waited on the threshold. He gave no sign of surprise. "Matthew?"

"Good evening, sir."

"Had enough soldiering?"

"A-plenty."

"I imagine so." The older man chuckled. "You've grown. Come in to the light and let me have a look at you."

They walked through the empty waiting room to the office. Along one wall was the built-in cabinet with dozens of little drawers. Below was the shelf where the doctor compounded his prescriptions. He opened his bag and took out his stethoscope.

It was the newest type of instrument, recently invented by Doctor Camman of New York. It had two earpieces, a great improvement on the older models. Matthew's father was very proud of it.

"Take off your jacket and unbutton your shirt."

The corporal had not expected that their conversation would begin with an examination of his lungs. However, he was not unprepared for it. Ever since his mother's death his father had had a pet theory about galloping consumption and was continually searching for facts to support it.

He had always used his family as a laboratory and clinic. The twins had been fed on ewe's milk at one time, an experiment which scandalized the whole community.

"Take a deep breath. Again. Now cough. Again. Turn around to the light. Open your mouth. Say 'Ah.'"

"Ah."

"Feel pretty well?"

"Fine."

"I can see no reason why you shouldn't," said the physician. He stared at his son's face. "Oh-oh. You had the smallpox."

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Why . . . uh . . . let's see." Matthew reckoned backward: It hadn't been a year ago, for they were in the Valley then. It hadn't been two years ago, when they were posted along the river. "I guess it was after Antietam."

"You're not deeply pitted."

"I remembered what you said, sir. I kept my face greased."

"With wool fat?"

"We didn't have that in the pesthouse. So I used mutton tallow."

"Well. Well." The physician beamed. "You must speak to your sisters."

"Yes, sir."

"Here." Doctor Titus handed him the saber. "Wear all your regalia. The girls will want to see how you look."

"Thank you."

"*In summam gloriam venire*. Or have you forgotten what that means?" he asked dryly.

"I'm afraid so."

"Never mind. It will come back to you in no time."

An unwelcome suspicion entered the corporal's mind. "What do you mean, sir?"

"That you relearn a language very easily."

"But, Father . . ."

The physician was repacking his instrument bag and did not seem to hear.

Matthew squared his shoulders and walked through the double doors into the front hall. He found himself facing a strange young lady who was coming down the stairs.

"Matt!" she gasped. Then she called, "Margery. Oh, Margery! Matt's here!"

Above was the sound of running feet. "Marion! Unless you wait for me, I'll never speak to you again."

He began to laugh. The twins had grown up but they hadn't changed. If one got ahead of the other, they still fought like little devils. . . .

On his first night at home, Corporal Titus slept badly. The bed was too soft. The room was stuffy and the silence was oppressive. He groaned, rolled over and kicked off a quilt.

The next thing he knew, daylight had come and his father's voice was calling, "Matthew!"

He jumped up, cold as a frozen corpse. Dressing quickly, he buckled on his spurs, washed his face in the crockery bowl and combed his hair.

THE clock struck six as he came down the stairs. His father believed in rising early, as if some moral principle were involved.

He and the twins were at the table, waiting.

"Good morning, Matthew." It was a reproof.

"Good morning, Father."

Doctor Titus thanked the Lord tersely, but courteously, for the food that was to be placed before them.

At the "Amen," the hired girl pushed open the kitchen door and hurried in with a huge dish of graham mush and a quart pitcher of thick, pan-set cream. This was followed by a slice of fried, home-cured ham, creamed potatoes, hot muffins, spiced cherries, a card of basswood honey, the fresh apple pie and a pot of barley coffee.

Doctor Titus waited until all had finished. He folded his napkin neatly as if it were a surgical dressing, rolled and inserted it in the silver ring beside his plate.

"Matthew."

"Sir?"

"I called at Professor Gordon's last night."

"Yes, sir."

"In view of your service to your country, Professor Gordon has agreed that you may enter the Academy now, instead of waiting for the new term. You will be helped to make up the work."

"Maybe I better get a job instead."

"What can you do?"

Matthew was silent.

"Your only practical experience has been with horses. Do you want to be a hired man?"

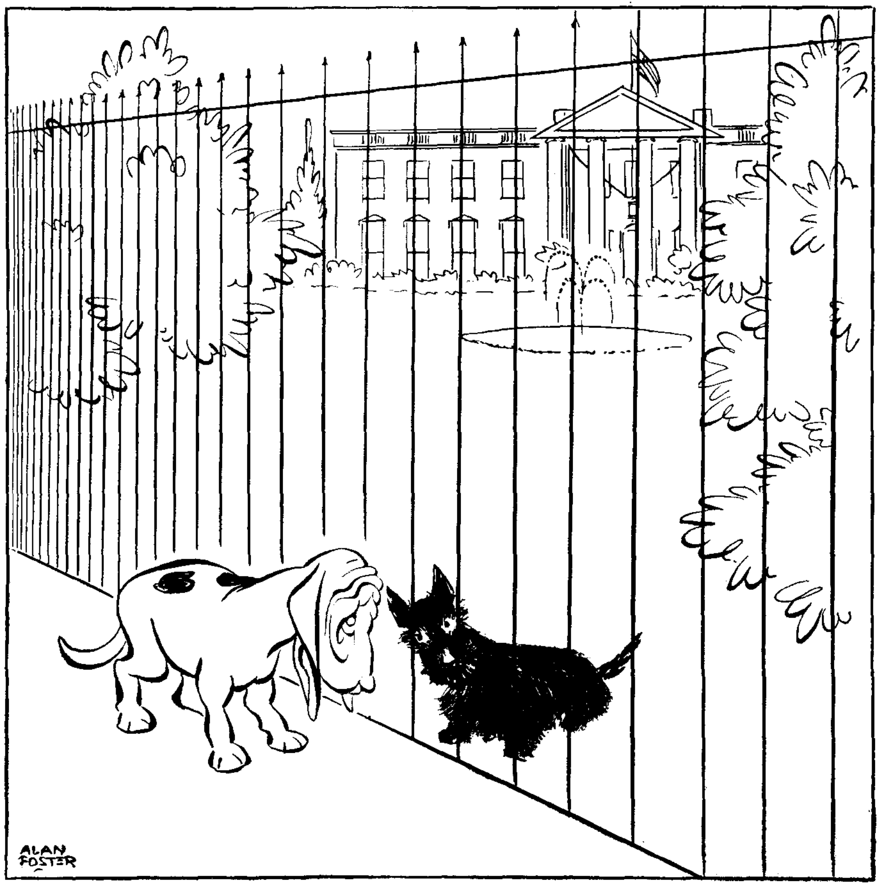
The twins giggled and refused to be frowned down.

"I'm too old, sir. I mean to go back to school with those little scuts."

"You'll never get ahead without an education."

Matthew considered the statement and

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by **ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "The Solid South is very optimistic, suh"

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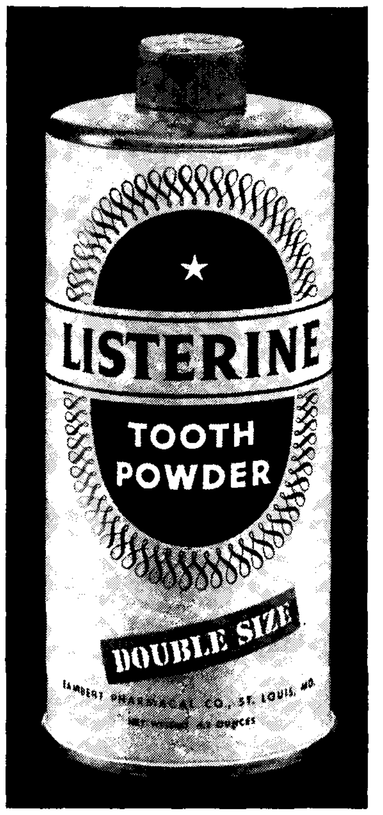

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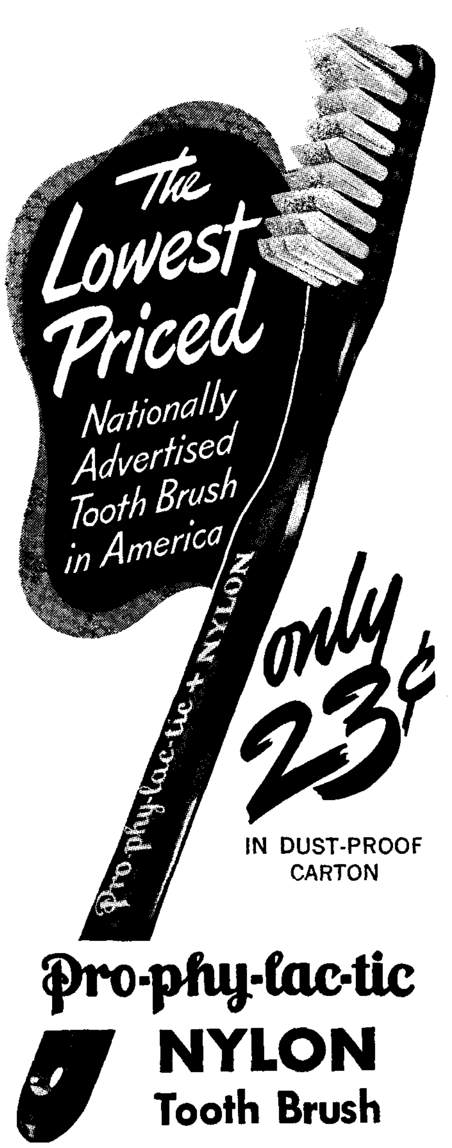
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admitted that there might be something in it. "When would I have to begin?"

"Today," replied Doctor Titus. "At nine o'clock."

Margery's eyes danced. "I found your books, Matt. They're on the hall table."

"We," said Marion innocently, "will be glad to help you with your Latin prose. We're a year ahead of you now."

"And you may walk to school with us."

That was too much. "I will not." He shoved back his chair angrily.

"Matthew!"

"Yes, sir. Excuse me, please."

He snatched his cap from the rack in the front hall, clapped it on his head at an aggressive angle and let the door slam behind him.

Parsell's store was unlocked, and a crippled man was folding back the shutters. "Morning, Corporal. Glad to see you back."

At the title, Matthew straightened up. He offered the other his plug of tobacco and took a reassuring bite himself.

"What are you plannin', now you're home?"

"Well," said Matthew, "I haven't decided. For sure."

"If I was in your shoes, I know what I'd do."

"Yeah?"

"I'd re-enlist. Yessir. If I was in good shape, you wouldn't find me here. I'd be out west. Fightin' Indians."

"You mean in Dakota territory?"

"Me, I'd ruther go down to the Apache country. Fort Union. Near Santa Fe."

"What's wrong with this job?"

The cripple's tone was contemptuous. "Cooped up indoors." He spat.

Thoughtfully, Matthew strolled on. He had fifty-three dollars and eighty-six cents left. Probably it was enough to take him to the Southwest and some cavalry post. The CO would be glad to swear him in. He'd been a regular and was worth six green recruits.

Homesickness seized him suddenly. This time he was not longing for his family, his own room in his father's house or for his friends—but for discomfort, thirst, hunger and danger.

He felt an intense desire to sniff the flour-fine acrid dust behind the picket lines, to hear the blatting of the bugles, invariably off key, as they sounded Boots and Saddles, to stiffen to rigid attention at the command, "Stand to horse."

Matthew paused outside the Grantland House. The barroom door was open. He could see Young Otto Schlegel's back as he scattered sawdust on the freshly swept floor. Behind the bar, Old Otto was testing the proof of a sample of rum. He poured a few drops on the counter and lighted it with an evil-smelling lucifer match.

Looking up, he caught the corporal's eye. "Hello, Mr. Titus. Come in."

Matthew had never in his life entered the Grantland bar. For a moment he hesitated, then laughed at himself and went inside.

The old man watched the alcohol burn off. Afterward he dipped a pudgy finger in the residue, rubbed it in his palm and sniffed.

"Watered," he sighed. "I mean before I watered it. You can't trust them distillery fellers. They're too handy to the crick."

THE corporal glanced around curiously. His childhood impression had been that this was a den of iniquity. But to his present initiated eye, it looked more like a rather dingy Sunday-school room.

A pair of polished ox horns were mounted above the mirror, but no gaudy garters dangled on them. From the molding were suspended no oil paintings of voluptuous blondes. No improper transparencies were framed in the windows.

"Cigar, Mr. Titus?" offered the proprietor.

"No, thanks."

Young Otto put away the sawdust bucket and took his place behind the beer taps. He wiped his moist hands on the edge of his apron. "Will you take the oath?"

"Why not?"

"What will it be?"

"Colonel's Courage." He pointed to the whisky decanter.

"That's watered, too," remarked Young Otto, as he set out two bar glasses. He was considered a wit, by reason of his complete truthfulness. He had been in an infantry regiment which faced Hood at Nashville. They had retreated. "We withdrew with the honors of war," Young Otto said. "The foot-running honors, I mean."

Matthew raised the squat tumbler. "Down with the rebellion."

"Down she goes." Young Otto gulped and waved the coin away.

"I'd like to buy one."

"What's holding you?" The glasses were filled again. "Say, Matt. I wanted to ask you something. Did you ever see Grant?"

"See him?" returned the other. "Every day for five months. We were his headquarters escort. I've been as close to him as I am to you." He lowered his voice: "I'll tell you something else. I saw that woman hanged."

"Honest?"

"Uh-huh."

"Did it make you feel funny?"

Matthew nodded. "It sure did. I drank a whole pint of whisky that night, to kill the feeling."

"Could you kill it?"

"No."

Young Otto whistled admiringly. "You've seen everything. Guess the boys were right."

"What about?"

"Last night. The bunch in here was saying that you'd never stay in this town and study for college like your pa planned."

"I will if I want to."

Young Otto smiled. "You did some hell-raising before you left. Some claim that old Gordon wouldn't take you back."

Matthew was angry. "Is that so? You tell them for me that I can go back to the Academy any time I please. Right now."

"Not right now, Matt. There's liquor on your breath."

"It's my own breath."

"Wait until t'morrow."

"Why should I?"

"Because . . ."

Matthew turned abruptly. He felt contrary. But he remembered his manners as he reached the door. "Thanks a lot," he called back.

He straightened his tunic. He was not drunk. Positively not. On the contrary, his state was what the orderly sergeant called "High duty."

As he walked briskly up the street, he reflected with some surprise what an exceptionally fine soldier he had been. It was even written upon his discharge: "Character: Excellent. A good soldier. Honest and faithful service in more than 30 battles and skirmishes."

To earn that, he had sweated and shivered, triumphed, been afraid, endured and stood fast against overwhelming odds. He had led his squad when they hacked their way out of an ambush at Cedar Creek. He had been a sentry, the advanced picket-point, in a tangled Wilderness thicket. He remembered how weary he had been that night. And when he sat down upon a log, he put his saber hilt between his feet and the point beneath his chin, to prick him if he nodded. (Perhaps they'd let him bring his saber to school, to help him keep awake in Latin class.)

He supposed he would have to study history. Someway, it didn't thrill him. He had seen how history was made.

He had watched General Lee come slowly down the steps of the brick house at Appomattox, striking his gloved hands together absently and ignoring the salutes.

But General Lee had lifted his hat to them before he rode away.

HE OPENED the back door of his father's house and shouted, "Anna. Where are my books?"

"Margery has them," answered the hired girl.

"Where?"

"Over to school. She thought she'd see you."

He wished his sisters would stop their interfering and leave his things alone.

There was a short cut through their garden and the Burnham's driveway, which saved you time in going to the next street. At the end of that street, on rising ground, stood Grantland Academy—a handsome, two-story brick building with a row of huge Doric columns in front.

It was only a few minutes before nine now. From all directions children hurried, in twos and threes and fours; a squad here and a half-squad there. Near the great double doors, a half-company had converged.

He smiled as he realized what he was thinking. That was army talk. He did not dream that he would go on estimating crowds in terms of companies, battalions and regiments as long as he lived.

Margery and Marion were waiting at the foot of the flagstone steps. They handed him his textbooks: a Caesar's Gallic War, a Lexicon of Beginning Greek, a Plane Geometry, a Treasury of English Literature and an Outlines of the Ancient World.

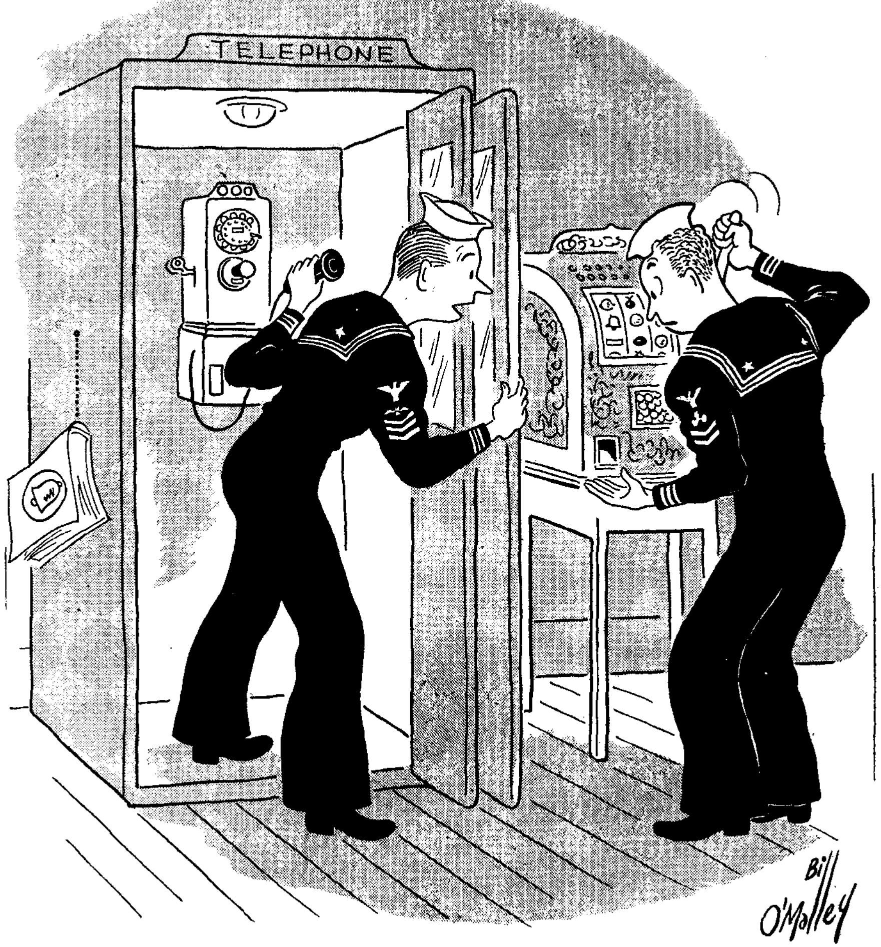
"Where have you been?" demanded Margery.

"The sutler's," he replied before he thought.

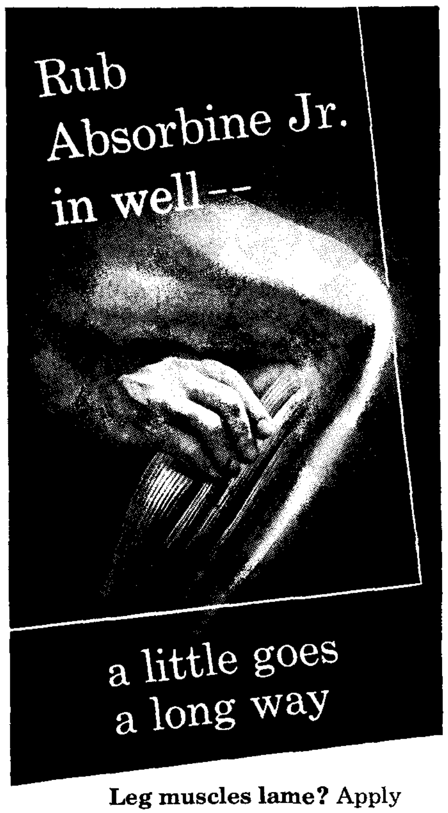
The girls sniffed suspiciously and were shocked.

"Matt!" They scuttled away, afraid that the family would be disgraced forever.

He followed the tide of children into the



COLLIER'S "Hurry, Ed, the operator wants another quarter" BILL O'MALLEY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lower corridor, past the grade rooms and up the rear stairs to the academic department on the second floor. He placed his cap on a peg in the boys' coatroom.

A new man teacher was guarding the door of the assembly room. He looked at Matthew with cold, even hostile eyes. "Titus?"

"Yes."

"Professor Gordon wants to see you. You're to wait in his office until the chapel exercises are over. You know where his office is?"

Matthew nodded and went back downstairs, to the little, closetlike principal's room. The news that he had been drinking in the tavern must have reached the Academy before he did. But he did not mind. If they expelled him, he was satisfied.

The last bell bonged. Above, in the assembly hall, they sang a hymn.

A large map covered the wall behind the principal's chair. It showed the states and territories. The corporal studied it intently. He found Lawrence, Kansas, where his horseshoer friend lived. And Sante Fe in the Southwest. Fort Union was near Santa Fe.

THE silence overhead indicated that Professor Gordon was reading a scripture passage. A sudden burst of laughter indicated that he was making his daily talk, with a dry joke tossed in like a candied cherry in a pudding, to attract the small fry.

There was a scuffling of feet, the note of a pitch pipe and then the chorus again. They sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord.
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored . . ."

Matthew beat time. It was a good tune. He had paraded to it, down Pennsylvania Avenue, the morning of the final review.

"Let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

Many feet scuffled again. A pause. The desk bell tapped and the children moved toward the recitation rooms. Matthew turned back to the map. He wished that it showed the railroads.

The door opened and Professor Gordon came in. He seemed just the same—a nervous, precise little man who shook hands without much warmth. "Matthew."

"Yes, sir."

"I had you wait here, during our exercises this morning, because I wanted to say something to the entire school about you."

The corporal nodded. His throat was dry. Automatically, he took the plug of tobacco from his pocket and dusted it. Then he remembered where he was, flushed and hastily replaced it.

"More than twenty boys left the Academy to serve in our armed forces," Professor Gordon went on. "You were the first to leave and you are the only one who has come back to us."

"Yes, sir."

"That, in brief, is what I told the school. Shall we go up to the assembly room?"

Matthew followed, in step and one pace behind. It was something like trailing the captain when the stables were inspected.

Professor Gordon took him through the door, down the aisle of desks to the rear corner of the room. "You will sit here."

"Yes, sir."

Matthew glanced down and started. Beneath his desk stood a new, shiny brass spittoon. His face must have mirrored his surprise, for the children who were staying in the room for a study period began to laugh.

"Stop that." Professor Gordon's order cracked out as sharply as a drillmaster's. "I see nothing funny. Matthew!"

He came to smart attention. "Sir."

"You chew, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"Your father and I purchased this receptacle and I have placed it here for your convenience. And as for you," he glared at the other students, "when you, too, have served your country for four years, faithfully and well, you also will be given similar privileges. That's all. You may be seated, Matthew."

"Thank you, sir."

The corporal relaxed. He found his plug and bit off a generous chunk. He might be in a class with a bunch of little boys, but that was all right. The cuspidor beneath his desk marked him as one apart.

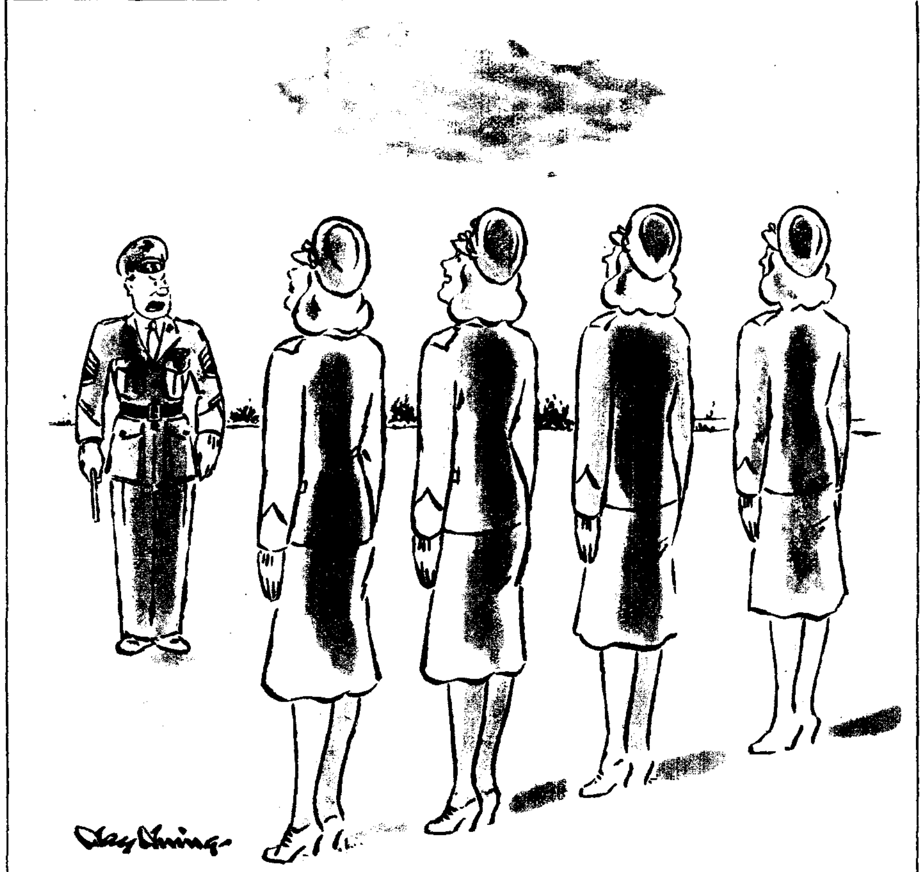
He opened to the Gallic Wars. *"Eo ipso die."* On that very day. *"Legatos misit."* That one sent messengers. To the Nervii. There was nothing to it. This stuff was easier than a morning report or a ration return. . . .

When Matthew Titus was fifty, he was appointed Walden Professor of History at State College. By that time, he had written a half-dozen textbooks.

The first was dedicated to his father. The second, "To Professor Angus M. Gordon, Principal Emeritus of Grantland Academy, who gave me valuable assistance at a critical moment."

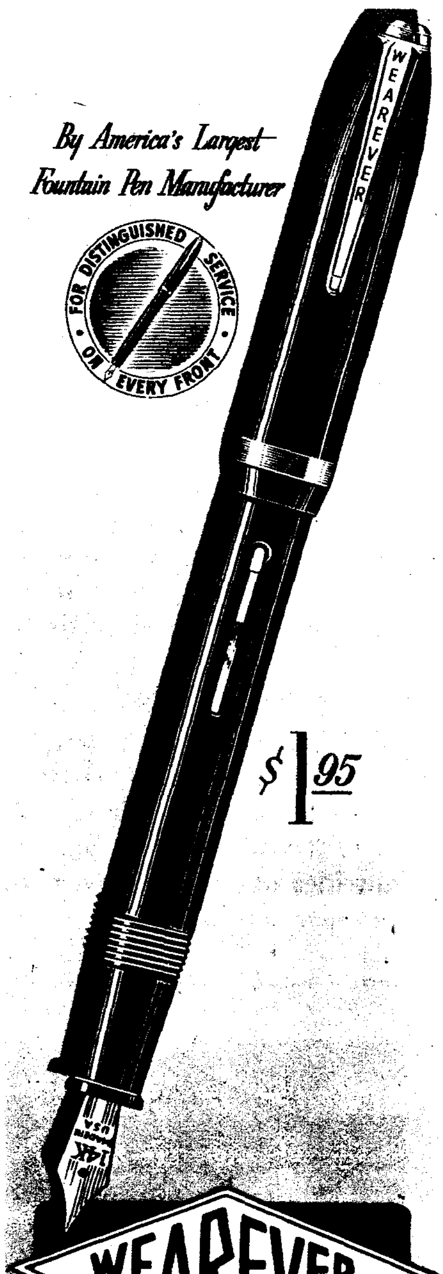
It was generally considered in the academic world and among historians that Matthew Titus was the last and the greatest of the tobacco-chewing scholars. His granddaughter now has the brass cuspidor. In the summertime, she keeps it filled with nasturtiums.

THE END



"Positively! He's the same guy. . . . Used to sit in the first row, fourth seat, and whistle! Remember?"

COLLIER'S JAY IRVING



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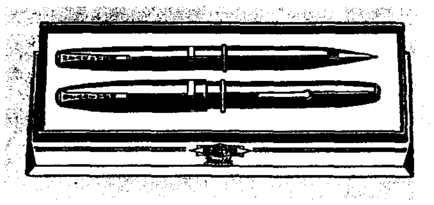


Missing . . .

Continued from page 17

I later found out that it was not high enough to keep away the mosquitoes, which at times I swear were big enough to be four-motor jobs.

After finding a big tree, I hacked palm leaves down from a near-by tree and, with small trees, I tried to build a Boy Scout lean-to. I tied the small trees together with vines, but that jungle rain seems to have a way of seeping through everything and I was drenched all night. I threw leaves on the ground to act as a mattress, and with my little bucket as a pillow, I had my home in the jungle.

On the second day, I hit the trail at five o'clock in the morning, and I ran into the toughest obstacle of the jungle. Holding to my easterly course, I found a swamp at the foot of a hill. I waded in, and if you have ever stepped into a mud-bottom lake, you know the uncertain feeling I had when I first touched bottom. Still using my bolo and compass, I made my way across the first swamp. It was in the swamps that I received the shin and arm cuts which were the most painful things I have ever experienced.

In order to find a fair footing in the swamps, I tried to get a foothold on the base of the tree trunks which were always submerged. These base roots are as slippery as moss-covered rock, and my feet were always slipping off and dropping me into the mucky water. It wasn't the water that was so bad as the feeling of my shin grazing the tree root. It felt like someone taking a razor and going down my shinbone.

After battling for two hours, I finally reached solid land again and was staring right at the steep incline of another hill. Had I known that another swamp was on the other side of that hill, I would have tackled that particular hill with a little less gusto. When I finally reached the top of the hill, I started down and was hoping—as I always did later on—that there would not be a swamp at the bottom, but there always was. Once again I sailed into a swamp, and before the day was over, I had passed through six of them. I had traveled four miles in a straight line, and I don't know how many up and down.

I was tired, cold and thirsty. I did take a sip out of the one good can of water left in my knapsack and was going to have a piece of chocolate. When I reached into my pocket, I found, not chocolate but mush, with dirt and slush mixed in with it. The swamps had made it a mess, and I threw it away.

Now it became a fight for life. I wasn't afraid for myself, but I did have a deathly fear that Mom and Dad, who are getting along in years, might have heart attacks because of my being lost. I was very glad that the War Department didn't notify my folks until I was lost for three days. With something like my family to live for, I knew that I couldn't be beaten. Mom, to me, has always been a great inspiration. I still felt good, so with thoughts of the ones I loved, I once again fell into a deep but not lasting sleep in another lean-to.

Once again I awoke with every new downpour. That night I believe I must have said at least a thousand Hail Marys. Every time it rained harder, I prayed harder. I was chilled through and through and just lay there, shivering and praying. It surely helped, and I guess my prayers were heard, because today I am writing this story and, without that faith, I don't believe I would have made it. In a jungle, miles from nowhere, faith is a great weapon.

When I started out that morning, I once again hoped to see the ocean. I managed to hit a pretty regular schedule every day. I hit the trail at five A. M. and stopped on the last hill I could reach when it came near six o'clock at night. Even though I had lost my food and the water was almost gone, I felt good. I didn't miss food. Water was my main worry. I didn't want to risk drinking the rain or the swamp water. My throat seemed to be always parched, and I thought of the good old United States and how I would like to have a big malted milk, the biggest that money could buy.

Army Air Corps on the Job

Late in the afternoon of the third day I saw daylight in front of me at the bottom of a hill I had just crossed. For a change it had stopped raining, and the blue skies were only partly covered with clouds. During the days I had been in the jungle, I could hear airplanes overhead. The Army Air Corps was on the job.

The sounds seemed to be too far away, though, for me to do anything about it, even though I did have a flare pistol. I wasn't sure that it would work now, as it had been thoroughly soaked in the swamps, which sometimes were six feet deep, and I took many a ducking. Seeing this light ahead of me, I thought I had come onto the grassy knoll that runs into the ocean, but such was not the case.

At the base of the hill, it looked like a green grass mat, but it was a swamp covered with blade grass that stuck about a foot out of the water. I waded into the swamp and saw that it was about eight miles across. In the center of it was a little island that I thought I might reach before dark. I planned to stay on that island for the night, so I set out to cross the swamp to it, always staying near the weeds that were sticking out of the

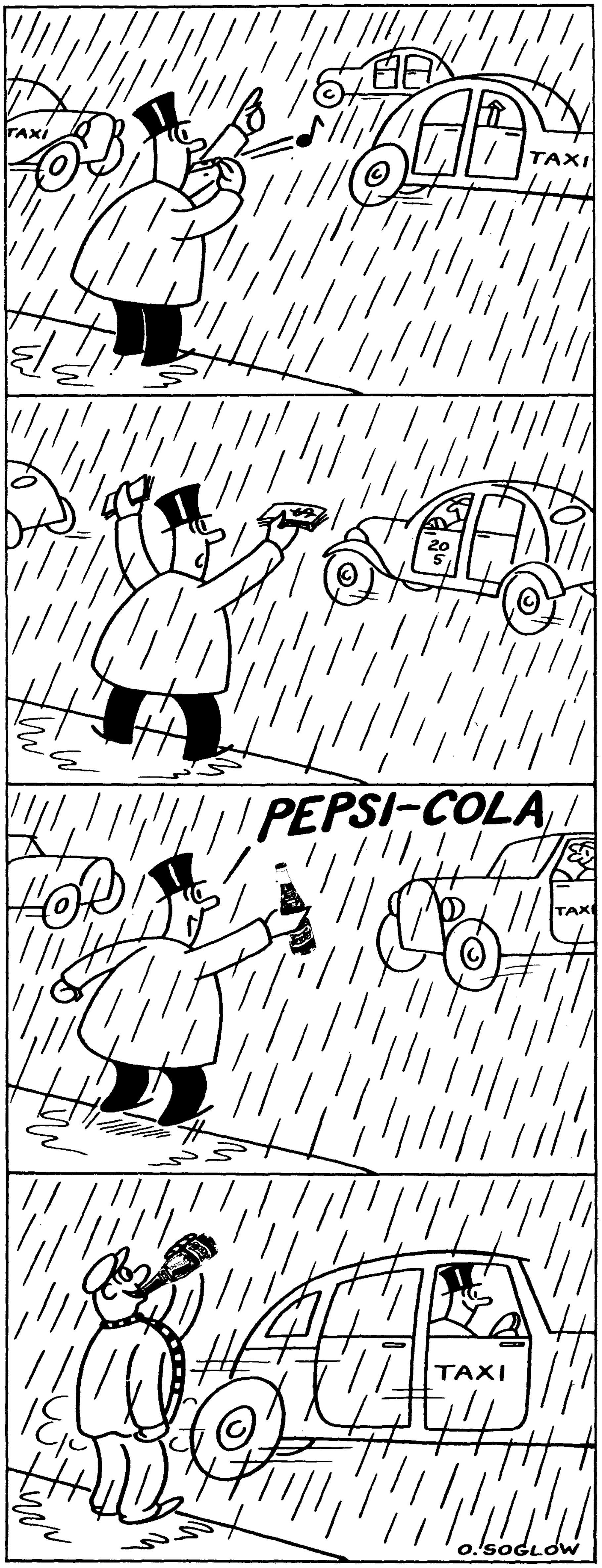
HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—No. 9

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with list on page 54.

1. **The progress of the project to develop a process to freeze the produce on the farm was delayed.**
2. **As a grand finale of his holiday, Jimmy decided to slake his thirst to satiety with his favorite sarsaparilla soda.**
3. **Although the idea seemed to be irrefutable, the incredulity of many members created a definite schism in the party.**
4. **The children of the professor were exploited by putting them through the intricacies of modern intelligence tests.**
5. **The jocund sportsman traded his rattan and Malacca canes for a shillelagh of blackthorn root and polished it with a piece of pumice stone.**
6. **As the maidens of Hawaii sang aloha, they placed a jasmine lei around his neck and a ring of chalcedony on his finger.**
7. **He tried to promulgate communistic propaganda among the personnel of the corporation in Reading, Pennsylvania.**
8. **The hoop rolling over the roof above the children's room sounded to them like the hoofs of reindeer.**
9. **As the altimeter indicated the far reaches of the stratosphere, the aeronaut had an eerie feeling when the aileron failed to respond.**
10. **The coxswain was ordered by the boatswain to leave the gunwale and go to the forecastle.**

(Words having more than one pronunciation are checked with seven leading dictionaries for the most generally accepted usage.)

Charles H. Hall



Home for an Old Quest

IT has always been a Goodyear working principle that nothing is good enough which can be made better.

And it has been Goodyear experience that the source of betterment is less often the materials used than what is done with them.

On this premise Goodyear since its earliest days has pursued research to advance the usefulness and value of its products.

It was this unresting quest for improvement which fathered the first straight-side tire, the first pneumatic cord tire for trucks and farm tractors, the first low-pressure tire for airplanes, the first American all-synthetic tire, plus a host of other Goodyear advances.

During this past year Goodyear dedicated a new home for its scientific resources — what is believed to be in personnel, facilities and equipment the finest laboratory for its purpose in the world.

Its bold and various activities now are concentrated on building superior military products, but the lessons learned will inevitably enrich the fullness of life when applied to the needs of peace.

From the developments spurred by war, such possibilities are foreseeable as plastic glass, featherlight insulating materials, hundred-mile conveyor belt systems, plastic water pipes burstproof against freezing, metal-wood laminations for plane and car bodies, mildewproof tents and awnings, static-free radio, crashproof fuel tanks, and many like wonders on which we now are at work.

Firm in its purpose to stand forth always as "science headquarters" of the rubber industry, Goodyear aims to make it true of its products, as of life in America, that "the best is yet to come."

Hear Goodyear's Two Great Radio Shows — **WALTER PIDGEON** in "The Star and the Story" — CBS — Sunday evenings. "**HOOK 'n' LADDER FOLLIES**" — NBC — Saturday mornings. See local paper for time and station.

A Few Milestones in Goodyear Research

1906—*Introduced the straight-side tire—the original quick-demountable tire.* • 1908—*Developed the tire-building machine—made quality mass production possible.* • 1909—*Originated pneumatic airplane tires.* • 1913—*Brought out multiple-cord tires—greatly increasing mileage and dependability.* • 1917 — *Developed non-rigid airships for U. S. Navy.* • 1917—*Pioneered pneumatic truck tires—the foundation of modern truck and bus transportation.* • 1920—*Invented bullet-puncture-sealing fuel tanks for airplanes.* • 1922 — *Developed Captax accelerator for curing rubber—a major advance in tire quality.* • 1927—*Introduced Airwheel low-pressure airplane tires.* • 1927-29 — *Synthetic rubber patents —United States and Great Britain.* • 1931 — *Pioneered pneumatic farm tractor tires.* • 1934 — *Developed Pliofilm moistureproof packaging.* • 1935 — *Brought out LifeGuards — took danger out of blowouts.* • 1937— *Built America's first all-synthetic rubber tire.* • 1941 — *After several years of pilot plant operation, established commercial unit plant for making synthetic rubber.* • 1941 — *Developed steel-cable belting.* • 1941-43 — *Many secret military developments of wide postwar usefulness.*

Captax, Airwheel, Pliofilm, LifeGuard—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

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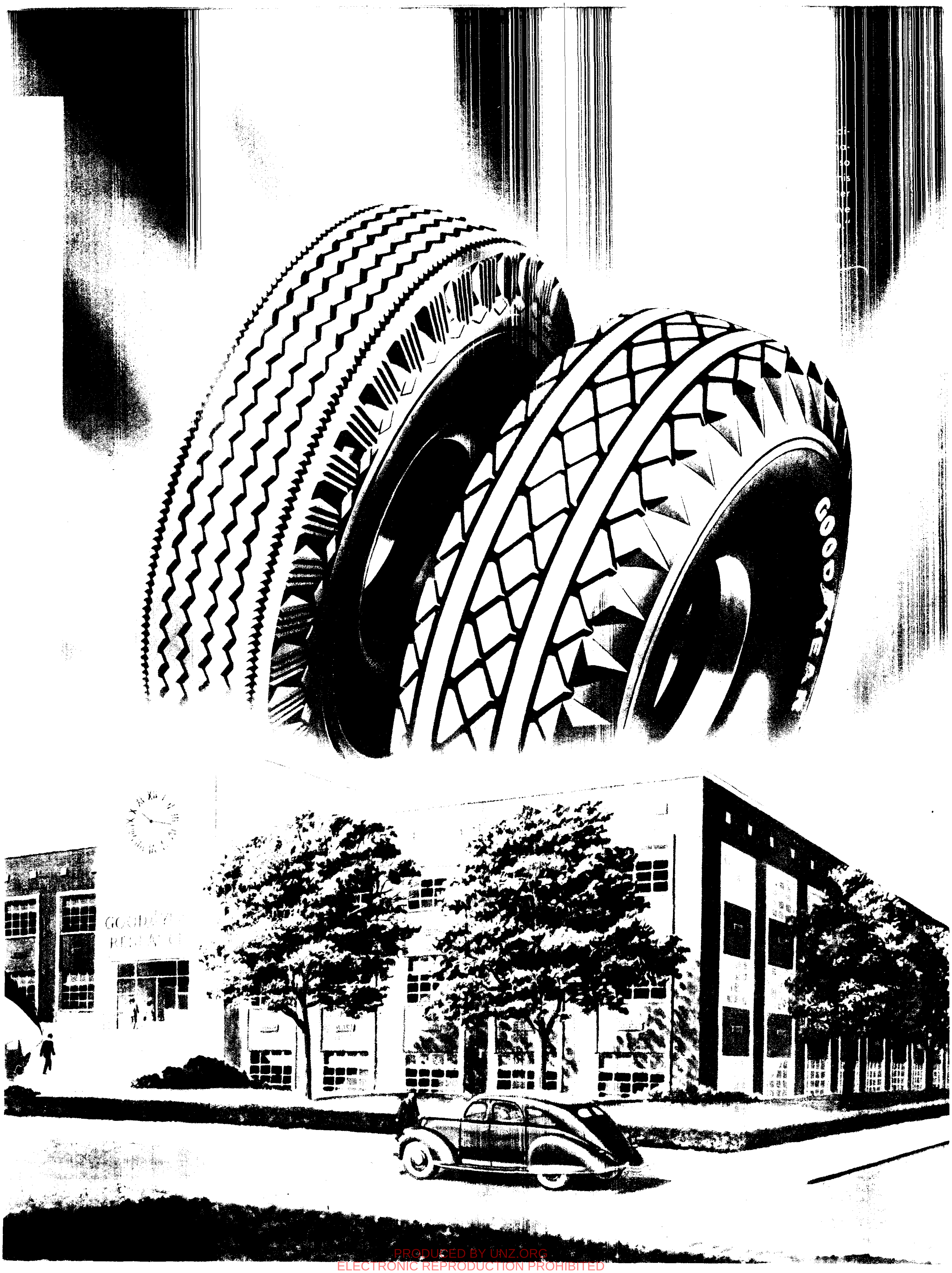
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER


GOODYEAR

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water, to grab hold of them in case I ran into deep water.

I was still wearing the heavy flying jacket that kept me warm at night, but when it was wet, it weighed a ton. It was when passing through these weed-bottomed swamps that I was thankful for my days of football. If I didn't have a good pair of legs, I am sure I would still be in that jungle somewhere.

I set out for the island and made it after about three hours. The bottom was only about five feet deep and I managed to walk easily but slowly, pulling myself with my free hand. I carried the compass in my mouth, trying to keep it as dry as possible, and kept the bolo in my right hand. Although the jungle is supposed to be infested with wildcats, I didn't see one. I slept with the knife at my side, but if I had seen any animal, I don't think I could have done much about it. I figured that if any animal could live in that jungle, it had to be crazy, and if it was crazy, it wouldn't have bothered a thin piece of food like me, as I had already lost about forty-five pounds.

When I was a hundred yards from the little island, I ran into a log. I grabbed it with my left hand and shoved it off to my right. It had only traveled a few feet when I heard a loud snap, and the log came sailing back. Unknowingly, I had pushed it into a crocodile. It just hit the log and with a snap of its tail sent it right back. I kept the log between the crocodile and myself, and held that bolo ready. Fortunately, the big reptile took off for the other side, from where I had just come, and I was just as happy. I was in water up to my neck and weighted down with a heavy leather jacket.

A Little Bit of Heaven

I reached the island and, for the first time in three days, I took off all my clothes and hung them up to dry. That little island wasn't more than a hundred yards in diameter but it was pure heaven. The breeze was warm, and I was warm and dry for the first time; it felt like a shot in the arm.

The next morning I awoke according to schedule. I surveyed the big swamp. I figured that it was about five miles to land, directly across it, but even though that was the shortest way, I elected to cut to a northeast heading because there were spots on that route. The swamp for the first four hundred yards was about five and a half feet deep. It was hard work, and the blade grass cut every inch of the way.

I came to clear water. This usually meant that the water was a little deeper in these spots. I walked very cautiously and slowly, to make sure I didn't step into a large hole. This patch was about six and a half feet deep, but by bouncing off the bottom, I could keep my head above water most of the time.

Then it happened! I went down and couldn't hit bottom. I struggled to get up, but the coat and knapsack were too much for me, and swimming was out of the question, due to vines. My lungs were about to burst when I hit bottom and by a last desperate struggle managed to slip out of the coat and knapsack, and bounce back up for a breath. Even then I couldn't swim and I went down again. The water was about eight feet over my head. I came up again, fighting the weeds, and knew that if there was ever a time I needed a cool head, this was it. I remembered from being a lifeguard that shock is what most people die from in the water, and so I cooled down.

By bouncing up for a breath from the bottom of the muck swamp, I could make a little forward progress. That was the only way out, so I went down and hit bottom and shot myself up and forward. I headed for a patch of grass fifty yards away.

Finally, I reached the surface grass, though I was almost choked by swallowing so much water, with the compass still in my mouth and the bolo in my right hand. The grass sank down, but by lying on top of it in a horizontal position, I could distribute my weight so that I could keep my head out of water. I just lay there on my back and thought what a wonderful world it was. I started out again and this time I traveled by the grass, no matter where it went on the swamp. It was a long way around but it finally did lead up to the opposite shore and I was in no condition to try any more water holes that day.

That night was the worst of all. When I got rid of my flying jacket, I lost whatever protection I had for my arms against mosquitoes, and also my entire means of protection against the rain. I tried to cover up with leaves and branches, but it was no dice. The mosquitoes found my arms and face, and really did a job. Sleep that night was just not to be had.

I watched the sky light up on that fifth day in the jungle. Hitting the bottom of the hill I'd stayed on that previous night, I found a pretty strong river that was fed by mountain streams. I followed up one of these streams and found a spot where the water passed over white rocks and seemed clear. I settled down and drank my fill. The food scarcity was minor, but water was something I had to have.

Following the river for quite a way, I had my first ray of hope. The course followed a due-east heading with the exception of its natural curving and twisting. I thought that once again I might be close to the ocean, as rivers are supposed to flow to the ocean. I didn't place too much hope in this, though.

After about two hours, the river swung north, and I swung east—up hills and down. Finally, I came to a high hill. On top I noticed a path. It seemed that someone had hacked out the path, as the little trees were clearly cut by some kind of knife. I hoped that it was a path made by a native and not by some other airman who had lost his way in this same jungle. I followed it like a bloodhound for about an hour. It wound up and around and finally came to a dead end. No matter where I looked, I could not pick up the trail. I was discouraged and started east.

Coming to the bottom of this hill, my heart sank. There was a swamp that was easily twice the size of the one I had battled the day before, and there was no grass on top of it at all. I knew right then and there that I would never try to make it. My strength, from not having eaten in five days, was gone. So I decided to follow the swamp around and pick up the east course on the other side.

As I walked along the swamp, I was always looking for the trail I had lost. I didn't find the trail, but after about three miles, I ran onto some quart-size green bottles, regular root-beer bottles. Before another mile had passed, I again picked up another trail that was clearly hacked out of the brush. I practically ran along this trail as it seemed that the hunt was getting hot.

After about two more miles, the path broke out into a clearing and my eyes were riveted on a tiny hut that was put together like an intricate piece of weaving. Outside the hut was a colored native, and in the small hut alongside the larger one were the man's wife and two children. It was raining cats and dogs, but never in my life was a sight so welcome as this native.

I must have scared him to death. I walked out of the jungle and said, "Hello." He looked at me, and his knees seemed to shake. When I finally got to a mirror, I wondered that he hadn't died. I had the bolo in my right hand, just in case he wasn't friendly, and the mosquito netting over my head. Peering through that small net was a face that had a ten days' growth of beard on it, as I'd needed a shave badly before we left our last post.

Refuge in the Jungle

The native welcomed me into his small hut, and I was amazed at the cleanliness of the place. He spoke French. Having had a year of French in high school, I managed to get across to him that I was a lost flier and that I had come down in the jungle.

He gave me a cup of coffee, then some eggs that were hard-boiled and some crusted homemade bread. I asked him to take me to the nearest village, so that I could get out. After breakfast, he put me, his wife and the kids in his outrigger canoe and took me across the swamp in a northerly direction to his village. I get a sick feeling in my stomach when I think about it now. If I had held to that due-east course, I would have missed this village, the only one in miles, and I would have passed on the opposite side of a big mountain that would have been between me and the village.

As we came near the village, we passed several small isolated huts along the swamp, and the news spread like wildfire, I guess, because I had a real reception awaiting me when I arrived. In the reception committee was a gendarme. Fortunately, he was the governor of that village and he spoke a little English. I sure was glad to see that boy. I asked for a bath and some dry clothes and a bed. He quickly supplied me with all three, and although his police uniform was a trifle

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small, I gladly accepted it and was dressed like a native policeman for days to come.

His wife must have heard about me from some time back, because she had a meal waiting at the house that would have been worthy of King Solomon. After the meal and the bath, I was given a hammock to sleep in and I can tell you that they could have built the Brooklyn Bridge in that room, and I wouldn't have stirred.

When I awoke, the whole population of the village seemed to be in that room, watching over me. After talking a while, I found out that the only possible means of getting out of the jungle was to go out by a small boat, by way of a canal, to the ocean and sail up the coast. It was decided that we would leave that night at about two A. M.

At one o'clock, I was awakened by the native who had discovered me, and the gendarme. We boarded the boat. My feet were cut and had swelled up, so that I couldn't get them into my shoes. The boat was not large. It was about fifteen feet in length and about three feet wide. The party that was designated to make the trip was made up of François (the native), the gendarme, the old fisherman who owned the boat, his wife and myself. The wife came along to prepare the food that was supplied by the people of the village.

It rained and the rainbows followed and, along the banks, there were always a million bright-colored birds that took wing as they heard our paddles. Gradually as we went along, the river widened, but it was a long and tough trip.

After several hours of constant paddling, we reached the ocean. It was a beautiful sight. It was also a relief, because now we could sit back and relax as the old fisherman put up the handmade sail. The sail was made out of flour sacks crudely stitched together. It didn't seem like a big boat to brave that ocean, but the natives had done it before, and I knew that they could do it again.

We sailed in the ocean for about three hours and then came into another canal. Here we had to start paddling again, and this time it was a bit tougher, as we were going against the current. I hung right with them, because now that we were so close, I was really anxious to get to a phone or something that could let Mom and Dad know I was safe and sound.

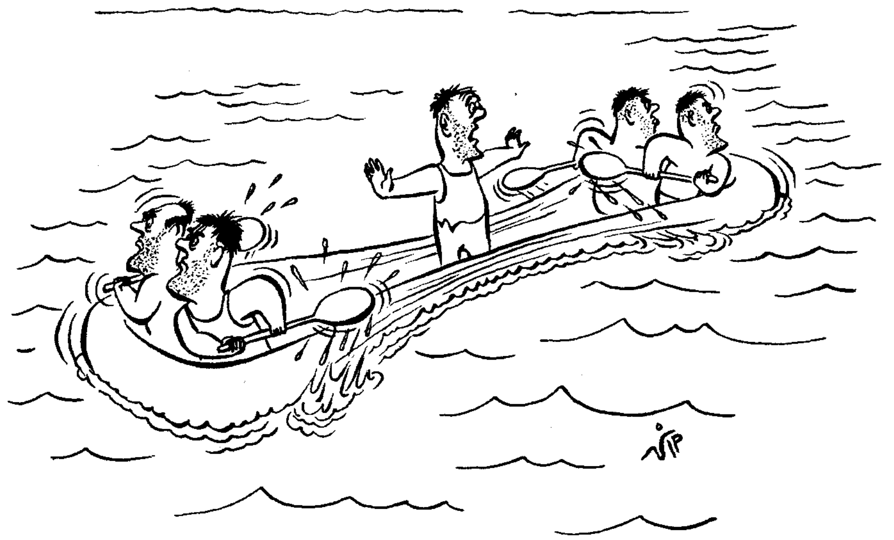
I gave François that beloved bolo, and he was so overjoyed that he almost cried. I said I would try to get him some cigarettes and see him tomorrow, as they said they would stay to lead the searching party back to the plane. The gendarme and I walked up the street to American Army Headquarters. I was taken in, and the Flight Surgeon gave me a good going-over and put me to bed. They notified the proper authorities, and I knew at last that Mom and Dad would know that I was safe.

The next day, after a good breakfast, I was taken to the airport, and we went in search of the plane in a good bomber. After some time, we found the wreckage, and a search party was started from the nearest base. After this, I was taken to an Army hospital.

I never suffered the hardships that Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his crew did, nor perhaps the hundreds of other gallant Army and Navy fliers, who have beaten Mother Nature at her worst.

Even though I later hit the silk from a fighter ship over Jap-held China and landed in a lake, I still feel that "I'll take land."

(Tom Harmon's story of his second crash landing and his escape from strafing Jap pilots will be published next week.)



COLLIER'S "Oh, fellows!" VIRGIL PARTCH

Any Week

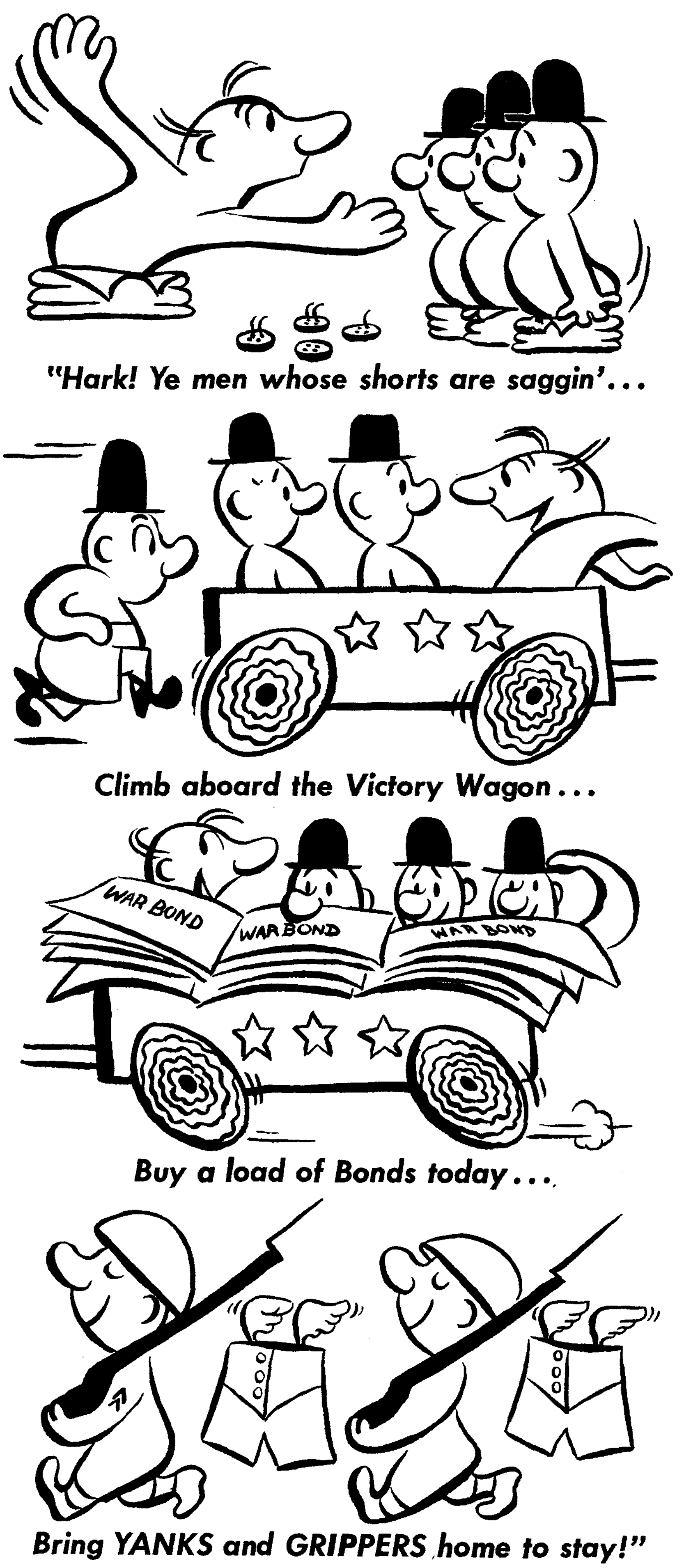
Continued from page 4

years old. Everything inside was shot. Half the jacal was blown up. But Elfego Baca and Santana were not even touched. Elfego Baca prepared coffee, beef stew, and made tortillas unconcerned by the continuous rat-tat-tat of bullets all around him. Texans fired over 4,000 shots. Exhibits in court: Door—3,600 bullet holes, broom handle—7, spade handle—11."

AND Professor O. R. Johnson of the Agricultural Economics Department of the University of Missouri lost no time whatever in passing on to us some late intelligence from the Office of Price Administration, viz. and to wit: "At the request of certain government procurement agencies, ceiling prices have been established for a nonexistent thirteen-ounce domestic can of evaporated milk today."

FROM Lieutenant Frank H. Powell, U.S.N., and other servicemen in Italy, we've received a few pages of bitter words. The lads were partaking of a nourishing but painfully plain G.I. meal when Collier's arrived. Ordinarily the arrival of this magazine on any front is warranted to assuage grief and allay the gripes. But unhappily the lads lost no time in finding, on page 30, a recipe for a brochette of oysters as prepared at the Atlanta Biltmore. On another page they were invited to partake freely of a delicious beer. Frankly those two pages just about ruined morale for miles and miles around. Thus, they cry, we have given aid and comfort to the enemy. Too, for the first time in their lives they were on the censorship side. However, we assure them that neither beer nor oysters brochette are good for soldiers and sailors, but that we, tottering wreck that we are, shall be very glad to consume same while they are away, no matter how much it hurts. Thus we shall be doing our civilian bit.

WELL, the semiannual meeting of the Great American Prospectors Association has at last been held in its new headquarters, Tim's Tavern, Romantic Alta, Utah, and Mayor George Watson, who is also Grand Scribe of the GAPA, has sent us the minutes. A resolution offered by Big Chief Joseph was adopted unanimously. It properly deplores the drinking of strong liquor by the young. But it deplores even more bitterly the dearth of hundred-proof straight bourbon without which prospectors searching for strategic minerals cannot keep their minds on their work. "We drank to your health before adjourning," says Grand Scribe Watson. "In fact, we have done it so often that we've just about ruined our own. It is awfully hard to drink the stuff we're getting and live, too." . . . W. D.


"Hark! Ye men whose shorts are saggin'...
Climb aboard the Victory Wagon...
WAR BOND
WAR BOND
WAR BOND
Buy a load of Bonds today...
Bring YANKS and GRIPPERS home to stay!"

For you! . . . more Gripper fasteners, and on a greater variety of merchandise than ever, when the war is won. Until then, our men and machines are working night and day, contributing vital war materials for victory!

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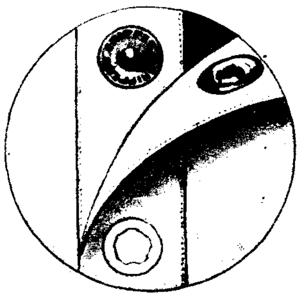


CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
NEW YORK

[illegible] *rsion.* This is the new, improved, 1944 model Jack Sprat. He licks his platter clean, fat *or* lean, because he knows wasting food is like handing a loaded gun to a Nazi. He knows we must take on our plates only what we can eat—then eat every bit—and *waste nothing!*

This lad—and millions of young and old like him are conserving every possible ounce of food to help their brothers and sons overseas win this war. To them, Canada Dry—"the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—a frequent guest and an old family friend says: keep up the good work!

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Ask for it always. You can help by returning all empty bottles to your dealer promptly!

CANADA DRY *"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"*

PRETTY KITTY!

By Jule Junker Mannix

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The Mannixes, after having made pets of fish ducks, monkeys and kinkajous, tried their hands with skunks. They got along fine until the neighbor's dog interfered

Above: The skunk is the author's own [illegible] is [illegible] ation to the Snooky family. In the picture she shows ho[illegible] milk it

The skunk and the author's baby have developed mutual adoration: the animal enjoys a lot of rough affection

I WENT into the skunk dairy business on a very slim capital. The capital consisted entirely of Mr. and Mrs. Snooky, a very intelligent pair of skunks who discovered early how to scare the milkman off the back porch and open the bottles of milk he dropped in his flight. They were full of valuable skunk musk, which today has a high commercial value, but instead of hoarding it up so I could milk them, they kept frittering it away on postmen, dogs and visitors.

The government, notoriously hard on small businesses, closed my farm after receiving strong letters from the board of health, the game commission and my neighbors. But for one golden summer, I was the head of a growing industry that was the talk of the entire rural population—especially if the wind happened to be blowing toward them.

The war has boomed the American perfume industry, but it has also cut off manufacturers, to some extent at least, from the imported "binders," made principally from the musk of the civet cat, which give perfumes their clinging quality. Without a binder, the odor of a perfume lasts but a few minutes. Research chemists discovered a means of deodorizing skunk musk and yet retaining its clinging qualities, but Charles V. Sparhawk of Sparkill, N. Y., is apparently the only skunk farmer who has succeeded in milking the animals, deodorizing the potent fluid, and selling the musk to the perfumers. He gets $5.25 an ounce for the cultured product, and offers the undeodorized liquid for $25 an ounce. He's made only one sale of the latter, to a gentleman who nearly passed out, after uncorking the bottle, before he could throw it out the window. A skunk can be milked every ten days, and will produce about ten cubic centimeters of fluid at each milking. Sparhawk has had as many as five hundred skunks at one time.

Fear of a Gas Attack

After I had decided to go into the skunk dairy game, my first job was to get a pair of skunks in good condition. There were several rough characters in our neighborhood who were reputed to be willing to commit murder for a few dollars, but they all drew the line at catching two live skunks.

Later, I saw their point. Skunk collecting can be actually dangerous. The skunk's musk is not just a bad-smelling fluid; it is a powerful acid that the skunk throws with great force and astonishing accuracy. There are several cases where it has caused blindness, and one man died from the effects of a blast of skunk musk thrown full in his face. Not knowing this, I started off on my first hunt with no more protection than a rubber cap to cover my hair in case I didn't duck quickly enough, and a pair of gloves to keep from being bitten.

A neighbor loaned me his two skunk hounds, probably the only skunk hounds in the world. They were magnificent dogs for the work, having no sense of smell whatsoever, and in fact no sense of any kind. Yet in no time at all, they had bayed a skunk and were shouting to me to come and catch him.

I saw the skunk at once. Skunks are probably the only animals that practice protective coloration in reverse. They have two broad white stripes running down their backs, so that they will stand out in even the darkest night. Otherwise, foxes and wildcats might stumble over them in the dark and the skunks would have to go to the trouble of skunking them unnecessarily.

While this skunk was busy with the dogs, I managed to sneak in behind him and grab him by his beautiful bushy tail that was standing up like the mast of a ship. Skunks can't skunk while being held by the tail and I dropped my first capture into a large sack I had brought along for the purpose. The other was caught soon afterward.

I had a little trouble getting a collar and chain on the skunks, as a skunk has practically no chin and very little forehead. But after a few days, they had settled down and they spent most of their time sleeping in a beautiful little nest they had made out of a pair of my husband's trousers which I had thoughtlessly left in reach of their chain. I named them Mr. and Mrs. Snooky, and they grew quite fond of my husband and me, and even learned to play with my little cairn terrier, Wriggles.

Then one morning I came out and found Mr. Snooky sitting very unhappily outside the trousers. I thought he and his wife had had a fight, and I urged him to go in and make up. He tried to crawl down a leg, his usual entrance, only to be met by a violent chattering. He hastily backed out, and I lifted up the trouser leg and peered down it. There lay Mrs. Snooky with six squirming new-born babies laid out beside her in an orderly row.

With the babies keeping them at home, I was able to let the Snookies off their chains, and one evening I met the whole family out walking. I have never seen anything as soft and furry and wholly delightful as those skunk kittens. They were all parading in single file after their mother, trying to manage their huge, bushy tails and keep them curled over their backs in true skunk fashion.

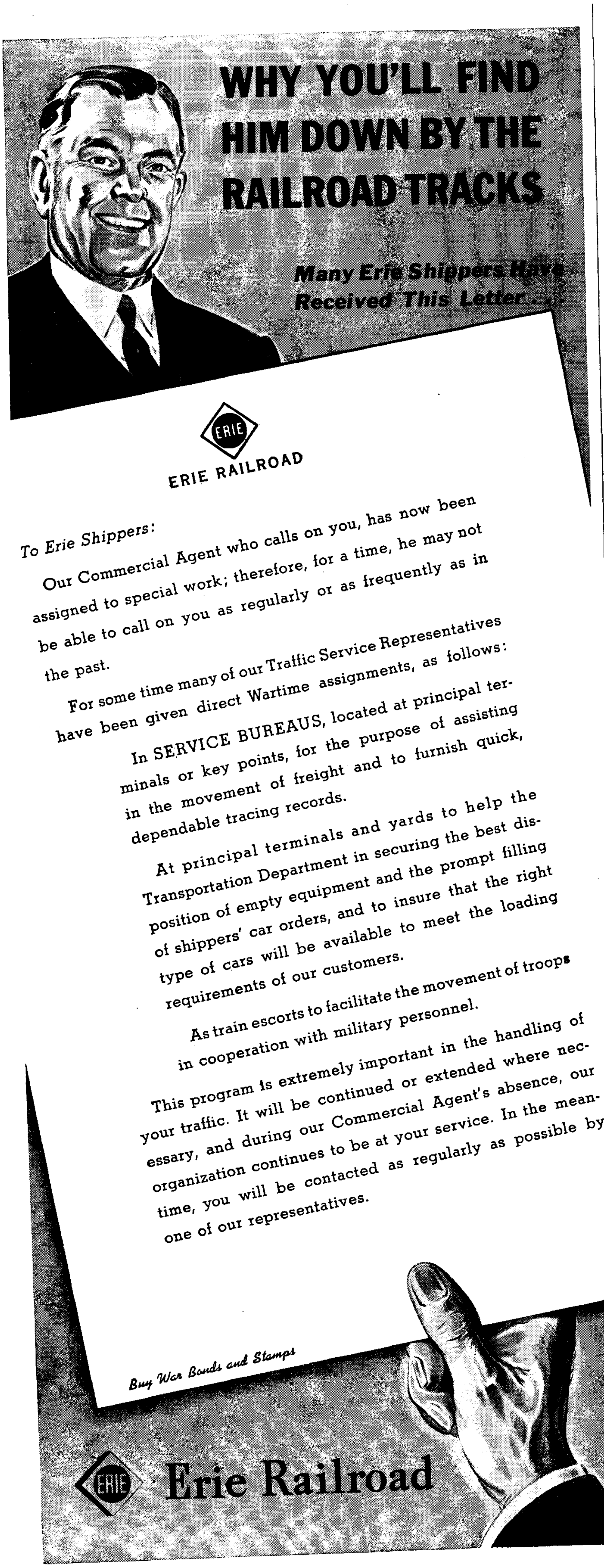
Every now and then, a baby's tail would drop down, and he would step on it by mistake and fall on his stumpy nose. Then he would give a twist of his hindquarters and hoist it back again with the gesture of a dowager switching her train. They were very solemn and obviously on their dignity, and when I rushed at them, making gurgling noises, the whole family was indignant.

I grabbed the nearest kitten, and he stood on the palm of my hand trying hard and conscientiously to skunk me. He would nearly fall off when he stamped, and I had to balance him with my thumb. He was still too young to have any ammunition and after a while he got discouraged and allowed me to stroke him.

When the babies found out I would free them, they took to following me about just as they did their mother. They also embarrassed Wriggles by following her when she went hunting. Poor Wriggles began to behave like a small boy trying to sneak off to go swimming while six devoted little baby skunks tag along.

The babies were easy to avoid because they were very shortsighted. It was only necessary to take a quick jump to one side, and the little flock would go marching past, following the scent of the footprints with their noses. When they came to the end of the trail, they would be completely lost and would run around, crying miserably, until either their mother or I came out and collected them.

As they grew up, the babies became much


WHY YOU'LL FIND HIM DOWN BY THE RAILROAD TRACKS

Many Erie Shippers Have Received This Letter

ERIE RAILROAD

To Erie Shippers:

Our Commercial Agent who calls on you, has now been assigned to special work; therefore, for a time, he may not be able to call on you as regularly or as frequently as in the past.

For some time many of our Traffic Service Representatives have been given direct Wartime assignments, as follows:

In SERVICE BUREAUS, located at principal terminals or key points, for the purpose of assisting in the movement of freight and to furnish quick, dependable tracing records.

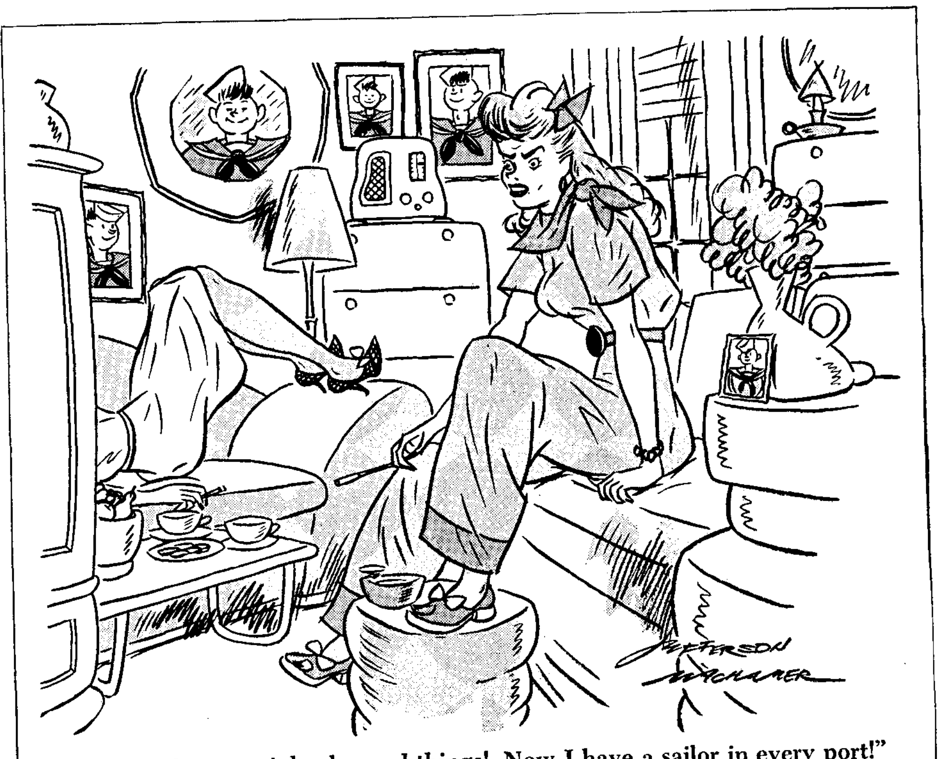
At principal terminals and yards to help the Transportation Department in securing the best disposition of empty equipment and the prompt filling of shippers' car orders, and to insure that the right type of cars will be available to meet the loading requirements of our customers.

As train escorts to facilitate the movement of troops in cooperation with military personnel.

This program is extremely important in the handling of your traffic. It will be continued or extended where necessary, and during our Commercial Agent's absence, our organization continues to be at your service. In the meantime, you will be contacted as regularly as possible by one of our representatives.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Erie Railroad



"The war has certainly changed things! Now I have a sailor in every port!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

more lively and independent. They soon moved into the house with us. They were perfectly housebroken by instinct, using the ashes in the fireplaces. I tried to discourage this habit because they tracked all over the rugs, and finally I introduced them to a little pan of sand.

The babies never skunked in the house. I'd always had an idea that skunks must give off some kind of musky smell even when they weren't skunking. I found out this absolutely isn't true. A skunk never stinks—any more than a man throwing a gas grenade. You may stink after meeting a skunk, but the skunk goes off afterward as clean and fresh as a May morning.

Skunks are simply highly specialized weasels. All the weasels have special musk glands that they use for marking their caches of food, so that other animals will know they are private property. The skunks have developed these glands into weapons of defense. As a result, their whole attitude toward life has changed.

Instead of being nervous, lightning quick and savagely voracious like other weasels, they are fat and peaceful. They never use their musk except in the last extremities of self-defense. They always give three warnings. First, they stamp their forefeet. Then they raise their tails. Lastly, the fluffy white tip on the end of the tail opens like a fan. After that, look out!

The musk is stored in two little glands in the skunk's body under the tail. To fire, the skunk projects a little tube that he can aim like a gun. He always aims for the face of his enemy, and very seldom misses.

Under the corrupting influence of civilization, my pet skunks developed several remarkable habits. They had a horrible sense of humor. Like all wild animals, their play was a mimic war, and they would gallop up to Wriggles or me and do handstands and pretend to skunk us until we chased them. Then they would go cavorting off and hide under a chair, only to appear again and repeat the game.

Of course, Wriggles and I understood they were only bluffing. But strangers did not. All six kittens might be on the third floor, playing hide-and-seek. Then the doorbell would ring. Before I could reach the door, all six would come tearing downstairs, falling over one another and rolling down the steps. With upraised tails and doing suggestive handstands, they would cluster around the screen door. Usually all I ever saw of the visitor was a puff of dust headed for the gate. The skunks never did skunk anyone, but very few visitors were willing to call their bluff.

While I was waiting for the babies to grow old enough to be milked, Wriggles and I used to take them for walks in the evening. The walks were very leisurely affairs, as the skunks stopped every few feet to dig up grubs. Grubs seemed to be their main diet, as the grubs were about the only living things that couldn't outrun them. Occasionally they chased down a snail, and once the biggest baby actually caught a field mouse. They loved Japanese beetles. The whole flock would collect under the apple tree, and I would shake the bettles down to them. The crunching of the beetles' hard shells sounded like the crackling of tiny firecrackers.

By autumn the babies were almost full grown and I set about milking them. To milk a skunk, a cuplike glass apparatus with a rubber suction bulb at one end is used. You turn the skunk over on his back, put the wide mouth of the pump over his business end, and draw out the musk. I kept all the musk I collected in a preserve jar, carefully sealed so it would not evaporate. Then disaster struck.

The skunk family were strolling through our orchard one afternoon, looking for grasshoppers, when a neighbor's dog came galloping across our lawn. Suddenly the dog caught sight of the skunks. Apparently thinking he had discovered a perfect bonanza in cats, he charged, bellowing at the top of his voice.

Instinct for Self-Protection

The skunks were so used to playing with Wriggles that they showed absolutely no fear. As the barking dog came closer, the biggest baby turned toward him with a weary expression, as though he didn't want to be rude but was too busy to play. He made a polite handstand and then prepared to turn away, but the dog would have none of it. He charged in, and somehow the adolescent skunk seemed to realize that this was the real thing.

Instantly he stiffened and gave his warning stamps, but the dog was almost on him. The next two signals were given almost together. I saw the skunk twist himself into an almost perfect U, and as the dog opened his mouth to grab his quarry, the skunk fired full in his enemy's face.

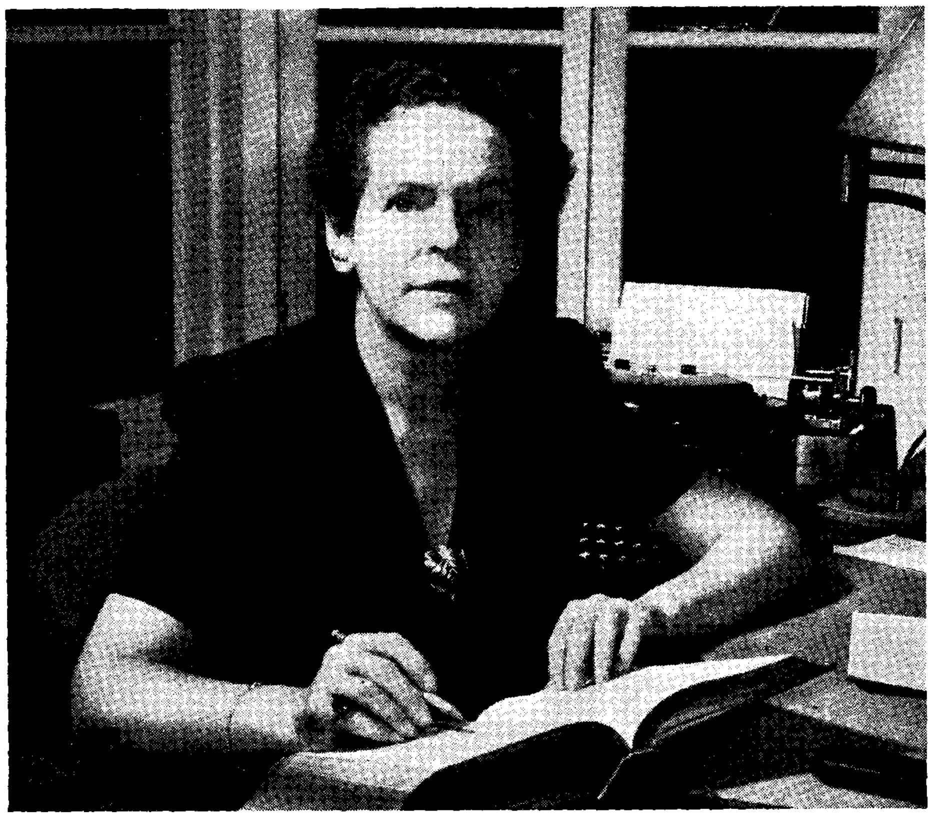
The dog leaped into the air as though he had been shot. He fell over on his back, got up, fell down again, and then went around the garden in a series of great circles at full speed.

The skunk stood with his tail cocked watching him warily. The dog stopped once or twice to rub his eyes against his forelegs and then vanished, headed for home. I subsequently learned he had made a straight line for his owner's living-room sofa!

Unfortunately, not only the owner of the dog complained, but also all the other neighbors within nose-shot of our place. So I was regretfully forced to take my skunk herd out into the woods and let them go.

Occasionally Wriggles and I still meet the babies while we are taking walks in the evenings. At least, I think they are our babies, although now they are full-grown skunks. They have completely forgotten us. Poor Wriggles used to run up to every skunk she saw, barking joyfully. But as I had to bathe her in chloride of lime after each encounter, she was regretfully forced to admit that they no longer remembered her.

THE END



Faith Baldwin

sold her first short story for $15, her next one for $30, and her first novelette for $30 and a baby carriage.

The novelette was a ghostwriting job, so her name wasn't signed to it, but that didn't bother her, she was so glad to get the baby carriage. A carriage is a handy thing to have if you are the mother of four very young children and you do your writing in a room containing one baby-filled play pen and one baby-filled crib and two toddlers on the loose. You can stick one of them in the carriage outside the door.

Miss Baldwin still has the four children, but the two youngest (the twins, Stephen and Ann) are seventeen now, so she accepts no baby carriages, but cash on the line, and quite a lot of it, in payment for her written words. She is, in fact, one of the country's better paid authors.

THE serial novel Change of Heart beginning in this issue brings Miss Baldwin's literary output up to 51 full-length novels, plus she has no idea how many short stories, articles and verses. Many of the novels have been sold to the movies.

As her earnings increased, Miss Baldwin and family moved from her small Brooklyn apartment to a bigger Brooklyn house and finally to a 23-room farmhouse surrounded by 25 acres of land embellished with woods, brooks, gardens and swimming pool, all in Connecticut and all belonging to Miss Baldwin.

But if you visualize this lady author as leading a sort of Hollywood existence with gold-braided servitors lined up waiting to do her bidding, you visualize incorrectly.

She did have four servants until about two years ago, when, with three cases of pneumonia in the house, the four struck in a body for higher wages. This annoyed Miss Baldwin. She dismissed them all and hasn't had anything but occasional by-the-day help since. She and her friend, Frances Gonyaw, who has shared her home for many years, do all the work themselves now, and the children, when they are home on vacations, take turns at cooking, dishwashing, mopping and dusting.

Hugh, the oldest boy, is in the Army—overseas, Miss Baldwin thinks, since she hasn't heard from him in weeks. Hervey is a student nurse at a New York hospital, and the twins are in school.

Miss Baldwin is always carefully groomed. She is small and slender, with red hair and very blue eyes, and she dresses with care even to go marketing. It irritates her to see women, in the name of patriotism, go around the streets wearing dirty slacks, their husbands' shirts hanging out, their sons' beanies, and stockings full of runs. It irritated her so much she told the women so, in a magazine article that upset the town of New Canaan as it hasn't been upset since the day of Roosevelt's third election.

That's how it is with writing, Miss Baldwin finds. Ideas sprout from the soil of your daily life. But when she lectures to young writer groups and at universities, Miss Baldwin sternly states that ideas won't make a salable story. "That's the deceptive thing about the writing craft," she says. "Nearly everybody thinks he can write. You know a million stories—everybody does—and you know a lot of words. So if you could just find the time to put them together, you think, why, you'd be a writer. But everybody I know who actually lives by writing has served some sort of stiff apprenticeship."

Miss Baldwin always advises would-be writers to find a job or somebody to support them, rather than to try to live by free-lancing. She reminds them that a survey showed the average free-lancer earns about $750 a year.

"I didn't make that much, at first," she says, "but then, I had somebody to support me, first my father, then my husband. By the time I really needed money to support my children, I'd served a long enough apprenticeship to begin to do all right. My first novels all sold for about $250 apiece, and I'm sure the publishers didn't get any more than that much back on them."

Besides the books, Miss Baldwin wrote newspaper beauty columns and lovelorn columns ("I got fired from the lovelorn business because my advice was *too* good," she says). She also wrote woman's page verse and greeting cards and newspaper serials.

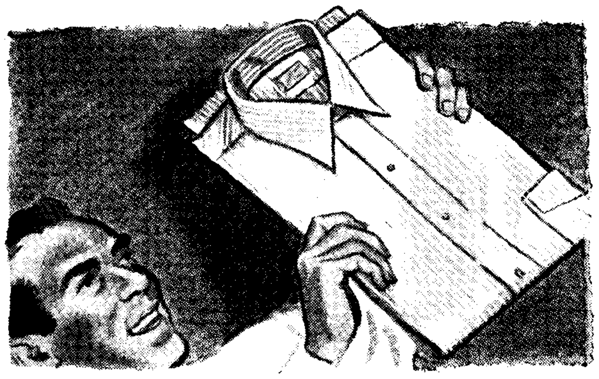
Miss Baldwin does everything she can for the war. Miss Gonyaw thinks she went too far when she donated the andirons from five of their six fireplaces to the scrap drive. But she doesn't try to roll bandages. "I wouldn't be good at it," she says. "Instead I write for the OWI." She writes prodigiously for the OWI—three or four weekly articles, 1,800 words long, and occasional broadcasts. She has done some broadcasts in German herself. She learned the language during two student years in Germany.

"I learned to cook in German, too," she says, "but it didn't do me much good when I came back home where things aren't measured in liters and grams."

THERE is a small mystery in Miss Baldwin's life. A woman whose name apparently is also Faith Baldwin haunts her. She receives baffling letters from people who identify her with this woman of the same name. One letter said, "I enjoyed our lovely vacation together in Maine so much," and another, "I am so glad you liked my beaten biscuits, and I hope you'll visit me again next time you are in Florida. I just bought your last book. . . ."

But, says Miss Baldwin, "I wasn't in either place. I've heard of this Faith Baldwin for years. I'd love to meet her." . . . A. P.

ADD THIS COOL BREEZE-INVITING WEAVE TO A CORKING SHIRT



ADD THIS SLOPED COLLAR AND "MAN-FORMED" SHAPE

ADD THIS SIZE-FIXT PERMANENT FIT

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Vericools keep ship-shape all day long—and so do you. You won't even feel their wisp of weight. Made of Skip-dent shirting—a sturdy, open-weave fabric that subtracts heat and adds comfort . . . Tailored by Manhattan with scrupulous care, Vericools are a summer blessing. Begin at once enjoying *their crisp cool comfort!*

[illegible] UP TO VICTORY!

ATHLETE'S FOOT

At First Sign Of Itching Or Cracked Skin Between Toes—Use Famous Doctor's Relief

Don't be shocked if you look between your toes tonight and find you are a victim of this vicious, stubborn, tormenting, skin infection. It strikes without warning. Mere cleanliness will not prevent it. Year after year *Athlete's Foot claims* over 70% of adults, and many children.

Look For These Symptoms:

If you itch between your toes, or if the skin is cracked, peeling, sticky, raw, or covered with tiny blisters—look out—it may be Athlete's Foot. Take no chances. Lose no time. Start using Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once—the original prescription of this noted authority *on diseases and deformities of the feet.*

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX is a *specific* for Athlete's Foot—not just an ordinary mild preparation for many conditions. Its effect is immediate. Quickly relieves intense itching. Kills the fungi of the infection on contact. Aids healing. Liquid or Ointment—only 50c at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores.

Dr Scholl's Solvex

Free Booklet on Foot Care—write to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT

WHEN THEY GRADUATE INTO A WORLD OF PEACE!

Today every Hamilton Watch is going to American boys to help guide their ships, planes. When peace comes, Hamilton will again make the finest graduation gift a girl or boy could want, a watch worth waiting for, a Hamilton!

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HAMILTON

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

A WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR

Here We Go Again!

Continued from page 15

and used to cut both good liquor and the produce of the few local stills in operation.

Sometimes the bootleggers buy a case of twelve "fifths" in Chicago, for which they pay around $50, cut it to a case and a half or two cases, with yockey dock, and then haul it to Michigan and sell it for a minimum of $70 a case. Pete Licavoli, once a minor figure in the councils of Detroit's famed Purple Gang, was recently indicted in Chicago for engaging in this business; he had been using, instead of a truck, a small passenger car with large trunk space, capable of holding about $1,000 worth of booze. Incidentally, a great wave of nostalgia swept over Detroit not long ago when a bottle of home-brewed beer, seized as evidence in a raid on a grocery store, exploded as a policeman was carrying it into court.

Nobody in Chicago seems to know (or at any rate will admit knowing) what yockey dock is made of, but a little of it will change a bottle of the finest rye or bourbon into something that even the bums refer to with distaste as "Old Awful." The only thing that can be said for it is that apparently it contains no wood alcohol. I offered to buy a State Street derelict a bottle of Old Awful, but he refused to accept it.

"Listen," he said. "Leave us not get foolish. I drink all that stuff I can get hold of, but I hope I never get hold of much at a time."

One of the biggest sellers of this potable corrosive had a "drop," or distributing station, in Cicero, Illinois, a town of fragrant memories. He delivered the yockey dock in five-gallon cans, the standard bootlegger's package for many years, and used an old trick of prohibition days to swindle his customers. Each can was rigged with a sealed tin tube directly beneath the cap. The tube was filled with alcohol, about a quart, and the rest of the can was filled with water.

When the customer tested the contents with a hydrometer he dipped the instrument into the tube and, of course, was satisfied with what it showed. Then he paid from fifteen to twenty-five dollars for a quart of alcohol and four gallons and three quarts of water. When Federal agents raided the Cicero drop, after an irate customer had squawked, they arrested two busy tinsmiths and confiscated 152 rigged cans.

Black Market in Booze

Nobody has estimated the quantity of alcohol and illicit whisky now being produced, but whatever it may be, it isn't enough to satisfy the demand. While awaiting the end of sugar rationing and a lessening of the restrictions on materials, the bootleggers are kept going with legitimate liquor. This stuff comes to them through the black market, which is a fancy name for violations of the OPA price ceilings. They get the booze in quantities ranging from one bottle to hundreds of cases, cut it whenever they can, and sell it for whatever price they can squeeze out of the customer.

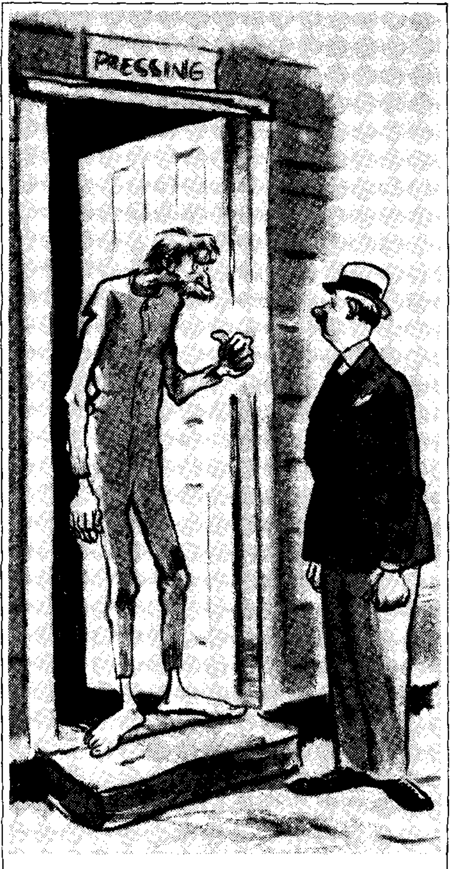
And don't get the idea that only the little fellows are mixed up in black market operations. Two large liquor corporations were charged by the government a couple of months ago with running a $2,000,000 black market, and many distillers, wholesalers, rectifiers and importers, as well as retailers, have been accused of dabbling in the unsavory business. When E. C Yellowley, supervisor of the Ninth District of the Alcohol Tax Unit, began an investigation of conditions in Chicago, this is what he found:

"The practice of evading price ceilings had become flagrant; thousands of cases of liquor were being sold daily above listed prices. Wholesalers were falsifying their records, showing sales of liquor to persons who were not engaged in the business of selling liquor, when actually the distilled spirits bought were either directly or indirectly delivered to taverns for resale. Wholesalers were refusing to sell their regular customers, and compelling tavern owners whose livelihood depended upon their acquiring spirits for resale, to purchase their liquors from retail outlets controlled directly or indirectly by the wholesalers. The latter engaged in this traffic were reaping a profit of almost fifty per cent instead of the fifteen per cent which was their normal margin."

In Washington a few weeks ago, the Bureau of Internal Revenue announced that as a result of the investigations made by Mr. Yellowley and other Tax Unit agents, and the subsequent prosecutions, the black market in liquor had been "brought under control." Since last December, when the Tax Unit began an intensive drive against black-market operators, scores of manufacturing and wholesale selling permits have been revoked or suspended, while more than thirty indictments have been returned by Federal Grand Juries. About 175 cases are still pending, many of them "of great magnitude."

More are expected to come out of the recently announced investigation of the federal grand jury in New York, which will look into the business from top to bottom. According to the Bureau of Internal Revenue most of the black-market operators who have been brought to book have been wholesalers, though there has also been a sprinkling of importers, rectifiers and retailers.

Well, it may be true that the black market in liquor is more or less a thing of the past, but reports from various parts of the country indicate that the bootleggers, large and small, amateur and professional, haven't found that out yet. They're still doing business, selling both good liquor and bad, and the variety of tricks, schemes, dodges and subterfuges used to get hold of legitimate liquor is almost endless.



"I'm catchin' pneumonia standin' here talkin' to you"

In several states, notably Georgia, syndicates of bootleggers from Chicago and the East bought up small retail liquor stores and peddled the stocks under the counter or turned them over to their henchmen for sale on the outside. Some bootleggers hire runners, on full time, to go from store to store buying whatever they can get in the way of whisky. Many of the runners work on their own; they'll buy a bottle of good liquor, sell it to a bootlegger or a tavern keeper for a high price, and then purchase a bottle of cheap cut stuff for their own use.

Other runners stand in front of popular and well-stocked liquor stores and offer people coming out with bottles high prices for their purchases. One of these gentry made a bad mistake a few weeks ago in Pittsburgh. He followed a prosperous-looking woman from a grocery to a liquor store and, looking through the window, saw her buying whisky. When she came out with two bottles, he grabbed one, pressed a ten-dollar bill into her hand and ran like mad.

"Well, the big fool!" the woman gasped. "Paying ten dollars for a bottle of vinegar."

Some of the prices the customer pays for his liquor, whether bootleg or good, are just about as fantastic. In Oklahoma, a dry state, a pint of good rye or bourbon brings from ten to fifteen dollars. In Kansas, also dry territory, the price is a little lower, ranging from six to eight dollars a pint.

Reports from southeast Kansas say that moonshiners there are selling a gallon of "amber dew," a potent but unpleasant-tasting concoction, for five dollars and five pounds of sugar. This area was once famous as the home of "deep-shaft whisky," a powerful beverage purportedly aged deep in the coal mines. It was nationally distributed during prohibition and brought big prices; the subterranean aging was supposed to give it a fine flavor.

A Pint in the Pocket

In San Francisco, a great deal of small-time but highly profitable bootlegging is carried on in little tailor shops. Take a suit into one of these places to be pressed, leave seven or eight dollars in one of the pockets, and when you call for the suit, the money will have been replaced by a pint of whisky. One of these tailors, who runs a dingy shop on Sacramento Street and probably hasn't actually pressed a suit for years, has devised a little racket whereby he manages to obtain somewhat higher prices than his fellows.

A thirsty visitor called at this place in the early evening not long ago, and his knock was followed by much grunting and grumbling inside the room. Finally the door was opened by an old man, apparently around eighty, who wore nothing but a suit of long flannel underwear.

"Closed up!" he said gruffly. "Gone to bed! Too late to press a suit. What you want?"

"Well," said the visitor, "I thought I might get a little liquor."

"Liquor you want!" the old man shouted. "Who said I had liquor? I'm catching pneumonia standing here talking to you. How much you pay?"

"I thought six or eight dollars, maybe—"

"Eight dollars! For eight dollars I should catch pneumonia! For twelve bucks I'll catch it!"

"That's pretty high," the visitor began, whereupon the old man slammed the door. He opened it immediately, stuck his head out and shouted: "Ten bucks!"

"Okay," said the visitor. So a ten-dollar bill changed hands, and the old man handed out a pint of bad rye. Then he tottered back to his easy chair—and his own highball of good liquor—to wait for another sucker.

Hotel bellhops have whisky for sale in most of the big cities, particularly in states where liquor is rationed, but they charge exorbitant prices, anywhere from five to twenty-five dollars a pint, depending upon what the traffic will bear. Usually their stocks are replenished from the corner saloon, although sometimes they work in cahoots with the hotel stewards.

Out in Portland, Oregon, where Kaiser's shipyard workers have created a constant demand for liquor, the usual rate is $18 to $20 for rye or bourbon, and $24 for Scotch. These prices are supposed to be for quarts, but if you're careless and just tell the boy to "bring a bottle," he'll try to get away with charging that much for a pint. In Oregon, all liquor is sold in state-owned stores and is rationed at two quarts a month for each license holder. And it is against the law to sell hard liquor by the drink.

To get around these restrictions, a curious institution called "the bottle club" has arisen. You join a club, paying an initiation fee, and when you go there for an evening of pleasure, you take along a bottle of your own liquor. It is taken from you at the door, and a numbered sticker is pasted on it. You are given a duplicate. At the table you give your number to the waiter, and he serves you drinks from the bottle, with a service charge of fifty cents a drink. What do you think of that one? You buy your own liquor at fifty cents a shot!

And so it goes, and so it will continue to go until such time as something is done to relieve the shortage of good liquor. And when sugar is no longer rationed, and some of the labor and material restrictions have been removed, we'll see some *real* bootlegging.

THE END

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Tonight, many a hardworking man will stop for a moment of rest and good fellowship—made more enjoyable by the superlatively fine flavor of PM. In Highball, Manhattan or Old Fashioned...it's PM-inent...*The Perfect Mixer!*

IF IT ISN'T **PM**... *IT ISN'T AN EVENING*

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Four top-flight press agents relax in Lindy's. Dick Maney (Hit Shows) swaps lies with Dorothy Gulman (Night Clubs), George Evans (Sinatra) and Ivan Black (Café Society). Between them, they make about $100,000 a year for getting people's names in the papers and magazines

•

Meet the guy who, for cash on the line, will tell all he knows about you. For another sawbuck, he'll tell all he doesn't know about you

Mr. BRO AY, p.a.

BY JIM BISHOP

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY KNOPF-PIX

HE IS small and dark and orderly. His ulcer pills are *always* in his right-hand vest pocket. He affects smoked glasses and herring to match. In church, he counts the house and estimates the take. When you tell him a joke he nods pityingly when you are halfway through and murmurs: "Terrific. I know it." He is chronically sad and suspicious. His only true friend, he feels, is the nearest loan company. He is a blackmailer working in reverse: for a price, he will *not* keep quiet about you.

He is the Broadway press agent.

Do not confuse him with the Hollywood press agent. That's his cousin with the forty-dollar shoes. And he should not be identified with the industrial press agent, who gets paid zillions for keeping the big corporations out of the newspapers. No. Mr. Broadway is none of these. He's the coated tongue of Times Square—heard, not seen.

Still, he's not hard to find. Dick Maney sits in antique splendor over the Empire Theater, composing literary acid for the newspapers. He plugs about six plays at a time. When they're bad, he raps them. Either way, it gets publicity and that's what he's paid for.

Or take Charlie Martel, the Rembrandt of the restaurants. He won't touch a play with a 10-foot angel. He likes steak joints. So, all day long, he sits in an office at 139 E. 57th Street, writing to the eating columnists about the best places to chaw a charcoal steak, or where to find the finest spaghetti, or where to satisfy that yen for avocadoes. Incredibly, the answers to these questions always turn out to be Martel's restaurants. He also does work for society women and radio stars who want to see their pictures in the papers.

P.a.'s like Dave Green and Jack Tierman and Jay Faggen will be found in the phone book and, if run down to their offices, will be mulling over soiled gags, trying to clean them up for Broadway columnists who will attribute them to certain paid-up clients of these drum beaters. Then there are specialists like Ivan Black, who will be found sifting the small talent in search of another Hazel Scott or another Lena Horne. Or, if you haven't tired of these fascinating Broadway types, you can find nonspecialists like Carl Erbe and Spencer Hare, men who will plug anything from a radio station to a leaky bathtub, in one of their two Broadway offices, doing publicity on a radio station, a play, a character, a night club and two ruptured oboe players.

These are the Broadway press agents. They stay on Broadway year in and year out. Their clients change, their incomes fluctuate, they get sadder and more suspicious, but they remain on The Street. And, from what they say they earn, you can deduct ten per cent, and the government will take twenty of what's left. You might like to know how such formidable folding money is made. Well—

The average p.a. gets from $25 to $150 a week each from an assortment of clients who want their names and pictures in the papers and magazines. For instance, a specialty dancer getting $100 a week will pay $25. When she gets more, he gets more. A night-club owner will pay $50. A star may pay a hundred or more each week to insure getting his name in the papers often enough to stay on top.

When Publicity is Pay Dirt

The device that will bring imperishable fame to the press agent is his ability to dream up a publicity stunt. These are usually as phony as a three-dollar bill and four times as intriguing. When the movie, Commandos Strike at Dawn, *premièred* in Washington, it was a white-tie-and-tails affair attended by ranking diplomats and their wives. Al Rylander was sent there by Columbia Pictures to "observe." He observed and noted that the Washington papers were hammering at Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt for using her car for social purposes . . . the gasoline shortage.

So Rylander devised a stunt. He asked the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway, and Maxim Litvinov of the Soviet, and all the lesser and greater diplomats if they would volunteer to save gasoline by leaving their limousines in the garages and taking the streetcar or bus. They did. The story and pictures hit about 3,000 papers from coast to coast. The following morning, the diplomats went back to using their cars, but Rylander had made Commandos Strike at Dawn with a stunt.

He also pulls a lot of quick, small stunts. Among the space grabbers, these count, too. Once, when the annual "Ten Best-Dressed Women" story was serviced over the news wires, Rylander horned in for plenty of free space by sending a picture of a young lady draped in a bed sheet. "Miss Janice Logan," he wrote, "of Dr. Cyclops, has just been voted by the Art Students League the Best Undressed Woman of the Year."

Most press agents on Broadway double in brass for the newspapers. That is, when they are not busy trying to grab space for their clients, they will tip the city editors to legitimate news stories which have nothing to do with their clients. They also send "exclusive" items to Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons, Dorothy Kilgallen, Louis Sobol and other Broadway columnists in the hope that, a few days later, they can get a reciprocal mention for their paying customers.

Of the perhaps three hundred full-time Broadway press agents, about fifty average as high as $5,000 a year, and about six make as much as $30,000. There is one who may do even better. He is Irving Hoffman, a fertile brain behind thick lenses, who sits, so the legend goes, waiting for the cracked voice of some Hollywood mogul to filter through his phone and beg him to please "make" certain young stars. If Hoffman says "Okay," then the mogul can begin to sleep nights because his star is made.

Among themselves, the p.a.'s think that Dick Maney is tops. He is a leonine mick, who specializes in the legitimate theater. He looks like a cross between Irvin Cobb and Thomas Mitchell and he sits behind a giant roll-top desk equipped with everything but fire escapes. Unlike the others, he does not haunt the city rooms of the New York newspapers. He mails his copy, or phones it.

He handles his clients with roguish disdain. Once, after Jed Harris had produced a string of Russian flops, Maney wrote to the Herald Tribune: "Mr. Harris has just combed the last Cossack out of his curls." When Maney doesn't like a star, he gives him the "actor" treatment: "Okay, actor." "Thank you, actor." Once, when Grace Moore tried to win his friendship with fine cuff links, he dismissed her with: "Thanks for the baubles, my peculiar witch."

Maney is the only man on Broadway who has banned himself from the Stork Club. In his office, he often greets visitors with: "Ah, a spent runner staggers into the stockade, a Blackfoot arrow protruding from his back!" He pays two assistants $165 each per week. When he worked for Billy Rose, Maney refused to sign the publicity agreement until a clause was inserted, stating that he did not have to enter any of the Rose night clubs.

"I think," he says in a whisky-rich voice, "that Phineas T. Barnum was the best press agent of all time. Next to him, I'd put Morris Gest, although Gest was a producer. That man could get free space by walking into a city room, falling down on the floor and having a convulsion. Try it some time."

The handsomest smoothie among the Broadway p.a.'s is David Green, who is known to the phone book as David Green Associates. Green has blue-black wavy hair, a pearly smile that is sure death to assistant city editors, and eyes of the proportion and texture of mountain lakes in moonlight. He personalizes his newspaper contacts by asking how that cold is coming along or what are you doing about that pimple.

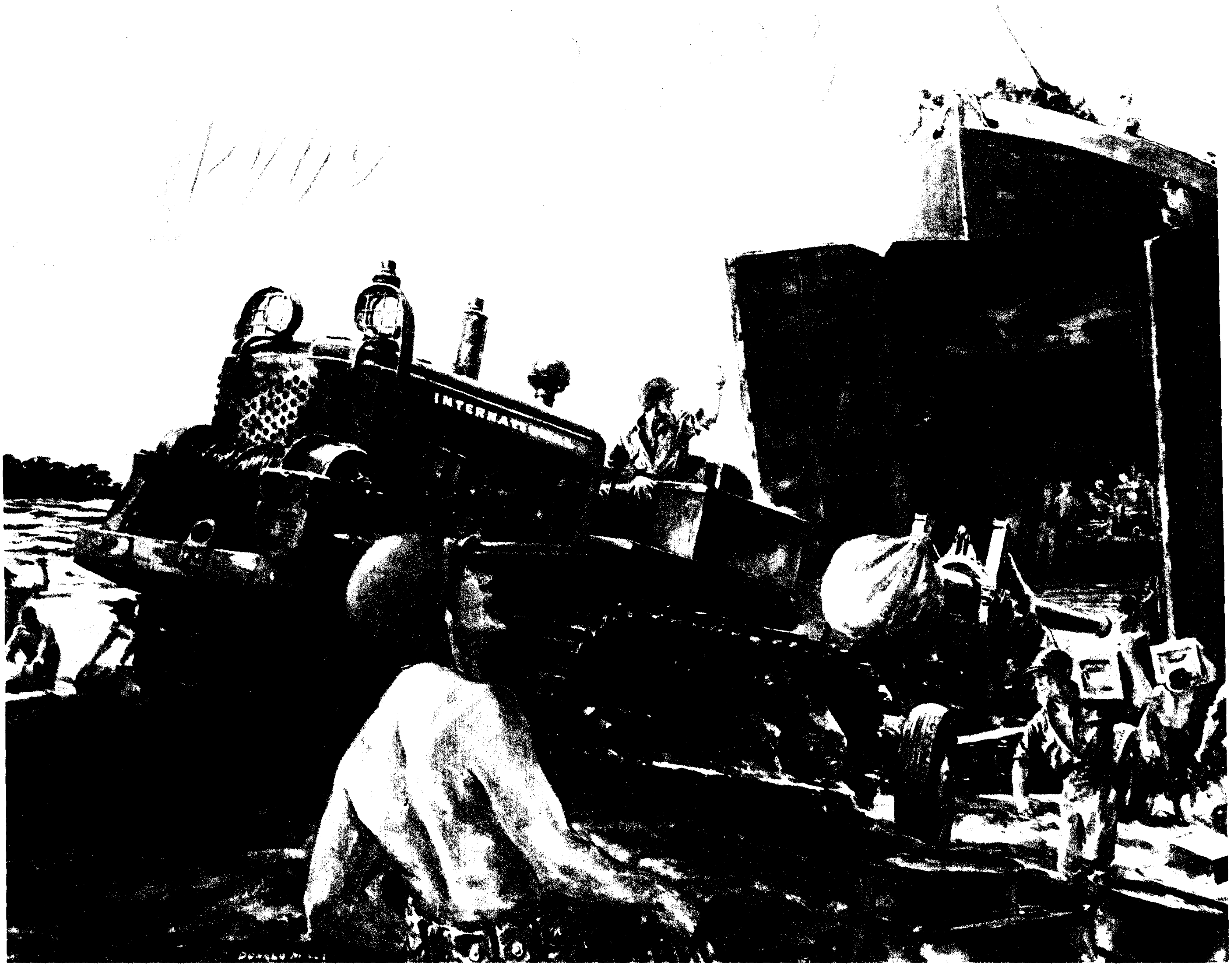
The Sympathetic Treatment

His ace is savvy. He can place more pictures of Benny Goodman or any other personality than any two press agents on the street. He does it by always being "a right guy" to the editors, by sending flowers to their sick wives, by listening to the troubles of reporters and make-up editors and by turning the bicuspid blitz on copy boys. This nets him $30,000 a year, he says, and as this is as much as Maney confessed to, it shows that the Maney method of never darkening a newspaper door pays no more in the long run than the Green treatment.

Green's best stunt was done on Edgar Bergen. Back in 1936, the ventriloquist walked in with Charlie McCarthy. He told Green he was making $350 a week—peanuts—and he was willing to sell a one-third interest in himself in return for publicity. Green said no. Bergen said, "You'll be sorry." Green worked for a straight $50 a week.

The first thing he did was to have Bergen draw up a will, leaving everything he had to the Actors' Fund, with a proviso that the interest would be used to take care of the dummy. He got the will printed in the Law Journal, then anonymously tipped a reporter to watch for a big story in that publication. It broke all over. Lawyers and judges horned in on it for some free publicity of their own

(Continued on page 76)



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Change of Heart

Continued from page 13

had heard repercussions of it. He could also be extremely generous.

Lennox was a clever man. In the face of very hard competition he had built the reputation of his magazine within the last decade. It was not his only interest, although since the war he had concentrated much time, thought and money on it. He had inherited a fortune and doubled it. He had been mentioned several times as a likely candidate for important government appointments, and, if he had wished to enter politics, he could have made another name for himself. But he was not interested in appointments or politics. He was far more powerful in his own person and controlling his own interests.

THEY went directly into the dining room, as Carol never drank at luncheon. Dudley's short Scotch was brought to the table, and he ordered. He did not consult his fiancée. He had no need to do so, as he had spent almost a year discovering her tastes in food, drink, entertainment, amusement and diversion. After six months of this interesting research, he had asked her to marry him, and she had refused. He had gone, privately, to her mother.

He remembered that day—a cocktail lounge, a quiet corner, an early appointment. Helen was between a luncheon lecture and a radio broadcast. He remembered thinking how beautiful she was and wondering why he wasn't in love with her instead of with her daughter.

He remembered her saying, "She's quite young for her age, Dudley. Give her time. Personally, I approve of you, if that's any advantage, which I doubt, as Carol and I rarely see eye to eye, despite our natural devotion. She's stubborn . . . rather," Helen had added thoughtfully, "like her father. She hates being swept off her feet by anything—a person, an emotion, a decision. I suppose she gets that from her great-aunt, as it's not like Adam—or like me. And she loathes publicity."

"What has that to do with me?" he had asked, laughing.

"Oh, you," she said lightly, "you're spectacular. Carol doesn't like that. It's a reasonable reaction, I dare say, from her father and me. She should, of course, be taking an active part in the war. I have repeatedly urged her to join up in one of the women's branches of the services. But she said, 'I couldn't be Private Hillary. I'd just be *the* Hillary's only child.' That's why she works at Red Cross and at being a Nurse's Aide instead of doing something more exciting."

Well, that was six months ago. He had bided his time, no other man had come along—or none who could trouble him—and last night he had taken Carol to dinner, straight from the office, produced the ring and his second proposal. This time she had said yes.

He said, "You are looking very pretty, darling."

"I bought a new frock," said Carol, "at Mimi's."

Dudley said, "Mimi's an interesting woman. I used to see something of her."

THAT was rather nice, she thought. He didn't say, "Who on earth is that?" Nor did he go to the other extreme and say happily, "Yes, of course, I used to buy clothes for Mrs. Somebody Else there. I have good taste, and her husband never knew the difference. He thought she ran them up on an old loom."

Dudley had told Carol about the woman—years his senior—who had been his mistress from the time he was twenty-six until two years ago. She had been discreet, charming and grateful. He would have married her during the first few years of their association, but she had considerable common sense. She would grow old, perhaps not gracefully, and Dudley would not. Besides, she was fond of her husband, she always added plaintively.

When they had parted, Dudley was thirty-four and she was forty-eight. It had been time. There were no recriminations and, all in all, it had been a satisfactory intimacy. It had kept him from marrying the third girl in the front row or the debutante daughter of Mrs. Gotrocks or one or another of his pretty secretaries.

Now, he was marrying Carol—which reminded him of something.

He asked, "How about June?"

Carol said, "That's too soon."

"When," he demanded, "won't it be too soon?"

She said restlessly, "Please don't rush me, Dudley. This is fun—just as it is. And I want to keep on with the job for a while. I like it."

He said, "After we are married, you may keep on, too, if it pleases you. And with any job you prefer."

"That's sweet of you," she said, "but not sensible. Anyway, I don't believe it. You wouldn't make a place for me if I were not qualified for it. That's not how you run your organization."

"No," he agreed, "but if it would amuse you, a place can be found for which you would qualify."

Carol shrugged. She said, "I have no career ambitions. When I marry you I expect to be the sort of wife you read about and rarely, if ever, see. I expect to run your house—"

"Houses," he said.

"Plural, then," she corrected herself, "with the help of competent servants, if such are to be had—"

"Could we snitch your mother's couple?" he inquired.

"I'm afraid not," she told him.

"Which is why," he said, "the Connecticut place is closed, the Palm Beach house and the shooting shack in North Carolina . . . and why I live at a hotel."

"And like it," she said.

"Well, yes," he admitted. "We could, for a while."

Carol said, "I wouldn't mind. I just want to be with you, Dudley."

She smiled at him, and his heart tightened. He hadn't intended to fall in love—not like this. Oh, some day, of course, an attractive, suitable wife who appealed to his five senses. But he hadn't expected or wanted this headlong insanity, this compulsion.

She went on, flushing under his ardent regard, "And I expect to have children. Several of them."

"Good," said Dudley. "But first, wouldn't it be a sound idea to set our wedding date?"

She said, "I've always liked October."

"October first," he said. "That's settled."

She said, after a moment, "Half the people in the office suspect. Not that I mind. But perhaps it was foolish of me to wait until Mother gets home. I mean, we're not a conventional family—"

"You are," he said; "you and Aunt Agatha."

She said, smiling, "Perhaps I'm a throwback. Anyway, as soon as she's home and settled. Perhaps"—she looked at him—"I thought at the party."

"It sounds all right. Who's giving it?"

"No one actually gives it," she said helplessly. "I mean . . . Mother comes home and there's a party. At our house. I suppose we give it. But I sometimes think that she brings it with her."

"What do you know about the boy she's bringing with her in addition to the party?" he asked curiously. "This infant major—Miles Duncan?"

"Why, nothing," said Carol. "Should I? And is she?"

"There was something about it on the ticker today. He's the kid who shot down all the Zeros in the national debt," Dudley explained. "There hasn't been much released. Just that he's on his way home. White House decoration, a long leave, all that sort of thing. He's twenty-three or -four and a Yankee . . . from Portland, I believe. No parents, brought up by a grandmother who died last year."

"But what," she demanded, "has this to do with Mother?"

"My information was," he said, "that they're coming in on the same plane." He laughed a little. "Of course, she'll collect him. She's been collecting heroes for a year now. Before that, promising playwrights, novelists, poets, painters and just plain *promising*."

CAROL flushed slightly. She said, "Well, some women collect spoons and some like Windsor chairs, and I met one last week who collected harness brasses!"

"Ten to one he's at the party," said Dudley.

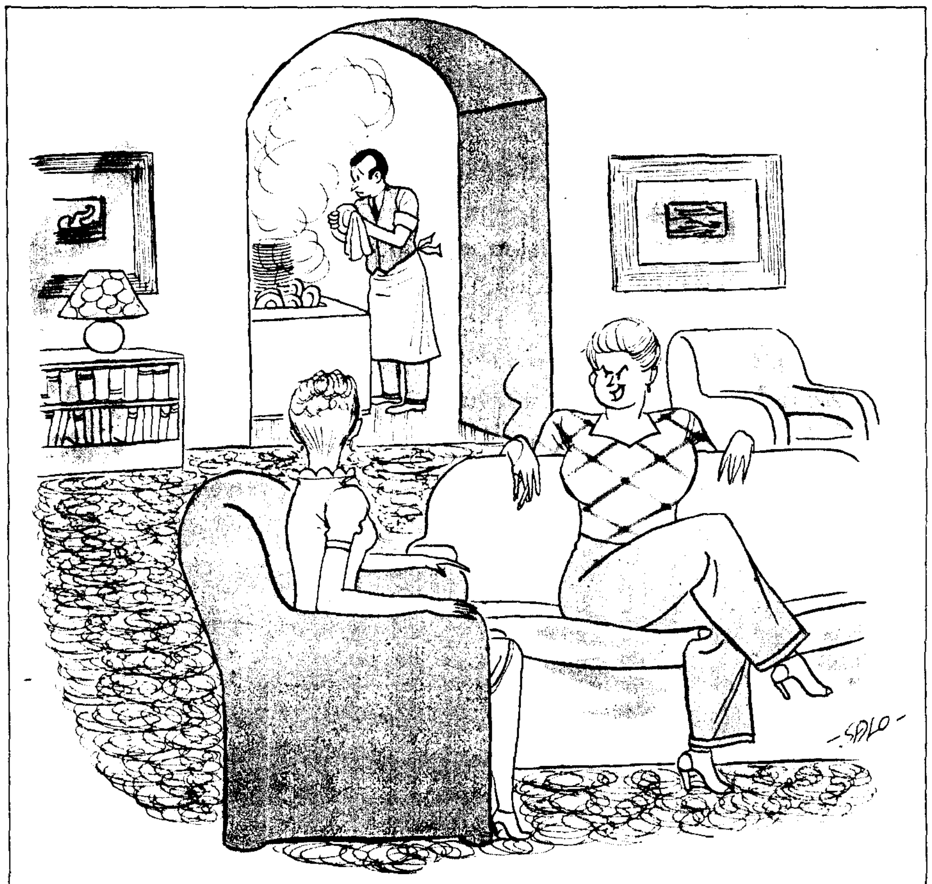
Carol laughed. She said, "I won't take it. It's probably a sure thing."

"I met your mother," said Dudley thoughtfully, "about ten years ago. She was the loveliest woman I had ever seen. She still is. If I hadn't been otherwise occupied, she might have collected me."

"I'm glad she didn't," Carol said serenely, "as I was bound to encounter, and want you, for myself. Which would have created a situation, without appeal."

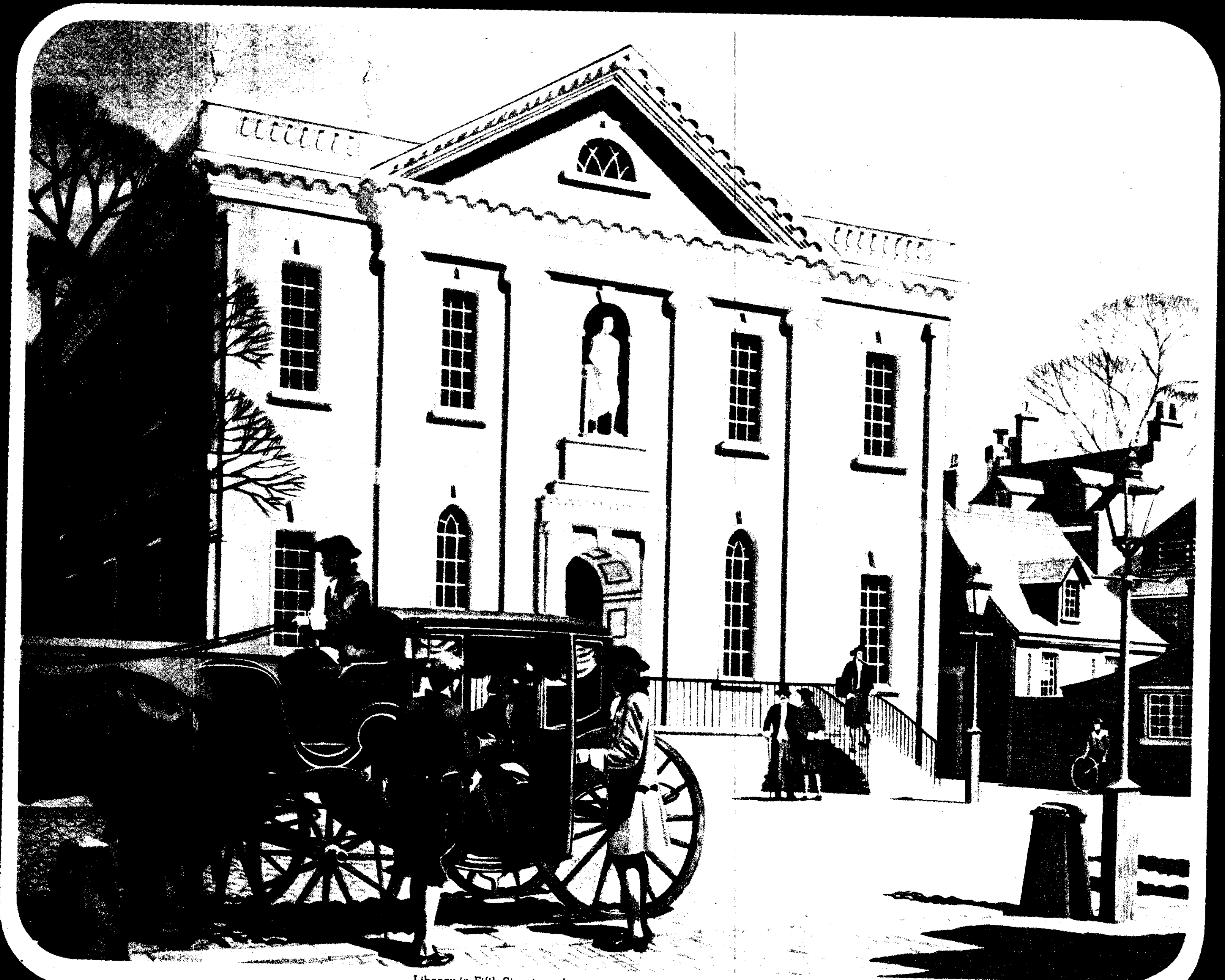
He said, "Well, don't blame the baby major if he sits around all dewy-eyed and just looks at her. Can you imagine what it must be like, sweating it out over jungles, sitting in the briefing room, waiting . . . coming back again with half your friends on the one-way list, and sweating it out some more . . . and then suddenly be headed for home, and with a woman sitting beside you who looks like Helen Hillary and who *is* Helen Hillary? That's powerful medicine, darling."

"I suppose so," said Carol. She wasn't es-



"To think that only a year ago I came into this house an innocent, helpless bride!"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH



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DOG MEDICINES

pecially interested. There were thousands of heroes, most of them unsung, and only one Helen. Ever since Carol had been old enough to observe and to think, ever since she had sensed the antagonism between her parents, she had neither judged nor condemned them.

She believed herself to be civilized and modern—whatever that meant. She believed that her parents were entitled to live their lives as they saw fit.

She smiled at Dudley. "You know," she said, "I like you a lot."

"Well, thanks," said her fiancé, raising an eyebrow.

"Of course, I'm in love with you, too," she said, "but then I've been in love before."

"As much?" he inquired and waited, concealing his very real anxiety.

"No, of course not," she said very sweetly. "But liking you makes it all quite wonderful and right."

He took her hand and held it. "Darling," he said gently, "I love you. I shall love you all my life."

THE big plane which carried, among other important passengers, Helen Hillary and Major Duncan, came sailing through the misty pearl and azure of a spring morning in Manhattan. The towers clustered together in the Wall Street district, the pinnacles of midtown seemed rootless and topless, veiled in the mystery following the dawn.

Miles Duncan spoke to Helen, "It's beautiful," he said, "and I'm glad I'm seeing it with you."

She said, smiling, "Coming home is always an adventure—and your home-coming especially so."

He said, low, "It wouldn't have meant much—without you."

"Nonsense," she said, "an old woman!" She looked at him. Her eyes were as nearly black as the human eye can be. She looked rested and refreshed, although they had battled head winds, and had been delayed as, early in the flight, the plane had been forced to turn back. Her flawless skin was unlined except for laughter stars around her eyes, and a concentration mark, delicate as the imprint of a bird's foot between her brows. If those brows and her lashes were slightly darkened, if her glorious red-gold hair had been brightened with rinses, Miles didn't know it. As a matter of fact, rinses were hardly *de rigueur* in the places in which Helen Hillary had recently been.

He asked, jealously, "Will your family meet you?"

His blood, thin from the tropics, ravaged by fever, but hot with youth, cooled uncomfortably. It seemed incredible to him that this woman had a husband. Incredible, indecent, and heartbreaking. Incredible, too, that she had borne a child—her body, small and firm, weighed no more than a hundred pounds. He knew, because one night, when they were in a strange and perilous place, the sky had come alive with death, and he had picked her up in his arms and stumbled, with her, to a shelter. He had crouched there in the darkness, feeling her warmth and vitality beside him, and sensing, too, her utter lack of fear.

He was not fearless. He had lived too long with fear and uncertainty, with death and disaster as his companions. He had shuddered, when he heard the slow whine, the abrupt detonation.

Helen said, "Heavens, no! I loathe public reunions. Adam and Carol have sense enough to stay at home—and, of course, my aunt."

THE aunt was clear enough to him. Helen had told him about Agatha Stuart, spare and uncompromising, "the backbone of the family," who was almost as legendary as Helen herself.

Helen had said, "People—especially interviewers—insist upon calling her a New Englander, specifically a Bostonian. It infuriates her, as she was born on lower Fifth Avenue and hates New England—particularly the cooking. Sorry, Miles, I forgot you were from *Maine!*"

But this child, Helen's daughter, she was vague in his mind. He thought of her as colt-thin, with freckles, with braces on her teeth and pigtails—which was, of course, absurd, as Helen had told him, upon the day they encountered each other, under distant skies, that she had a daughter who worked on Foresight. "A lovely creature," she had said, "and as unlike me as possible."

Well, that was right. No woman could look like Helen Hillary. She was unique.

There had been nurses; they were grand gals, and he had loved and appreciated them. They were worked to the bone and marrow. They took their chances with the other soldiers. They were swell. But he hadn't been able to romanticize them; he had been too ill, for one thing, and they had been too busy. Also, there'd been girls whom he still remembered, crazy, exciting girls whom he had known briefly, for a day, for a night, on his infrequent leaves. There were girls back home. Fun and games, though he hadn't had much time for them. Now, in a sense, he had no time at all.

When he had first taken Helen's hand in his own, he had felt as if he had dreamed and, dreaming, had died. For there was no such woman this side of paradise—cool and poised, smiling and ageless (yet she had told him her age almost immediately), and utterly bereft of most of the feminine trappings. He had stood there gaping at her, like a schoolboy, knowing too well what she was seeing in return—a tall and lanky kid, in a uniform which no longer fitted him, a kid far too thin, sallow with fever, jumpy with nerves. . . .

Her little suit he would always remember. She wore it now—the serviceable, well-worn tweed, soft as a kitten's ear, and neutral in color. Her hair had been brushed into shining natural curls, short and like a halo, her lipstick—which she carried in her pocket—had been as bright as challenge, fresh as sunrise, gay and courageous as a flag.

Now he said, "I suppose I shan't see you," but not believing it.

"My dear," said Helen Hillary, "you'll see me much too often. I wish we could put you up, but my colossal house has no guest rooms. As a matter of fact, no guest in his right mind would want to stay in such a squirrel cage. Adam and I come and go, Carol has her own life, Aunt Agatha is the only stable factor—together with the servants, who have been with us for years, poor souls! But after you've had a rest at the hotel, and seen the press—"

"Must I?" he asked, in alarm.

"Child, of course," she said in her warm, caressing voice. She went on, smiling, "Then you must come to us. There'll be a party of sorts."

"Party?"

"Not really. Just a few people of whom I am fond. Later, we'll dig up some pretty girls for you and see that your leave is really made glamorous."

He commented that dug-up girls sounded repulsive, like mummies, and added that he wasn't interested—in girls.

"You will be," she prophesied. She looked swiftly about the plane and then put her hand briefly over his. She said gently, "I've been thinking of what you said the other night. You mustn't even think of it. It—was just the romantic circumstances and the fact that I'm the first civilian female you've seen in a long time."

He was silent, his jaw set, a little sullen. He thought: Damn her husband! Damn the twenty years she was on earth and I not there! Damn everything!

THEY had fastened their belts for the landing. And Helen sighed. She said, "Everything will be so flat after this—after China, and the rest of it." Her long eyes slid around to his, and his heart pounded against his thin ribs.

The time of their arrival had not been made public, but there were people waiting, on the field, people who had been there since dawn and earlier. Miles, following Helen from the plane, saw them, the tight, smiling, waving knot of humanity, and knew that his hands shook and he wished for nothing more

ANSWERS TO HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—PAGE 39

Group No.	*Words*	*Pronunciation*	*Caution*	*Sounds like or rhymes with*
1.	PROGRESS	*prog* ress	In every case the o is short (Long o is British)	FROG-cress
	PROJECT	*proj* eckt		LODGE-wrecked
	PROCESS	*pross* cess		CROSS-ess
	PRODUCE	*prod* yuce		COD-use
2.	FINALE	fee *nah* lay	Three syllables, accent second	the-TALL-hay
	SLAKE	slayk	Long a; don't say slack	LAKE
	SATIETY	sah *tie* etty	Accent ti, long i, four syllables	PIETY
	SARSAPARILLA	sahr sah pah *rilla*	Say sar, not sass, five syllables	Marse-a-VANILLA
3.	IDEA	eye *dee* ah	Three syllables, don't end with er	my-LEAH
	IRREFUTABLE	ir *ref* you tah b'l	Accent ref, not fute, i is short	fear-DEAF-*mute-a-bull*
	INCREDULITY	in kreh *dew* litty	Accent du, long u, not dool	inbred-MULE-ety
	SCHISM	siz'm	Siz, not shiz	PRISM
4.	CHILDREN	*chill* dren	Don't say chilled-urn	CHILLED-wren
	EXPLOITED	ex *ploit* ed	Accent ploit, not ex	wrecks-TOY-Ted
	INTRICACIES	*in* trick ah siz	Accent in, not trick	IN-trick-a-sizz
	MODERN	*mod* urn	Don't say modrun	COD-urn
5.	RATTAN	rat *tan*	Accent tan with short a	rat-AN
	MALACCA	mah *lack* ah	Accent lac, short a	ALACK-ah
	ROOT	root	Don't rhyme it with foot but with	BOOT
	PUMICE	*pum* iss	Last syllable is iss, don't say pummy	DUMB-miss
6.	HAWAII	haw *wye* ee	Ai equals long i, not ah, final i is e	ah-WHY-me
	JASMINE	*jass* min	The i is short. Jazz is allowed	GAS-Min
	LEI	*lay* ee	Two syllables, e is a and i is e	PAY-me
	CHALCEDONY	cal *sed* oh ny	Say kal, not chal	Cal-FED-Tony
7.	PROMULGATE	pro *mull* gate	Long o, accent mul	pro-VULGATE
	PROPAGANDA	prop ah *gan* dah	Short o, say prop, accent gan	cop-a-PANDA
	PERSONNEL	pur sah *nell*	Accent last syllable	person-NELL
	READING	*red* ing	Say red, not read	BEDDING
8.	HOOP	hoop	The oo in each of these four words is the same, as in coop, goof, boom, food	LOOP
	ROOF	roof		GOOF
	ROOM	room		BROOM
	HOOFS	hoofs		WOOFS
9.	ALTIMETER	al *tim* ee ter	Accent tim	Al-TIM-meet-her
	AERONAUT	*aye* er oh not	Four syllables. Changing to *air*-o-not	PLAY-her-so-what
	EERIE	*ee* ry	Long e	WEARY
	AILERON	*ale* er on	Ai equals long a, not i	TRAILER-on
10.	COXSWAIN	*cock* s'n	Use the nautical or sailor's pronunciation for these four words	OXEN
	BOATSWAIN			BLOW-son
	GUNWALE			TUNNEL
	FORECASTLE			SOAK-Sul

WANTED:

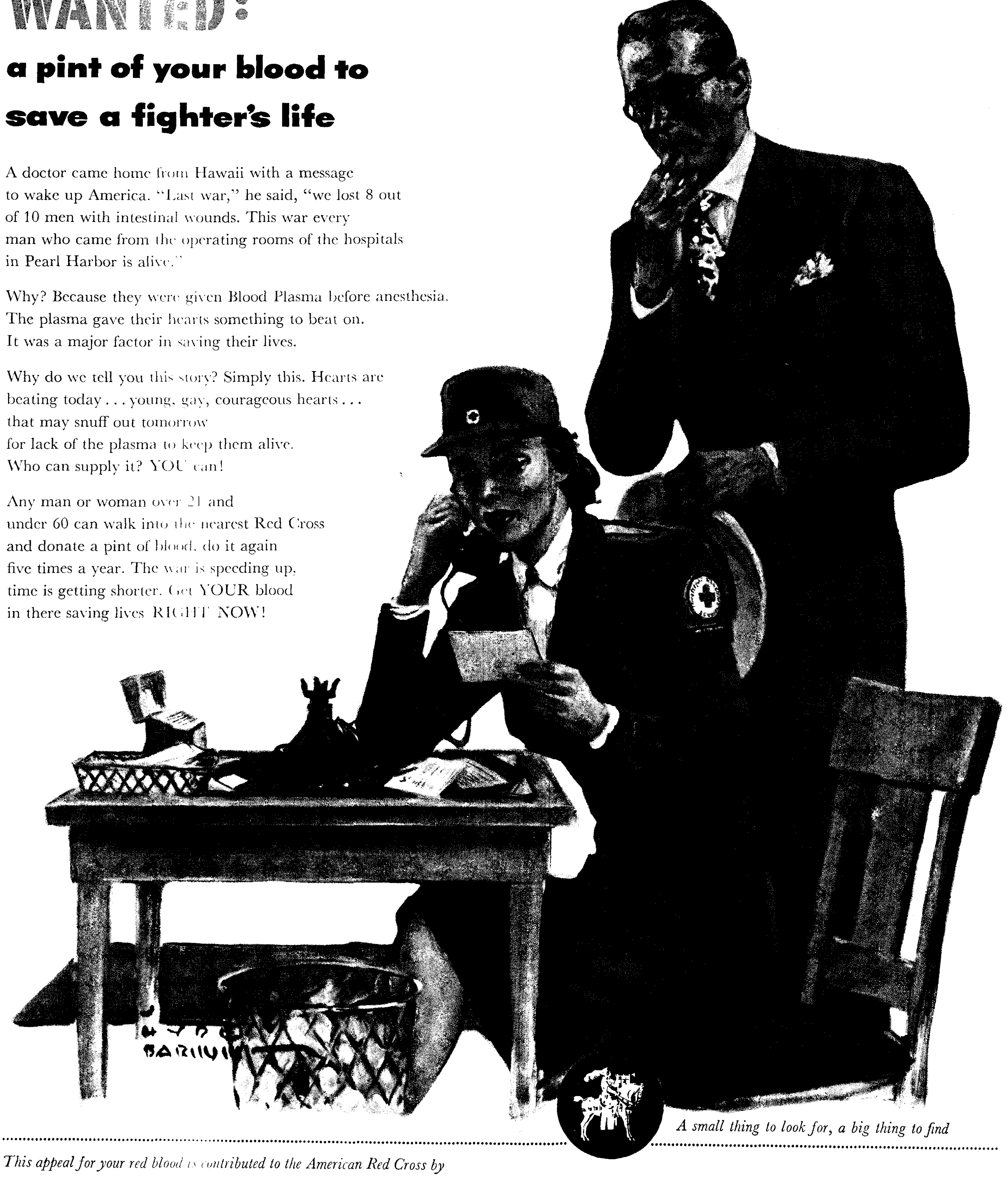
a pint of your blood to save a fighter's life

A doctor came home from Hawaii with a message to wake up America. "Last war," he said, "we lost 8 out of 10 men with intestinal wounds. This war every man who came from the operating rooms of the hospitals in Pearl Harbor is alive."

Why? Because they were given Blood Plasma before anesthesia. The plasma gave their hearts something to beat on. It was a major factor in saving their lives.

Why do we tell you this story? Simply this. Hearts are beating today . . . young, gay, courageous hearts . . . that may snuff out tomorrow for lack of the plasma to keep them alive. Who can supply it? YOU can!

Any man or woman over 21 and under 60 can walk into the nearest Red Cross and donate a pint of blood, do it again five times a year. The war is speeding up, time is getting shorter. Get YOUR blood in there saving lives RIGHT NOW!



A small thing to look for, a big thing to find

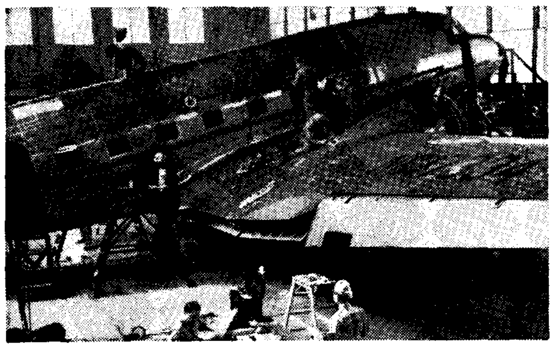
This appeal for your red blood is contributed to the American Red Cross by

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

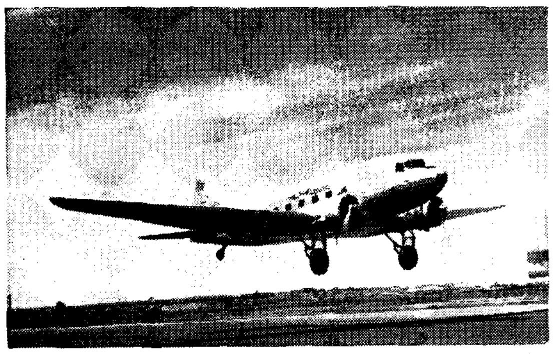
Vital

Airplane photos courtesy American Airlines, Inc.

Regular inspections and service operations mean safe and reliable transport by our nation's airlines. Here, a powerful airplane engine gets its daily inspection.

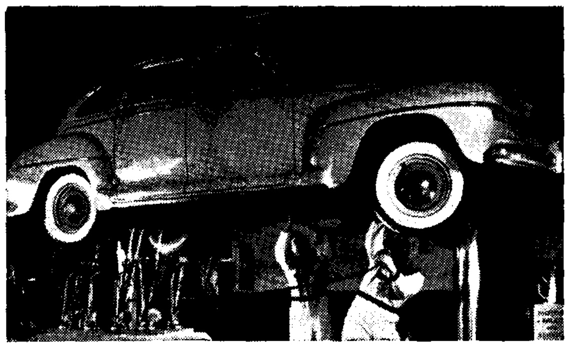


The great airliners are constantly being serviced. Each day they're given rigid and careful inspections. At regular intervals, all planes are completely overhauled.

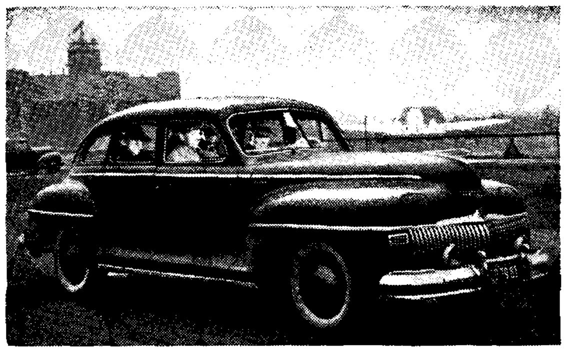


Every airport's a service station for the airliners. The airlines' great record of dependable travel is a high tribute to rigid inspection and service schedules.

Periodic inspections by trained mechanics of De Soto dealers help wartime De Sotos and Plymouths to run efficiently. Above, a De Soto gets its Spring Tune-up.



Here, expert help lubricates and inspects a war working De Soto. Large repairs are often prevented by small adjustments made during these inspections.



Backed by their dealers, De Sotos are delivering superior transportation. Upkeep is low. Tire mileage—high. De Soto comfort—a special, *extra* value to owners.

THERE'S a striking parallel these days between your fine De Soto and the great airliners. Both were carefully built for lasting, efficient transportation. Both are turning in brilliant wartime records. Both deliver top performances when serviced regularly.

Today, despite wartime restrictions of new equipment, airlines are setting a magnificent record for dependable travel through the regular inspection and service of equipment.

So, you proud De Soto owners, take a tip from the airlines. Insure maximum efficiency of your wartime De Soto by having regular check-ups. Your De Soto dealer has expert help for whatever work is necessary. He has factory-engineered replacement parts. And he's delivering war-winning service. He's ready to help keep your De Soto running in top condition—through Victory.

★

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

When you stop in for service, you may find your De Soto dealer can't take care of you right away. If so, remember, he's *extra* busy these days keeping vital De Soto transportation rolling. Best way is to make an appointment with him. Then he'll have ample time to check your De Soto or Plymouth thoroughly and use his trained help and factory-engineered parts for whatever work is necessary.

DE SOTO
APPROVED
SERVICE
PLYMOUTH

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DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a variety of special manufacturing services to American war industry.

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

than to turn back and plunge into the anonymity and safety of the plane.

Helen sensed this, at once, took his hand, and held it. Smiling, she said, "Steady," in a low, vibrant voice, and her touch, her smile was all he needed, and he went forward with his tall head held high and his face set in its concealing mask.

He was twenty-four. He had been a major at twenty-three. He had left college for combat. He had seen plenty. He had done more than his share of killing. He had watched the skies for planes which did not return. Some of the best guys he knew were dead. He had been lucky. He was home, all in one piece. Except for the shakes, nightmares and a couple of mental skins lacking, leaving him raw and sensitive, he was all right. He was going to have another decoration, the highest. He was going to the White House. He had been given a leave, then he would be sent to instruct somewhere. He might even lecture to women's clubs and men's luncheon meetings, he might even sell Bonds, and patriotism. He thought: I'm a hero—and the hell with it!

THE reporters closed in around him and Helen. There were other men there, and presently he met them. First, a man named Whitney, Helen's publisher, a good-looking guy, Miles thought, and watched him kiss Mrs. Hillary with evident pleasure. Miles himself had been afraid to kiss her. He had wanted to, until he ached, but he had been afraid that she would suffer it, compassionately, and then laugh at him gently. Now another man was kissing her. He was short, dark and ebullient—Jacobs, her lecture manager—and yet another, gray-haired, with thick shoulders and a lined face, Hanson, her agent. . . .

Miles stood there and answered the reporters' questions. He stood there while the battery of cameras was trained upon him and then on Helen. He was docile; he opened his mouth and said the words which were recorded upon the sound track. Tomorrow, perhaps, a million people would see him move, speak and stiffly smile, upon the newsreel screens. He stood there and took it and it was worse than the angry chatter of machine guns. If Helen could take it, so could he. But he felt lost and forlorn and utterly alien to himself. The interlude was over. The journeys, the stopovers, the wings spread in flight, and Helen talking of herself, deprecatingly, detached; Helen, talking of him . . . that was over, all over.

Suddenly, savagely, he wished himself back again, back in the makeshift hospital, back on the baked field, back in the briefing room. He wanted no part of this. He wanted no part of quick-moving, quick-speaking men who asked questions, no part of assured, well-dressed, over-age gentlemen who claimed Helen Hillary as their own, who took her into their collective arms and kissed her with their collective mouths. . . .

He thought: Where do I go from here?

He went to a hotel. Everything had been arranged for him. He didn't know how, exactly, or by whom. But Helen could manage things, she could manage them, it seemed, from jungles, from beautiful, stinking, devastated cities, she could manage them from planes and, probably, from lifeboats. She said, in the car which belonged to Frank Whitney, "It isn't big and you'll like it. It isn't," she added, "too expensive, either."

He didn't care about that. The pay piled up, and there wasn't anything you could do with it except gamble, and he was always lucky. He didn't lose, he won. Sometimes you paid fifty bucks a fifth for whisky, but you won it back on the roll of the dice, or the turn of a card, the next night. . .

She added, "And it's close to us. I thought you'd like a quiet place . . ."

He said, sincerely, "You're marvelous."

Frank Whitney looked at Major Duncan. He quirked an eyebrow. He said dryly, "You don't know how marvelous." He thought back a number of years. He thought of a manuscript which had reached his desk, and of the woman who had written it and who had come to his office. He thought of a lot of things. Well, water under the bridge, and why he still remembered, why he had not forgotten his painful pleasure, the continuous excitement and slow disillusionment, he wouldn't know. He thought: I hope she leaves the poor kid alone.

Aloud he was saying something about if the Army were agreeable and if the major would give a little of his time . . . a book, a thin, factual book? Such books were bound to sell. Also and apart from their commercial value, they were important; they were contemporary history. It didn't matter, he said, over Miles' protests, that he felt he couldn't write. All he had to do was talk. There were plenty of good people who could do the writing. He, Whitney, wished to be in on the ground floor. He looked at Helen. He suggested, upon an inspiration which was amusing, yet a little reluctant, because he knew what he was doing, "Now, if *you'd* write it, Helen . . ."

She had a good deal to write, on her own. She had lecture and radio engagements to fulfill. But she spoke at once. She said, "I'd like to. It would be a privilege."

Whitney watched Duncan's face. Hooked, he thought. Well, bully for our side . . . poor devil!

Helen was explaining in her casual way. She was saying, "He can't really get away from us, Frank, until his orders come through. And he has no people here."

"Nor anywhere," said Miles suddenly. "Maybe I'll take a run up to Portland and see my friends. I don't know. My grandmother's dead, the house has been sold. I"—he shrugged—"I don't feel like going back. Not just yet."

Whitney suggested that the major must know a raft of people in New York.

"Oh, girls," said Miles vaguely, "when I was at Amherst . . . week ends in town, New York, Boston. Most of them are married now, I dare say. As for the fellows . . ." His voice drifted off. You didn't have to ask him to go on. They were tramping through mud, they were dying on beaches, they were raving in hospital wards. They were establishing beachheads, building bridges, standing watch on ships, they were slogging through their basic and advanced, they were out on maneuvers, on mountain terrain or in the desert. They were in the brig or the guardhouse. They were flying planes, or learning to fly them. They were scattered all over the face of the globe and its waters.

When they reached the hotel, Helen said, "You know the address. Take a taxi. And we'll expect you early. About, shall we say, nine . . . before the rest of the people come?"

Miles stood on the sidewalk, and the spring sun shone on the bare, untidy head. His very blue eyes, much too old, much too embittered, looked straight into hers. He said, "I'll be there."

Frank asked, "Am I invited?"

"Weren't you?"

"Oh, sure. Carol phoned. She wouldn't leave me out," said Frank. "We're friends. But I like it from the horse's mouth."

Helen laughed. She leaned out of the window, her brilliant hair curling from under the edge of the tight, becoming turban. "There's always a party when I come home," she told Miles.

Frank Whitney grinned. He said, "You create one, darling," and Miles Duncan could have strangled him for the easy endearment.

The fact was that because it was easy, it was all right. There had been a time when it had meant something, when it had been natural to say the little lovely word, yet difficult . . . because of Adam, because of Frank Whitney's wife. That time was gone.

DRIVING toward the Hillary house Whitney asked, "Good trip?"

"The best," said Helen. "Exciting."

"Well, we'll hear all about it," said Frank; "via ether waves, printing press, and probably Braille."

She said, indifferently, "You don't like me much any more."

"No, dear."

Helen laughed.

"You're an agreeable woman," he said. He added, "That's quite a kid you brought home with you. I hope you don't hurt him too much."

She said, with asperity, "Don't be absurd and, likewise, banal. He's twenty-four years old. I could have a son his age . . ."

"Or older," said Frank, "if you'd started young enough."

"Didn't I?" she inquired; "there's Carol, as evidence."

He said gravely, "I meant that, Helen. I'm warning you."

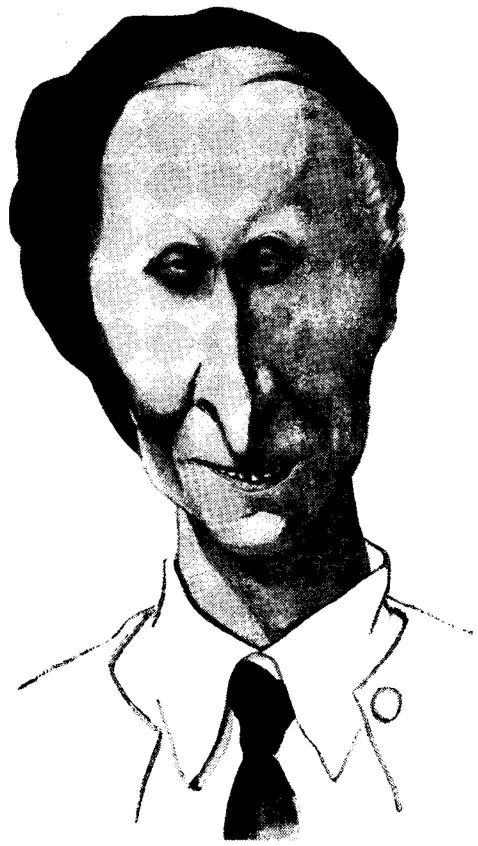
Helen lighted a cigarette. She said, "I understand Miles and boys like him."

"Maternally?" he suggested. "Well, heaven help him!"

She flushed, faintly. "You have," she suggested, "a nasty mind."

He nodded, complacently. "Nastier than

THE *Guilty*



FRAU GERTRUD SCHOLTZ-KLINK

XLIII

AMERICAN correspondents, before their imprisonment and expulsion, commented at some length, and always wonderingly, on the fact that the women of Germany were Adolf Hitler's most fanatical supporters. They flocked to his meetings, screaming and sobbing their adoration, and obeyed his commandments as though they had come down from Sinai. Mothers surrendered sons to the guardianship of the State without protest, wives betrayed their husbands to the Gestapo, and even in the raids on ghettos, women were crueler and more obscene than the men. Young girls, discarding chastity, gave their bodies to the cause with all the religious devotion of those ancient priestesses who sat in sacred groves, offering themselves freely to every worshiper. As a result, every day since the outbreak of war has seen an increase in the number of illegitimate German children.

None of this is accidental. Under investigation, it is seen as a triumph of organization and regimentation in connection with mass hysteria. Strangely enough, little has been said or written about Frau Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, and yet this remarkable person occupies the same relation to the 20,000,000 women of Germany that Adolf Hitler does to the German State. She is their Fuehrer, and commands equal faith, loyalty and abject submission to her iron will. Back of her, of course, are the Gestapo and the Storm Troopers and the horrors of concentration camps, but for the most part her rule rests on the eager slavishness of German women.

Like so many other Nazi leaders, the background of Frau Scholtz-Klink is shadowy. Born in 1902, thrice married and the mother of children, nothing is known about her prior to alignment with the Nazi party in its early days. Good-looking and glib, she was played up by Hitler and Goebbels as the perfect "Gretchen" type, and an epitome of womanly virtues. Behind the soft lines of the façade, however, was a keen mind, ambition, furious energy and a genius for organization. One of Adolf Hitler's first acts as Chancellor was to make Frau Scholtz-Klink the supreme head of every female activity in the Reich.

Director of the women's section of the labor front, she has herded 11,000,000 women into the factories and fields and stands side by side with drunken Robert Ley. A propagandist in her own right, not only does she keep domestic morale hopped up, but maintains close contact with women of German birth or descent in foreign countries, inciting treason and sabotage. In conjunction with Heinrich Himmler, she operates a spy system of her own and, through her control of education in the primary grades, makes the racial theories of Doctor Walther Gross an integral part of the German school course.

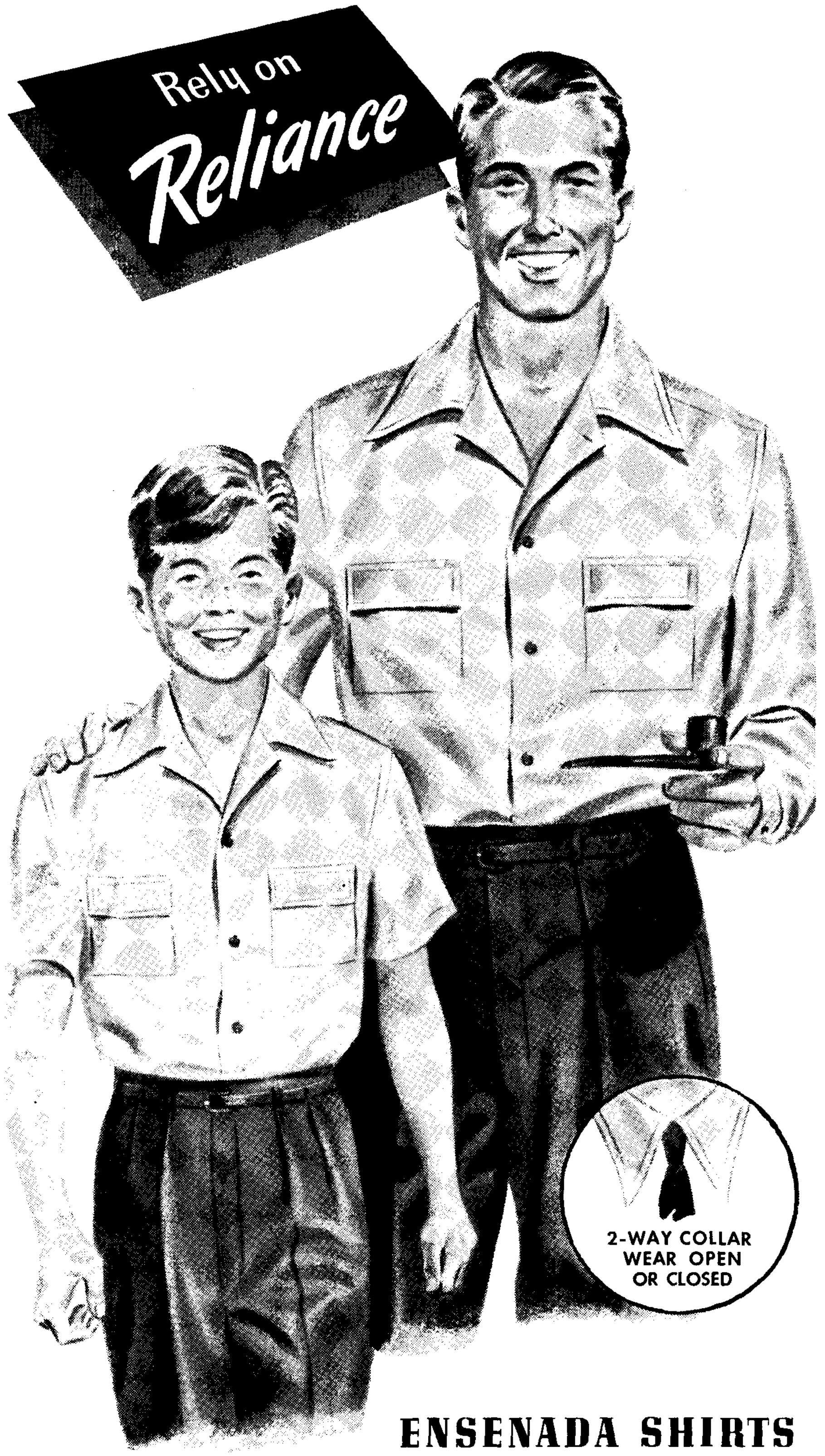
Most important of all, as head of the Mothers' Service, Frau Scholtz-Klink exhorts the women of Germany to breed and bear to the limit, even if it involves promiscuity. Traditional inhibitions, she insists, must not be permitted to stand in the way of keeping up the Reich population. It is in this branch of her work that she really shines, for in no other country has maternity been made the subject of such careful study or surrounded by more safeguards.

Some eighty schools, scattered throughout the land, teach young girls all the facts of childbearing and child care, and these are supplemented by "motherhood caravans" that go into rural communities and farm districts. "Free matings" are encouraged, if with persons of "pure" blood, and the use of contraceptives is painted as a sin against the Fuehrer and the State. In the event that expectant mothers are not able to meet the bills, medical care and hospitalization are provided by public funds. Under Frau Scholtz-Klink's progressive administration, girls becoming pregnant at thirteen are fairly common.

The Frau's approach to her problem is simple and direct. Individuality is frowned upon, and German women are told that they in themselves are nothing. Where their chance for service lies is in the production of more and still more children that the Master Race may achieve its destiny and rule over other and inferior peoples.

Like Goebbels, von Ribbentrop and von Papen, Frau Gertrud Scholtz-Klink will doubtless plead that she has never killed. True enough, but what greater crime than to pour poison into the wells of decency? . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN



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Like father—like son!—in the dashing style and custom comfort of Ensenada shirts and slacks! Soft, luxurious, long-wearing Verney rayons. Famous Reliance quality tailoring insures handsome drape and fit. In-or-out style shirts with flap pockets. Pleated slacks with zipper front. These improved 1944 Ensenadas, attractively priced, are yours at better stores everywhere.

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you know," he agreed. "But I'm not worried, mind you, from what you term the banal angle. You can dish it out, darling, but you can't take it. I speak as one who has been present at the feast. It was all papier-mâché. It looked pretty but it stilled no hunger. I am not in the least concerned with the corruption of our young major's gaunt flesh—but with the corruption of his spirit. Because when an essentially cold woman remembers her age, faces it, and decides that her maternal instincts have not been wholly satisfied—"

Helen interrupted, viciously, "I'd rather you didn't come tonight," she said.

"Oh, but I shall," he told her happily. "Carol asked me. If I don't, it will cause comment. Besides, whatever I do, you can't retaliate. I have you under contract."

The car stopped. This was the Hillary house, on the East Side but in a neighborhood not too fashionable. It was old, big, and brownstone. Helen had remodeled it into a series of suites. The people who lived in it could live as privately as it pleased them to live. They could encounter one another in a communal dining room or drawing room. It was one of the most interesting houses in New York and it sheltered—when they were together—one of the most interesting families. Or so the legend ran.

CAROL was dressing for the party. The house, which had been quiet, sedate and a little sleepy, had come alive. It was still quiet but you could feel the tension and excitement. It was always like this when Helen came home. Marta and Ole felt it in the kitchen, and Cresson, Helen's invaluable personal maid, vibrated with it as a hummingbird vibrates in the sun. Helen's brace of secretaries, who had met her at the house and had remained for early dinner, had departed, but you could still feel their exclamatory emotions, the jealousy of each other which animated their flat, middle-aged, female breasts.

Carol put on the gray gown and looked at herself in the mirror. Mimi had kept her word. It had come in time, and was worth whatever that horse trader had charged for it. It was almost indecently becoming in an entirely unspectacular way. She leaned closer to the glass and with a bit of tissue removed a tiny lip rouge mark from her square, white teeth. No use, she thought. All the looking in the world can't give you long black eyes and hair neither red nor gold . . .

She picked up the jade pendant. Helen had blithely smuggled it home . . . a bit of jade for Carol, another bit for Aunt Agatha. It was very good, heavy and cold and satin smooth, the gem jade, emerald jade. It hung on a slender chain, it was not carved, not tortured into intricate faces and figures. It was money in the bank.

She dropped it in the jewel box in the dresser drawer, took from the box Dudley Lennox's ring and put it on the correct finger with considerable satisfaction. This, too, was authentic, solid and real. But it was not exotic; it had not been smuggled; it had not been bargained for.

"The last thing they owned, and they had once been extraordinarily wealthy," Helen had explained, "and of course the Chinese inflation is simply fantastic. So I bought it, for, practically, a song. It will become you; it will make your eyes green."

Carol didn't want green eyes tonight.

This had been quite a day. Carol had stayed home from the office and, between them, she and Aunt Agatha had made the final arrangements for the party.

Aunt Agatha had said, sighing, creaking a little in her old joints, "I don't know why we do this. Wouldn't it be more sensible if your mother just came home and, after a while, went to bed?"

"She'd hate that," said Carol, "and expects this. Yet every time she's as surprised and pleased as a child. We can't *not*, darling, she'd be hurt even if she didn't show it."

She remembered at this point that her father had wandered into Agatha's utilitarian little office downstairs and commented, "Baked meats again, return of the prodigal. The old routine."

Carol turned the ring on her finger. She had said nothing yet. Too much excitement, people coming and going, more reporters, photographers, and the secretaries buzzing around, their hands filled with letters and telegrams. Flowers, and weary delivery boys tramping up and down. A field day for Miss Hayes, she thought, Miss Spry, Miss Mueller and all the rest, when Helen Hillary came home from the wars.

She wondered what her mother would say when she told her of her engagement. Some of the anticipatory pleasure was lost because she believed that Helen would be pleased. Not that Helen had ever urged Carol to marry. She had often said, "Much as I want you to be happy and settled, Carol, I resent the thought that such a transition might—will, in all probability—lead to making a grandmother of me." Yet, thinking it over she hadn't appeared too downcast, her eyes had shone and she'd added, "Well, maybe it would be fun."

Lots of fun, Carol had thought at the time . . . a big cocktail party and a new man, and Helen crying, "But, my dear, good soul, I'm a *grandmother!*" Or the introduction from the lecture platform or over the air . . . "this beautiful and brilliant woman who combines homemaking with a remarkable career, a woman who, though the outstanding political and war correspondent of her sex, has found time to marry, to create a home, who has brought up a charming daughter, and whose chief interest lies with her home, her husband, her daughter and, believe it or not, her grandchild!"

Nuts!

Carol frowned. Helen liked Dudley. Adam, she thought, did not. But it was hard to know what her father thought of anyone. He was always detached, and an onlooker. He had tremendous charm when he chose to exercise it. He hadn't exercised it on Dudley. He had known him, of course, for years but only recently had he seen much of him. He had put it this way, "How come that after aeons of avoiding his type, I fall over a man like the foresighted Lennox every time I enter my happy home?"

Naturally, he and Dudley disagreed; they disagreed upon politics and other things. Adam had a vast contempt for what he called bright young men with a talent for expediency.

It didn't matter, Carol thought. She was marrying Dudley. Her mother wasn't, nor her father. She wanted all he represented. She wanted a solid life. She wanted a life with roots. She wanted security. She wanted everything she had never had and now had found. She would not let it go.

So, she would tell her parents before the guests arrived and leave the furor and the public announcement up to them.

She wondered briefly what Major Duncan would be like. She thought of the young men who had infested the house ever since she was a child—young men, who, her father remarked, crawled out of the woodwork. All types: The football players. The brawny boys with scant small talk who often knocked over the teacups or spilled cocktails. The intellectuals, a little balding, even at an early age, with the completely snob-slant of their cult. The gifted young men, with too apparent virility, or too little. The boys who liked to decorate boudoirs or design hats. The boys who were recovering from an unfortunate love affair. The boys with too much money and those who lived on rye bread, ham sliced thin, and beer, but who had dinner coats and an appetite for dry Martinis and good buffets. . . .

LATTERLY, before Helen's excursion to the Orient, the boys had turned up in uniform. Many were similar to or a reasonable facsimile of those who had come and gone before. Some were *different* . . . kids from small towns, from far states, kids who were seeing a woman like Helen for the first time.

Carol wondered just where the major fitted in—or did he?

Cresson pattered up the stairs, the agitated White Rabbit to the life, and knocked on the door with her hard little knuckles. She was a thin woman, and her long nose was perennially rosy. She had been with Helen ever since Helen could afford her. She had *traveled with her until wartime conditions* made that impossible. She adored her. All the servants adored her.

Helen was lenient. She issued her orders, she expected service. She got it. She paid high wages, she employed good doctors, she gave vacations when it did not inconvenience her. She was lavish at Christmas. Now and then she confided in her employees. She never confided anything which mattered, she was never without dignity, never familiar, but it made them feel important. It was the same with the secretaries who slaved for her and hated each other. The only person, thought Carol, who doesn't like her is Miss Perdon.

Perdon was Adam's secretary. She was in love with him. All his secretaries had been. So he had taken to selecting them with care. Perdon was fifty and looked it.

Cresson came in. She said severely, "Mrs. Hillary wants to know if you are ready, Miss Carol. Some of the guests have arrived."

Carol jumped, and looked at the clock on her dresser. Was it so late? She had been sitting here, daydreaming, remembering, and now the guests had arrived, and she had not told her parents of her engagement. But, she excused herself, when had she had a minute, with the house in such utter confusion? The maternal gift of rare jade had been presented in the presence of, practically, a multitude. You couldn't say, "Thanks for the jade, and how do you like my diamond?"

Well, she would wear it now, and let the chips fall where they may, only there weren't any chips. This diamond was flanked with chaste platinum and blazed by itself in a special glory.

Carol rose. She said, "I'm so sorry, Cresson, I quite forgot the time." She looked down at the smaller woman. "You look tired," she added.

"I'm dead on my feet," said Cresson, well pleased. "All that running up and down!"

Carol went to the door. She looked back at her room. It was big and a little shabby. She had steadfastly refused to have it redecorated. She loved it. It was private. She had, beyond it, a smaller room which served as a study; and a bath. Aunt Agatha's suite was a replica except in décor. Aunt Agatha's furniture was strictly from Victoria.

Cresson slept in the attic, surrounded by plentiful chintz, air and light, her whole being concentrated on the bell wire which ran from her room to Helen's, two floors below. Marta and Ole were housed in the English basement, beyond the dining room, kitchen and pantry. Between them, with outside help, they managed the household.

Carol asked, on the landing, knowing Cresson's little ways, "Has Major Duncan come? Have you seen him?"

"I got a look at him from the stairs," reported Cresson. "He's a very tall young man, and he seems peaked."

CAROL went down to the drawing room. Dudley wasn't there. She had said, "Don't come till latish, darling. It may give me a chance to tell them." But the chance hadn't offered itself. Or was it that she could have manufactured one and hadn't even tried?

She told herself, with exasperation: But that's silly of me. I can't keep it private unless we elope, and we can't elope because Dudley would hate it, and it would mean more publicity in the long run. Besides, it would hurt Aunt Agatha . . .

Her step was soft and unhurried. She could see them, and before they looked up and saw her. It was a portrait group.

The drawing room was very big. It was done in pastels. The rug was faded Aubusson, strewn with undying roses. The mantel was white and fine, above the fireplace. Adam Hillary stood there. He was an outsize man; he was enormous, tall, and wide but, miraculously, not heavy. He had less gray in his black hair than Dudley Lennox. He wore a square brown face and gray eyes.

Helen was minute beside him. She wore leaf green, a long dress. She had emeralds in her ears and on her hands. She looked as if all her life she had done nothing but sleep late mornings and go to hairdressers and specialty shops, as if she had never seen an unhappy or a horrible thing.

It was difficult to realize that she had looked on blood, had heard and smelled and touched death: difficult to realize that she had sat in a lifeboat for eleven hours while a man died at her feet, despite all she tried to do for him. Because she did try. That wasn't newspaper; that was Helen. She could strip the clothes from her body, she could shelter and warm a dying man, with her garments and flesh, she could listen to his delirium and nurse his sickness, she could hold him in her arms, she could close his eyes.

FRANK WHITNEY was thinking this, standing near by. He was thinking: Give her her due. She's beautiful, she's a heel and she's the bravest woman I know. Why?

Carol saw Frank. She saw Jacobs and Hanson. She saw a radio commentator. She saw Mimi, too, ugly as sin, in the smartest frock of the season, blazing with remarkable and authentic jewels. She saw young Duncan.

He was standing next to her mother, and Adam was talking to him. He answered but his eyes were intent upon Helen. He was, Carol saw, too thin, and very tall. His lack of flesh made him look taller. His uniform might have been pressed, but he hadn't had time to have it cleaned. Evidently, he traveled light. The uniform didn't fit; it hung on him.

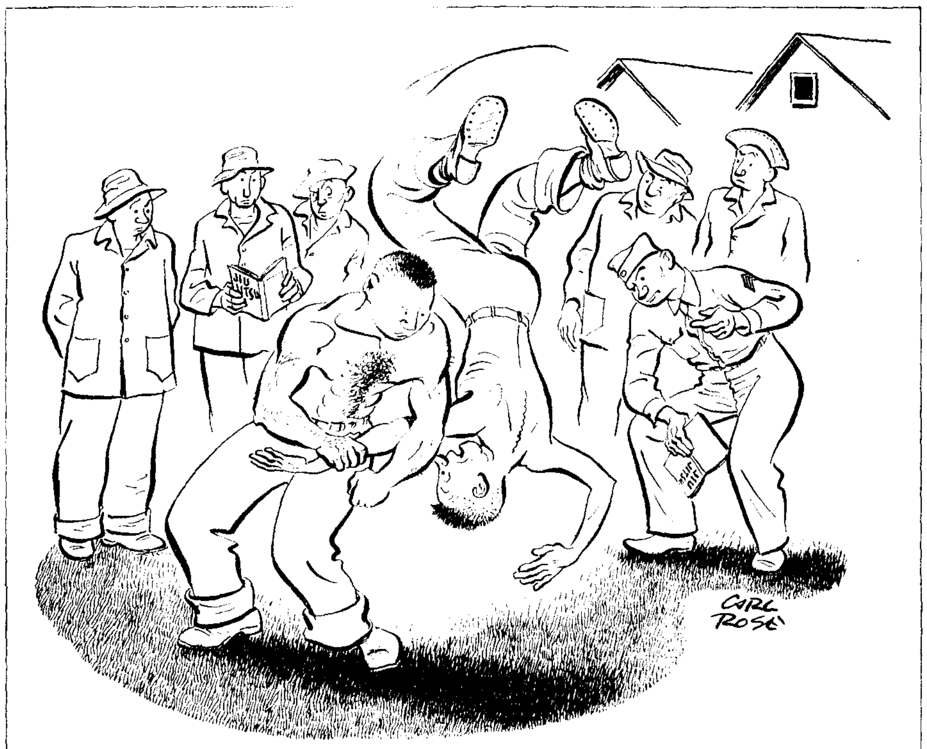
He looked up. Beneath the fair brows and the straight tow-colored hair, which had recently been cut, his eyes were very blue.

Helen followed his regard. She cried, "Come in. We've been waiting for you. And what in the world has happened to Aunt Agatha?" She turned to Miles helplessly. "My child," she said, "has no sense of time. How she holds a job is more than I can fathom."

"I do it with mirrors," said Carol. "Aunt Agatha's in conference with Marta, I think."

She held out her hand to Miles. He took and shook it, hard and briefly. His eyes were stunned. He said to Helen, "But I thought—"

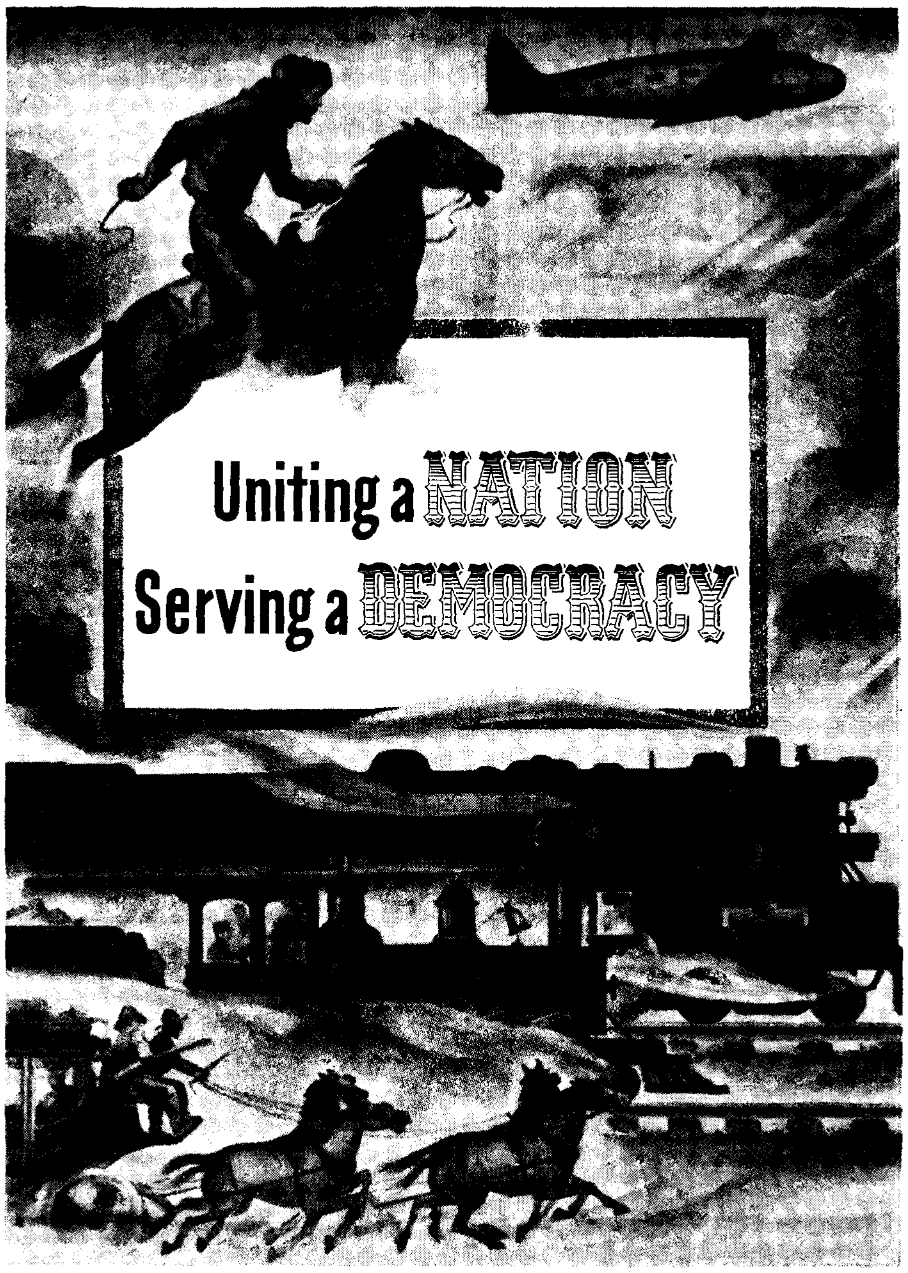
Adam laughed. He was very entertained. He had been entertained ever since Miles' arrival, ever since he had greeted him and seen, beneath the courtesy and deference, the stark hostility. Courtesy because I'm his host, deference because I'm an old man, and



"If I remember correctly, this is exactly how my wife got her fur coat last winter"

COLLIER'S

CARL ROSE



No trains ran west of the Missouri in 1849, but the Nation's goods and gold went gallantly and steadily through. The Overland Stage Coaches and the Pony Express kept their perilous schedules. Through those means, Express service sped up America's growth, united her far-flung borders and served our young democracy.

Today, nearly a century later, Railway Express is serving America with the same undaunted spirit. Twenty-three thousand express offices are the Trading Posts of 1944. Fast express trains and airplanes follow the stage coach trails. The goods are mostly war materiel now. In peace time they will again encompass every conceivable personal item as well as the products of industry and agriculture.

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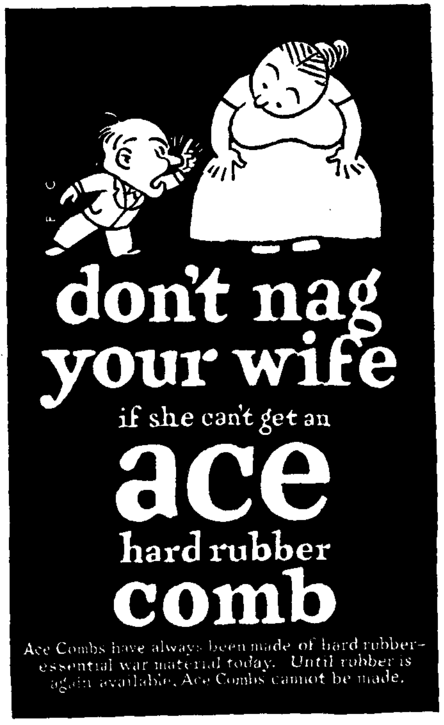


Ace Combs have always been made of hard rubber—essential war material today. Until rubber is again available, Ace Combs cannot be made.

also by now, if Helen hasn't already *told* him, he knows I'm considered a big shot, in my limited sphere. But he hates my guts. So she's done it again. Set her down anywhere, and she'd do it. Put her in Tibet and she'd have a lama eating out of her hand and serving her steaming hot tea complete with rancid butter and probably uncut turquoises.

Well, thought Adam, amused, the kid hasn't seen a white woman for months, or anyway not one who's counted, so this is like seeing all the wonderful women in the world in composite. The other Helen, and Beatrice and the rest. The beautiful and damned. It won't hurt him, that kid's tough, underneath. Maybe it will afford him an escape.

Now the boy stared at Carol, and said, "It's incredible."

Helen asked, "Why incredible?"

"But," he murmured, his eyebrows knitted, "I thought your daughter—"

Carol was used to this, and mechanically helpful. She said, "Of course, you thought I was nursery size. I don't blame you."

Miles looked at her with gratitude. He didn't like her because she, like Adam, intruded. She spoiled the landscape. Landscape with figures. One figure. Helen's. Little and light and ageless. But here was a tall girl, cool, too poised, a hard girl, he thought. Good-looking, he decided warily, in her way, if not, of course, like her mother. Like, perhaps, her father, whom he distrusted and disliked—big, brutal, intellectual. How a woman like Helen . . .

Helen moved closer and looked down at Carol's hand. She said, "Carol!"

Carol shook her head. She suggested, "Perhaps this isn't the time or place . . ."

But Frank was there, and Adam was saying something under his breath. He was saying, "Damned if she hasn't done it!" And Mimi was crossing the room with her duck's waddle and crying, "Do you mean to say you haven't told them?"

The door chimes sounded. Ole opened the door, there was a brief murmur of voices, and Dudley Lennox came in. He was like safety made visible. Carol moved toward him at once, put her hand on his arm. She looked, her father thought uneasily, both lovely and defiant.

He said, before Helen could speak, "Hello, Lennox. I fancy you know everyone here except Major Duncan . . . who, together with your future mother-in-law, has just returned from the wars."

THE shouting and the tumult died. Helen kissed her daughter, Adam kissed her, everyone kissed her. Dudley's hand was wrung from his wrist. Adam pulled bell cords, and Ole appeared, and the shakers and decanters already on the bar wagon were supplemented by champagne in buckets of ice.

Mimi said proudly, "I knew!"

Helen looked at her coolly. She liked, as Carol had said, very few women. Mimi was one. Mimi amused her and was, certainly, no competition. She "adored" a number of sprightly, fashionable females, with whom she had little in common beyond biology but they admired her extravagantly; and she was an affectionate sister to all the famous women of the generation—those whose signed photographs lined her workroom above the bookshelves, the Who's Who women of all the Americas, England, China, France, Scandinavia.

There was one woman, however, reputedly Helen's closest friend, whom she most cordially hated.

Adam strolled over to Dudley, his champagne glass in his hand. He said, "I don't often enact the heavy father. But you'd better be all that fathers expect of their daughters' husbands. Or else."

Dudley grinned. "We've had our differences before, but on this, we see eye to eye," he said.

Adam contemplated him. He didn't like the man. He admitted his charm, and his qualities of imagination and initiative. He thought: Yet he isn't for Carol. That was maudlin. Why not? How does any man, especially the girl's father, know? He thought: I always believed she was *like* me.

He put his hand on Carol's shoulder and closed it, hard. He said, "If it's okay with you, it has to be with me."

He loved his daughter very much. He hadn't, he thought, with his usual clarity, lived up to the obligations of loving her. Or had he? When, the first time, he suggested to Helen that a divorce was the most decent solution of their situation, she had pointed out to him that because of Carol, a divorce wasn't indicated. It would be more decent, for Carol's sake, to work it out another way. Two ways, really, hers and his. How long had it been since they had lived together, as the euphonious phrase runs? Nearly fifteen years, he thought.

Helen cried, "But this is all wrong! Where in the world is Aunt Agatha?"

"We'll go find her," said Carol, took Dudley's hand and escaped from the room. She said, as they went downstairs, "That was a little sudden."

He held her fast on the stairs, on the narrow tread, turned her to him, kissed her. He said, "I liked it."

"Mother is already writing the announcements to the press, mentally," said Carol.

He said ruefully, "I suspect, darling, that she wasn't very pleased."

"You're wrong," said Carol. "She likes you, she approves."

"I mean . . . we stole a little of her thunder."

"She can afford it," said Carol, laughing. "Do come on, Dudley."

He asked, "Couldn't it be sooner than October first?"

She shook her dark head. "Not one minute," she said firmly. "It will take me that long to get used to the idea."

They went on down, and found the small tables in readiness, the hearth fire blazing, the flowers looking like spring in crystal. Aunt Agatha was there, with Marta. She looked up as they came in and said crossly, "We aren't quite ready."

"We didn't come to eat," Carol explained, "but to tell you we're going steady. I waited until Mother came home, to announce it, and then thought I'd delay the procedure until after the party. But I had on my ring." She exhibited it, smiling. "Mother saw it, and simultaneously Dudley was wafted through the doorway. Father saw him and the world-shaking secret was divulged. I wish you'd been there. I thought you'd see Ole bringing up the champagne and would follow."

Agatha said, "I've been busy with Marta in the kitchen."

She drew Carol close, inclined her head, and kissed the girl's cheek. She held out her hand to Dudley, and he shook it, feeling that a great-auntly embrace would be fitting, but had not the temerity to suggest it.

Agatha patted Carol's hand, said, "That's a very lovely ring," and added, "Of course I've been expecting this."

"I hope you approve," said Dudley tentatively.

"If Carol loves you, of course," Agatha answered.

"Is that a quibble?" he inquired.

Agatha regarded him. She said, "When engagements are announced, the interested bystander merely prays and hopes. I hope, for instance, that I live long enough to see you married for, say, ten years. It's unlikely," she added practically, "but it would be gratifying. Marriages don't set overnight like aspic or take quickly, like vaccinations."

Carol laughed. She put her strong young arms around the spare, seemingly brittle figure of her great-aunt and hugged her. She said, "You know you're relieved to see me settled."

"I shall be, when you are," said Agatha austerely. She untied her white apron and announced that she would come upstairs and drink one glass of champagne, although it was poison to her system and her joints. "And I want a good look at that flying boy," she added, as Dudley and Carol followed her from the room. "What's he like?"

"Oh, young," said Carol, carelessly, and Dudley added, "Too young, I think, to look as old as he does, at times."

UPSTAIRS, Miles, curling his hand around the cool, smooth glass, was talking to Helen. He said earnestly, "This must have been a shock to you."

"It was, rather," she admitted, "although I had seen it coming and am very happy about it. Yet I suppose it's always a shock to a woman to realize that her daughter is to be married—even though she plans marriage for her practically from the cradle."

He said, wanting to shelter her, wanting to help, "I wish they had waited until another day. You just came home. This is your party," he added awkwardly. "You look so tired."

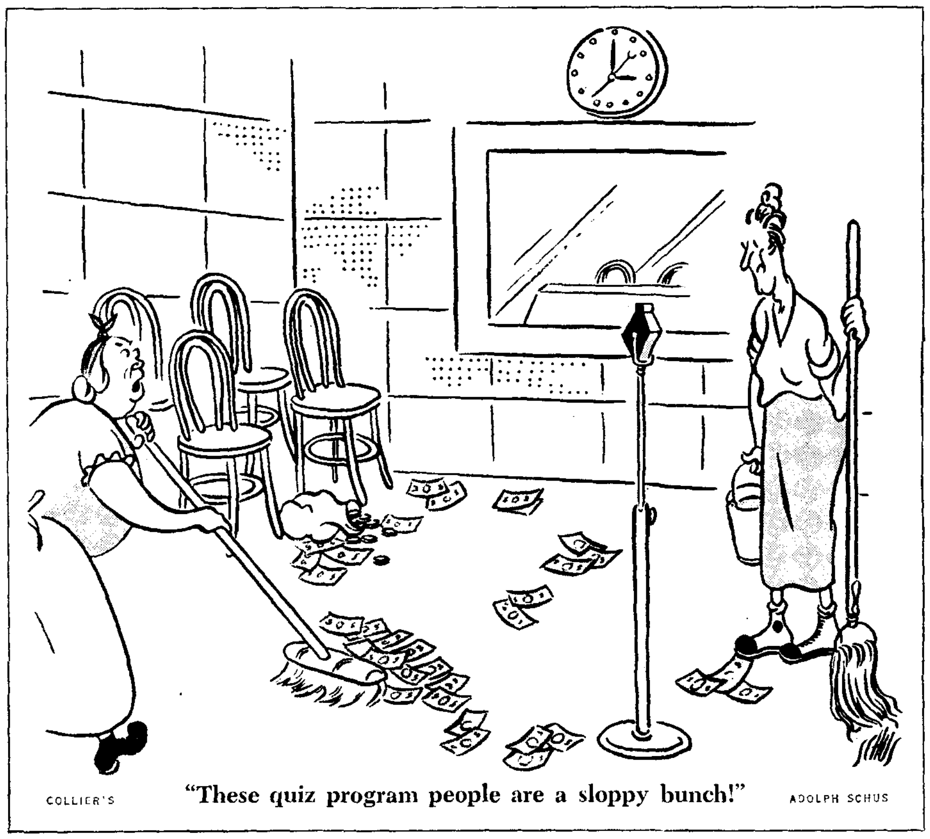
Helen said, "I'm never tired," and looked at him, with brief anger. But her sparkle came back, the dimples tucked into the corners of her mouth were on parade.

She was, however, so tired that her knees were paper and her bones putty. She thought wearily of the long hours ahead—people, food, drink, chatter, noise, confusion—and longed for the wide bed in which she slept alone, for hot milk, a sleeping pill, the shades drawn and the spring night drifting through the room. But she never admitted fatigue, which was one way to combat it.

She knew, as she took excellent care of herself, that a night's sleep and forgetfulness would restore her fully. She did not expend herself in trivialities as other women did. She hoarded her amazing strength for amazing achievements. She conserved herself, and gave little. She took much. Therefore, this boy was *important to her*. She could take from his youth, his adoration, his basic vitality. She could draw upon it as one draws upon a limitless bank account.

If you give nothing and if you take freely, you remain young. If you surround yourself with youth, it is as a flame, and you do not grow chilly, shivering in anticipation of winter.

Dudley and Carol returned with Agatha and other people came in—an attaché of the British Embassy, up from Washington, a columnist, a radio executive. The room filled



COLLIER'S "These quiz program people are a sloppy bunch!" ADOLPH SCHUS

DOCTOR of MOTORS

There's something you can't forget about a man like this

He *might* have said "Scram!" He *might* have said "Beat it—I'm busy!"

But he *didn't!* Not the Doctor of Motors. In spite of a work-jammed shop, he took time out to help a little pal whose "car" had "broke down." And he did it with a smile.

For the Doctor of Motors—your automobile mechanic—is the kind of man who remembers how big a little fellow's troubles can be—*to a little fellow.*

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THAT'S HOW men feel about Master Fitters! Once you've worn them you'll just grin at a man who tries to sell you anything else! Here's a shoe that's really tops—for style, for easy comfort, for excellent leathers. Master shoemaking keeps them looking their best much longer. For a better fit in this better shoe, see our dealer. Write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin, if you don't already know his name.

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gradually, and when Agatha had wiggled her eyebrows twice at her niece, Helen said, "We won't wait for Jenny . . . it's a late curtain and she has a million curtain calls to take. She'll understand if we go on down."

They trooped downstairs and helped themselves at the buffet and bar, and carried plates and glasses to the tables. It was informal and lively, the food was excellent, and as varied as ingenuity could accomplish, and rationing permit.

Helen managed deftly. She put Miles Duncan at the table with Dudley and Carol and the columnist. She said, "Nursery table," and smiled at Miles, to take the sting from that. She knew better than to surfeit any man. Feed his hunger lightly and he remains semistarved.

Miles looked at his plate. There was too much on it. He grinned at the columnist, whose name was Merkin, and remarked that it wasn't much like field rations.

They talked of war, or rather Merkin talked, and Miles listened. He would rather not, but he was courteous. No one in this room, he thought, knew anything about war except Helen Hillary. He found himself saying so in a rather loud voice.

"And my father," said Carol. She watched him, the effort it was for him to eat. She saw that he drank rather too much, yet it did not seem to affect him. She was tabulating him, his too-thinness, his nervousness, apparent in the fact that he talked a lot, and then not at all, that he spoke too slowly or in bursts of speed, the words tripping at one another's heels.

Miles said, "Your father?"

Carol said, "Of course. He was instructing in English at a Middle Western university during the last war. He married my mother—"

"Who was," interrupted Merkin, in bored recitative, "the child prodigy of her time, and a junior in his class . . ."

"Yes, I know," said Miles, "she told me."

Merkin raised an eyebrow and grinned at Dudley, whose face, as behooved one soon to be a member of the family, remained impassive.

Carol said, a spark of anger in her eyes, "And then he went to war. He flew with the Lafayette Escadrille, and later with our own small forces . . ."

"Came home," supplemented the columnist and yawned widely, "went back to teaching, wrote a book which shocked the faculty into a coma, and then after you were born, Carol, tore off to the well-known capitals of Europe, to report currents and undercurrents." He dropped an eyelid at Dudley. He said, "You can read it in Who's Who."

Helen came up and put her hand on Miles' shoulder. She said amiably, "Don't believe a word that Jerry Merkin says. He lies by the book, and it is his livelihood."

"He wasn't," said Miles shortly, "telling me anything I didn't know—as yet."

FRANK WHITNEY wandered by. He said, "Jerry, you are always looking for respectable items—although you rarely use them. How about this one? Major Duncan is going to write me a book. At least he's going to talk me one, and Helen will write it."

"Well," said Merkin, his eyebrows climbing, "that's news."

Miles said uncomfortably, "Look here, I didn't promise—"

Helen had kept her hand on his shoulder. Its light pressure increased. She said, "If you don't want to, you needn't."

"Nonsense," said Dudley, "it will sell a million copies. It may even outsell Without Mercy."

Without Mercy was Adam Hillary's last book. It had hit the jackpot. It had had a remarkable press, critical prestige and man-in-the-street popularity.

Miles said, with an effort, "But you can't talk about things . . ."

"You should," Dudley advised, "it gets them out of your system."

Helen took her hand away. Miles missed it. He felt alone. He looked alone, and Helen said, gravely, maternally: "You shan't force him, Frank, nor any of you."

Carol thought: But she's forcing him.

Miles grinned suddenly. His face altered, was young and gay, the face of a boy who had never heard machine guns and flak, who had never seen the Zeros at six o'clock . . .

Carol thought: But he's just a kid.

He said, "Of course, I'll do the book, Mr. Whitney . . . only I'm not much good at talking."

"Helen," said Whitney, "will take care of that. She could extract water from the desert, revelations from the Sphinx, and extra gasoline from the OPA."

Helen smiled faintly. She looked at Miles' plate. She said, "You aren't eating."

Immediately, he was ravenous. She drifted away, and Miles attacked the cold turkey, the ham, the Newburg. If he consented to do the book, he would be with her . . . for hours and hours, for days and days. What a dope he had been not to realize that!

WHEN Jenny Davis came in, Ole brought her downstairs although it was hardly necessary. She knew her way around this house and her place in it. Adam rose, and Helen. They advanced upon her, they kissed her, one upon one cheek, one upon the other. It was a pretty picture.

Jenny was small and dark and lovely. Her frock was white, her mouth deep rose. Her eyelids glistened, her creamed and powdered skin was delicate and fine. She was thirty-five, or perhaps thirty-eight. She didn't look it. She had taken the fortress ten years ago and held it against all comers.

Hollywood fished for her, with a golden line and a golden lure but she would not rise to it. She was comfortable as she was. She would photograph well, she was slim enough, and there were tricks with soft focus and gauze. But she liked her flesh-and-blood audiences and the aura which rose from them, the feeling that she could hold them—all of them—in the palm of her hand.

The musical in which she was starring had run since January and would go on running. It was a handsome production, the story lyrics and music fashioned for her, as personally as Mimi designed her clothes. Jenny could sing a little and dance a little. More, she could read lines; she could even act. But even if she couldn't, it wouldn't have mattered. She loved the people out front, and they loved her in return.

Jerry Merkin embraced her with fervor. She was, he said loudly, his dream girl.

Everyone's dream girl.

She hadn't, she'd often said, a teaspoon of brains. Well, that didn't matter either. She had all she would ever need. She was sweet, unspoiled and excited. She was also very unhappy.

Helen brought her to Carol's table, and Miles and Dudley rose. Jenny flipped her hand at Dudley and smiled at Carol. She cried, "Why don't you ever ring me up?"

Miles, standing grave and tall, was presented.

Jenny took his hand. She said, "It is an honor, Major," and her eyes filled with tears. They were quite genuine, and Miles was embarrassed, but Jenny was not.

Dudley said, "Congratulate me, Jenny."

"On what?" asked Jenny, and, in answer, he raised Carol's hand and held it. The diamond caught the light.

Jenny's eyes spilled over. She put her arms around the younger woman. She said, "If he doesn't make you happy I'll—I'll haunt him."

"It's an interesting but difficult proposition," said Dudley thoughtfully.

Adam materialized and said, "Jenny, here's your plate." He pulled a chair up to the table and ordered, "Woman, sit down." He looked at the plate with pleasure. He said, "She eats like a horse," affectionately.

How long has the affair gone on? thought Merkin. Good Lord, it was before my time on the Globe! Why don't they do something about it?

Jenny rose, presently, her glass in her hand. She said, "I want to give a party for Carol and Dudley. Sunday . . . at my place. Eight-thirty till breakfast. Everyone's asked." She turned and smiled down at Miles Duncan. "Especially you," she said, "please."

She thought: I wonder how Adam likes the engagement. Well, she would know soon. He told her everything. He came to her for those qualities which he found nowhere else—for the qualities of warmth and listening and consolation. These she had given him ever since they had first known each other, when she was understudying a great English star, shortly after he and Helen had agreed to go on living under the same, expensive roof.

Carol was the stumbling block. Carol. She should hate Carol but she loved her. It wasn't Carol's fault.

Carol's engagement to Dudley Lennox was duly announced. The office furor died, the social exclamations. The photographers and caterers, the furriers and lingerie shops, the jewelers and decorators sent their little pleas, telephoned, made the customary gestures. The date was fixed for October first, and life resumed its more or less normal aspect.

What was normal to the Hillarys would be abnormal to almost any other household. Helen went off to lecture, returned to broadcast and to outline her own book. Miles went to the White House and was decorated. He went to Portland and walked the familiar streets, and shook familiar hands and looked into familiar eyes, yet felt as if he had never before been in this city. Because he hadn't been, not really, not as he now was. He spoke haltingly at men's luncheon clubs. He sold War Bonds. Then he came back to New York, on a train which seemed to crawl—because only in New York could he feel alive and real, when he was with Helen Hillary.

He came to the house and sat with her in her workroom. The secretaries were banished, as a deterrent. Helen had a marvelous shorthand of her own. No one but its creator could read it, not even John R. Gregg.

The workroom was big and sunny. It contained a little electric grill. Helen could make tea or coffee there, without benefit of Marta. Her bedroom was beyond her dressing-room-bath. Adam occupied the same type of suite in the front of the house. Helen overlooked a sizable back yffard, which had tulip beds and a green, green tree.

She could give Miles only an hour this day, two hours that. He sat in a deep chair, slumped against it, and talked, or was silent. She listened and made her fantastic notes. This would be quite a book, she thought with a spark of envy, far better than her own. Her own would be adventure and excitement, great names and dramatic effects. She would be part of its pattern, a bright thread twisting through, holding it together, giving it color, charm and life. But the things Miles told her, painfully, in the sunny morning hours or toward the soft-footed dusk, were terrifying and warning. They were real and naked, they had no charm, they held no adventure.

HE DID not talk only of the book and what must go into it. He said, one warm day, when spring had forgotten her virgin reluctance, "You aren't happy."

"Oh," she said lightly, "what's happiness? I've been very successful. I have friends, and a life which satisfies me."

He said doggedly, "No . . ."

Helen smiled. She said, "My dear boy . . ."

"Don't say that!" he shouted at her. Then he said, "I'm sorry. It's just . . ." He looked at her miserably. "Why wasn't I born," he demanded, "twenty years earlier?"

She said, "That's sweet of you, and I believe you mean it. But if we were of an age, you wouldn't have liked me. When I was the age you now are, Carol was four years old. Her father was in Europe, and I was here in New York with Aunt Agatha and my baby, determined to have a career." She laughed. "I dare say I was an unpleasant little wretch."

Never unpleasant—simply determined. Any means. Any ladder. Forget the means, kick away the ladder.

She added, reproachfully, "I've produced half a dozen attractive girls for you, Miles."

He said restlessly, "I wish my orders would come through."

When they came, she would lose him. She couldn't afford to lose him, not yet.

She said, "I don't believe you like girls!"

"Don't let a psychiatrist hear you," he warned her, "or I'll be 4-F, suddenly. Sure, I like 'em . . . but you've spoiled me."

She picked up a paper knife from the desk and bent it in her strong small fingers. She said, "Now, if it hadn't been for Dudley, you and Carol—"

He said, "Carol?" in alarm.

"You don't like her, do you?" asked Helen softly. "I watched you dancing together at Jenny's party. You looked very grim."

He said, "I'm a little afraid of her. She laughs at me, underneath."

Helen said, "She isn't impressed . . . is that what you mean? But you don't demand that people be impressed, do you? Although it's pleasant when they are."

He nodded. He said, "I suppose you're right. Asinine, isn't it? Hero stuff. When I think of the other guys—" He added, "No, that isn't it. I feel something else . . . that she doesn't trust me, perhaps, or she doesn't like me any better than I—" He broke off and said in astonishment, "That's a damnable thing to say."

She said, "I can detach myself from the fact of my maternity. Carol isn't easy to know, or to understand. She's like her father, in some ways. But, mostly, very like herself. Dudley, however, understands her."

"I think," said Miles, "that she's making a mistake there. Not that it matters to me. But it would," he said, "to you."

"Very much," Helen agreed gravely. "Yet you're wrong. He's right for her, Miles."

"Good," said Miles heartily. "Then I needn't worry." He hesitated. He suggested, "Maybe she resents—us?"

"Us?" repeated Helen coolly.

"Well," he explained, "she must know how I feel about you. Everyone must. Coming here," he added, "I like less and less. Mr. Hillary is most kind," he said bitterly.

"Adam likes fliers," said Adam's wife. "He fancies that he understands them."

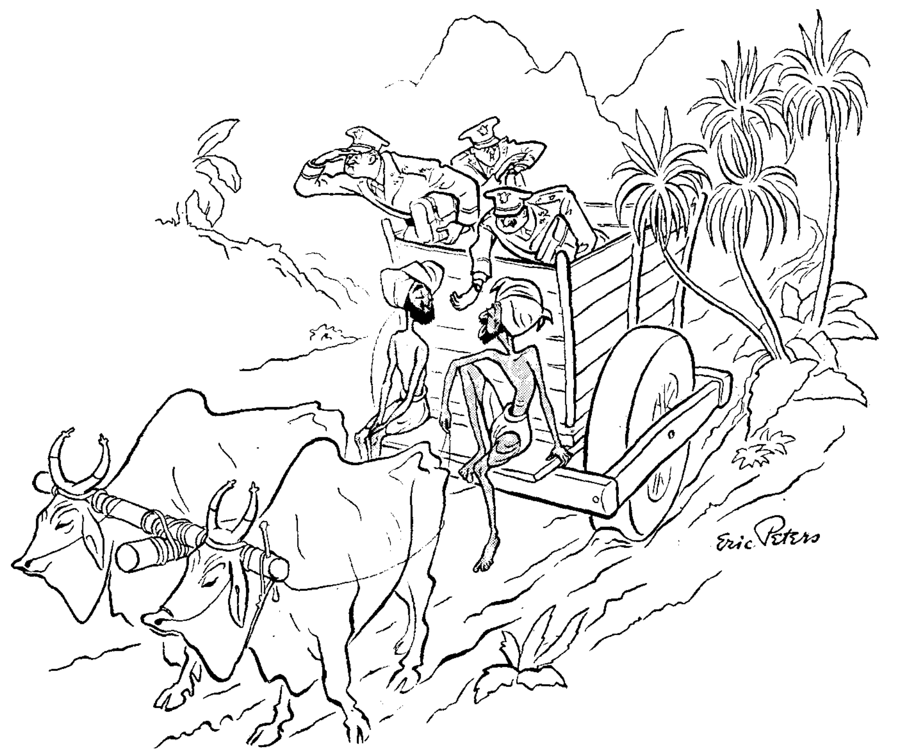
"Maybe he does," said Miles, "but that doesn't help me. I don't like this," he said angrily. "I don't like it at all."

She said, after a moment, "I see. You couldn't, of course, feel otherwise." She added, "It's absurd to tell you this. But I'm lonely. Sometimes I find myself believing that if I had had a son—a son like you . . ."

He said roughly, "Don't say it."

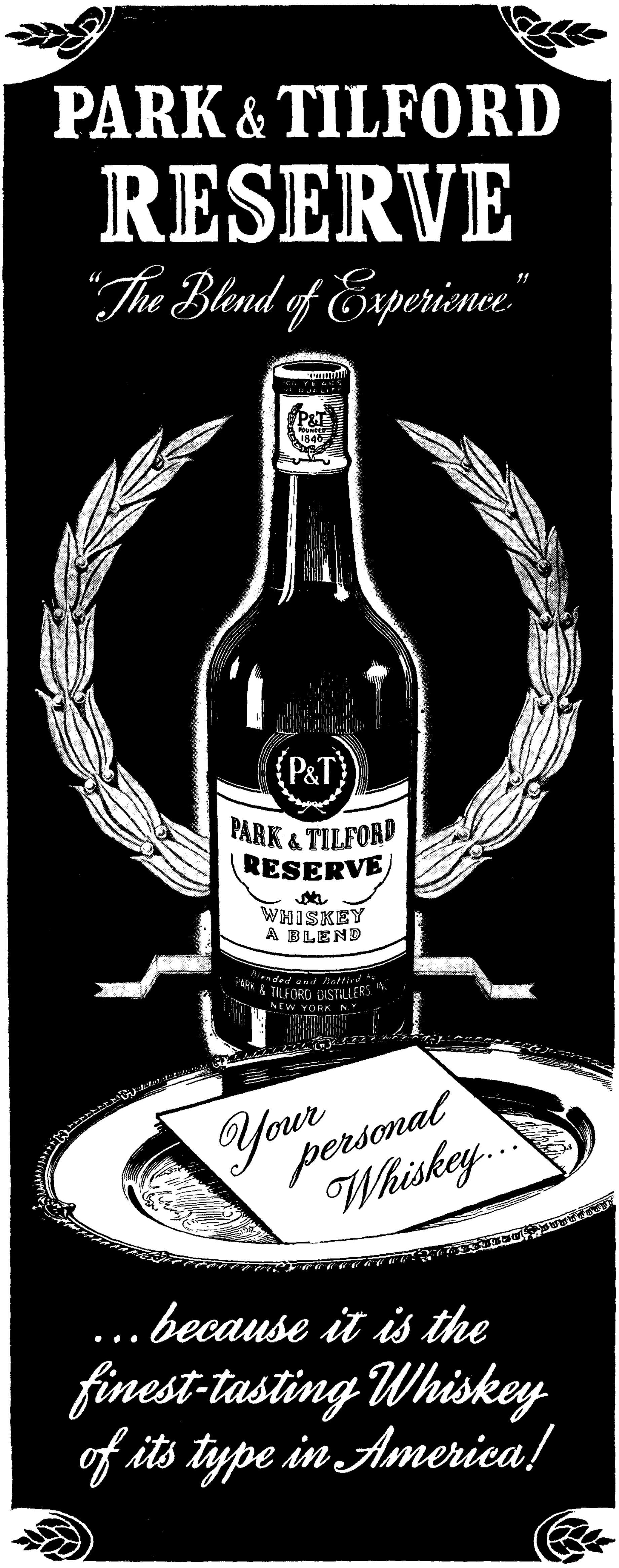
Helen smiled, a very little.

(To be continued next week)



"It's always hurry, hurry, hurry—I suppose in America the oxen run like deer"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS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✓ IRRITATED GUMS
✓ INFLAMED GUMS

May Creep Up On 4 OUT OF 5 Without Warning!

Take action *at once* if your gums bleed a little when you brush your teeth or are sensitive to touch.

These may be the first warning signs of Gingivitis—a common gum inflammation—which if ignored—often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, receding gums and loosening teeth, which only your dentist can help.

Make it a point to see your Dentist every 3 months. Then at home massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—one of the very best ways to help guard against Gingivitis.

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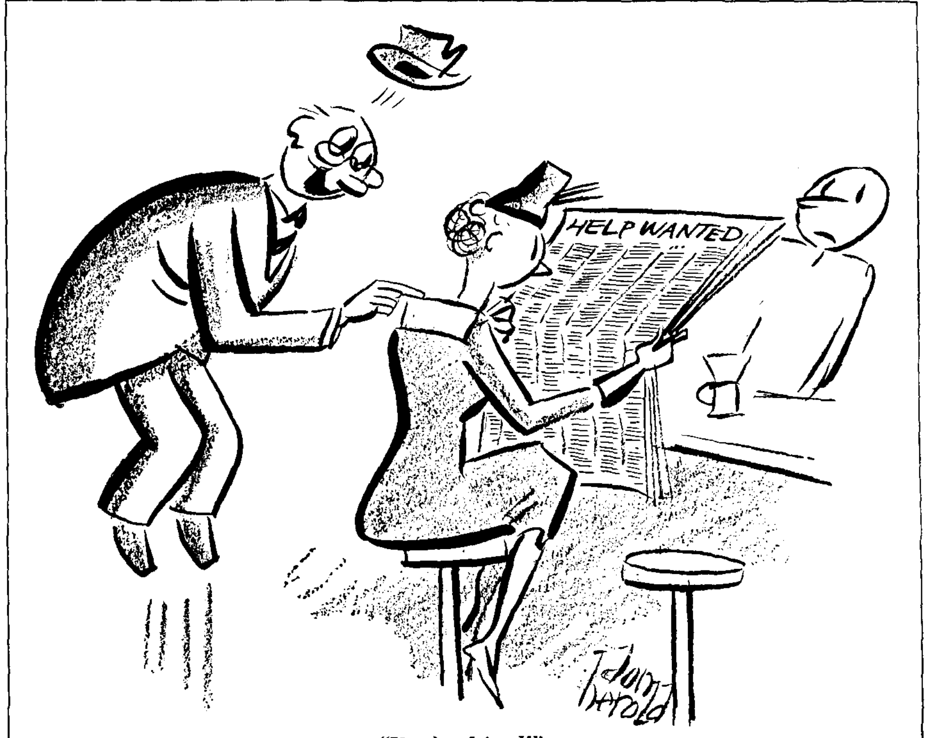


COLLIER'S "You're hired!" DON HEROLD

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

Consciousness returned with blurred thoughts, great weariness and a gasping for breath. There was light, but he could see nothing; a thin film of ice covered his eyeballs, breaking and dissolving as he winked painfully. Looking up, he saw the risers unwound and the canopy fully opened. His body, no longer spinning, swung gently.

He looked down. His altitude was about 8,000 feet. One leg of his pants was torn off completely. There was frozen blood on his bare thigh. Though the temperature of the air had risen from 35° below to 20° above, he felt colder than he had ever felt. There was pain in his injured leg and in his head, forced against his shoulder by the twisted harness. This last, though he didn't realize it, was a break; it kept his ears from freezing.

He took his hands from under his arms and tried to ease the harness. He was still too weak. Taking great lungfuls of air, he floated down to 5,000 feet. There he found enough strength to free his head and shift his weight to his uninjured leg. Then he relaxed, saving exertion; he might come down among trees or against a building.

There was scarcely any sound in his ears. He had no sensation of falling; not until he reached 500 feet did the ground seem to rise swiftly to meet him. He saw that he would land in an open field. He took the fall limp, the parachute collapsing beside him in the almost still air. He straightened his body and lay on his back, still very weak. The pain in his leg was worse. And now, with the ground temperature at 90 degrees, he felt very hot outside, though still frigid within.

In a few moments he heard running footsteps. A farmer appeared, to stare down at him; then a small boy, who unfastened the harness from his injured leg, folded the parachute under his head and streaked away to report the crash to Wright Field and call an ambulance from Greenville, seven miles away.

Despite that distance from the nearest town, a crowd of two hundred and fifty soon collected about him. Some said they saw him bail out, though at 32,000 feet both he and his plane were almost invisible from the ground. Others reported that the burning plane shed its wings and crashed near by. Ritchie, refusing to be moved until the ambulance arrived, lay still, listening to them.

The truth was that the rear section of the plane burned off, and the rest came straight down, as he expected. Going into a patch of woods ten miles away, it cut a silhouette of its wings and fuselage through the tall trees. This interference turned it on its back. It lay there, still smoking, almost as flat as a pancake. The cockpit which Ritchie left in such careful haste collapsed to about the size of a suitcase. The tail surfaces were found roosting in a tree a mile from the wrecked fuselage and wings.

Ritchie, still rather groggy, was placed on a stretcher, stowed in the ambulance and rushed to the first of several military hospitals. His leg, much to his surprise, was not broken. But his back was—even more to his surprise, for it had given him no pain. Later it gave him plenty, keeping him in hospitals for several months, while Air Corps doctors examined and treated it in many ways.

When a man comes that close to death, there should be a pay-off. There were several in Ritchie's case. The first, unintentional and unexpected, was in the field of aero-medical knowledge. Lieutenant Colonel William R. Lovelace, chief of the Wright Field Aero-Medical Laboratory, who probably made the world's record parachute jump when he stepped out of a Flying Fortress at 40,200 feet in June, 1943, considers Ritchie's experience of great importance.

"It was a perfect experiment," he said, "made under extremely dangerous conditions in actual practice. Ritchie bailed out at the highest speed of which we have authentic record. Already weakened by altitude, he expended great energy, and then immediately lost his oxygen supply. These facts raised very serious doubt that he could survive, in either parachute descent or free fall.

"We could ask no one to make such an experiment deliberately. And while we could closely approach the conditions of Ritchie's bail-out in our experimental low-pressure chamber, we could not be quite sure that the subject of the experiment would survive. Ritchie lived to tell about it. We learned much about the limits of altitude, speed, temperature, oxygen deficiency and energy expenditure within which a flier can bail out and survive."

On December 28th last, Ritchie received the Distinguished Flying Cross. The citation awarded the medal to "Captain Perry J. Ritchie, Air Corps, United States Army, for extraordinary achievement and outstanding heroism in conducting dive recovery tests of the P-47 airplane (the Thunderbolt) at Wright Field from 12 June to 1 July 1943. With full realization of the unusually hazardous nature of the flights undertaken, Captain Ritchie volunteered to perform tests which included terminal velocity dives from the flight ceiling of the airplane. His complete disregard for personal danger reflects highest credit on himself and the Army Air Forces."

He is not too serious about his decoration, claiming that his performance left something to be desired. He says, "I took the plane off, but I never landed it. Is that test flying?" . . .

PHILIP MCKEE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: As this Wing Talk was being prepared for publication, word came that Major Ritchie was killed in a plane crash near Los Angeles on April 24th.)

Straight Answer

Continued from page 14

meeting the look, "that that makes it any easier?"

For a moment Vicky did not answer. She looked away from what she saw in Pen's eyes. Then she said stubbornly, "I'm not asking for anything easy. I'll take it the way it's got to be. Ethan wants it and I want him to have it. We know we can't have a prewar marriage—"

"You can have a postwar marriage," Pen said. "You can have a honeymoon without dodging around a corner every time you see an MP who might be looking for the bridegroom to tell him his company's called back to camp. You can have an apartment with things in it that you've bought together. And polish your silver knowing for sure that when the five o'clock whistle blows he'll be starting home to supper." Pen threw the last white sock on the pile. She had picked out all the light blue and light green and yellow ones and dropped them into the water before Vicky spoke.

"But, Pen. You talk as if silver—and *things*—added up to marriage—"

"Well, they do." Pen stopped, her arms deep in the water, looking up at Vicky. "A lot more than a chance to ride across to England on an aircraft carrier—"

"That's not fair." Vicky stood up straight in the doorway. "You needn't toss me in the same pot with Liz Harkness. If I just had a yen to be in style, I wouldn't worry about what you thought. I would just go ahead and do it."

"Well, you still can," Pen said. "I can't stop you. I can only try."

For a moment Vicky didn't answer. Then she said, hesitantly, "It's too late. Ethan's got this idea."

Pen looked at her. "Ethan, too . . . Don tried to make me see what I was stepping into, but I wouldn't listen." Her voice was bitter: "We females seem to prefer to do our thinking afterward."

VICKY shook her head impatiently. "Ethan didn't have any doubts. Not till I told him things you said. Now he has to talk to you first."

"Me?"

"Yes. He doesn't worry about what my parents think. Or the college. He says their attitude isn't specially relevant. But yours is. And he got to thinking about what you said." Vicky smiled suddenly, her eyes alight. "That's the way Ethan is. And no one could get him to do anything he wasn't sure was square."

"So . . ." Pen rested her knuckles on her slim sweatered hips and looked at Vicky. "If he takes my word, he won't marry you."

Vicky shrugged, her eyes clouded again. "I can't help it. He has to see you. He wants to come over tonight."

"Shall I be called out of town suddenly?" Pen asked with a half-frowning smile of sudden compassion.

Vicky shook her head.

Pen said slowly, "Too bad we bunked together so long. But I care what happens to you. I'll have to give you the truth." She bent suddenly to her work.

"I know." Vicky's voice was low. "That's what he wants." She sighed. "It's what we both want, I guess." She turned to leave. "I'll go call him."

Just as Vicky was leaving the phone, it rang. She answered and ran back to Pen. "For you." She laughed. "I guess the dean's still harping on those cuts you took after Christmas."

Pen didn't answer. She was running past Vicky down the hall. Vicky pushed up her sleeves and plunged her hands into the soapy water.

Pen did not come back, so she went on with the job, pulling the socks into shape and counting them as she hung them on the line to dry. There were thirty-six—twenty of hers and sixteen of Pen's.

ETHAN came exactly on the dot, as always. Vicky was waiting and led him to the date parlor which they had to themselves because it was early on a week night. His cheeks were flushed and he was smiling but the corners of his wide mouth looked tight with tension.

"Pen didn't come back to dinner." Vicky heard her voice take on the prattling sound of nervousness. "But she often wanders off and eats a solitary hamburger, far from the giggling crowd—" Her voice faded and they stood looking at each other in the softly lighted room, making no move toward physical touch, their hands at their sides, only their eyes clinging.

"Did I keep you waiting?"

They both turned and saw Pen in the door. For a moment Vicky thought she had been having drinks somewhere, her dark eyes were so bright, her hair in a wild dark mass around her shoulders. But no, her face was pale, and she walked steadily across the room to take Ethan's hand.

"Greetings," she said quietly. "Greetings and congratulations to my bunk-in-law-to-be."

Vicky's head moved from side to side a little as if to shake away confusion. "Pen," she said. "What is this?"

Pen turned to her with a smile too brilliant to be her own. "I promised you the truth," she said. "So here it is for a wedding present: I want—" Her voice broke, but almost instantly she added in a louder, firmer tone, "I want you two to go ahead. It's worth—everything—" She stood there, quite still, almost rigid, looking so earnestly from one to the other that they could not doubt her serious purpose.

Vicky drew a sudden deep breath and looked at Ethan. He had turned to her and now he was smiling. His lips no longer seemed stiff, his blue eyes were clear and gay. Their hands lifted toward each other and then stopped as they both remembered Pen. They turned with a single impulsive gesture of gratitude. But she had moved away to the door. "No doubt you two have much to say to each other," she said with a queer little laugh. "So if you'll excuse me—" Her fingers lifted in a quick salute and she was gone.

It was true that they had much to say to each other—everything. But Vicky whispered, "Ethan. Just a moment—" And she ran after Pen.

She reached the corridor in time to see the housemother come swiftly out of her room to meet Pen, her usual expression of formal benevolence twisted now into distress. "Penelope, dear," she said. "I've been so worried since the dean phoned me—" She took Pen's arm. "The telegram—it wasn't—"

Pen nodded, and her body went suddenly boneless, so that the housemother was half carrying her toward her private sitting room. Vicky saw her sink into a chair, her hair falling about her face, as the door closed behind them.

Vicky turned slowly and walked back to the date room.

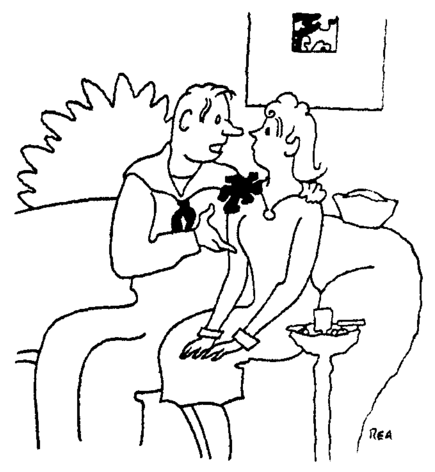
Ethan came to meet her, his face eager. "Was she giving it to us straight?"

Vicky nodded, her eyes steady on his face. "Yes. She was giving it to us straight."

"Then it's okay?" he asked, breathless. "Tomorrow? Vicky?"

Vicky suddenly put her hands up to his shoulders and held herself tight against his body, frantically tight. "Tomorrow," she whispered. "Yes. Tomorrow."

THE END



"But, gosh, Lucille, why wait till June to get married? June's a whole week away!"

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RETURN EMPTY BOTTLES PROMPTLY

The Week's Work

Herbert and Willie

HERBERT ASBURY, whose article *on page 15 tells of the fantastic situa*tions developing throughout the country because of the liquor shortage, is an authority on the underworld. Of the fifteen books he has written about life in America, four—probably the best known—analyzed the part that criminals have played in the histories of New York, San Francisco, Chicago and New Orleans.

Three of these books—The Gangs of New York, The Barbary Coast and The French Quarter—were bought by the movies, and are required reading, along with others of his works, in sociology classes at many universities.

Asbury, now an associate editor at Collier's, was an experienced newspaperman before he took to book writing. He was still in knee britches—literally—when he became society editor, political editor, railroad editor, sports editor and printer on his home-town paper in Farmington, Missouri. He says he remembers all his titles perfectly because he still has the assortment of cards he printed for himself to impress people he had to interview.

When he set out to seek his fortune in larger fields, he landed first at Quincy, Illinois, with $6 in his pocket. He chanced to get his job on the Quincy Journal on the day of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, and in *his elation he bet $5 of his $6 on Jeffries.* He stalled off his landlady and managed to eat on the remaining $1 until payday brought him his salary—$7.

More newspaper work took him to Peoria, Atlanta, and finally New York.

"I arrived in New York January 1, 1915," he relates, "and on January 2d I got drunk with Walter Davenport (now Collier's political editor) in the old Press Club." That made him a real newspaperman, and such he remained, with the Sun, the Tribune and the Herald Tribune, until 1928—with time out for the war, wherein he served as a lieutenant and was wounded and gassed in action at the Baccarat and Vesle River fronts.

When he isn't working for Collier's or doing research for another book, Mr. Asbury and his wife, the former Helen Hahn, live in a secluded spot at Canada Lake, New York, where of necessity they store up enough vegetables, eggs and frozen meat to last three months. That's for the time when ice prohibits passage across the lake to the nearest village, and when snowshoes are the regulation Asbury footwear.

His little gray cat, Willie, weathers the winter with him, perching on his shoulder while he writes and following him around wherever he goes, like a dog.

No matter how many books he writes, people most often refer to Asbury as the man who wrote Hatrack, the article that appeared in the American Mercury in 1926 and caused a furor among shocked Bostonians. "It wouldn't shock anybody now," says Asbury, "which inclines me to think that the freedom of the press may be a live and growing thing, after all."

Owen and Piggie

THE strawberry waffles Owen Cameron mentions in his story, Runaway Home, p. 29 sounded *so desirable we wrote* and asked him if he could send us a recipe.

"Certainly," he replies. "I am a first-rate plain and fancy cook and still relish my own cooking. Take some eggs, flour, milk, a bit of shortening and sugar and salt, and fool around with it and you have wonderful waffles. This is a man's recipe. Women think cooking is a ritual; it is an adventure. If the first waffle isn't right, add another egg or more leavening, sampling as you do, until you have perfect waffles. Now strawberries. But you've got to have good strawberries. This is not a matter of strawberries grown in winter or summer. All lowland strawberries are big, beautiful and insipid. You need the small, dark, sweet mountain-grown berries. The old-fashioned everbearing strawberry that grows on the mountain is never larger than your thumbnail and packed with flavor. On the waffles you ladle these tiny berries that have been steeped in sugar overnight, with the addition of a generous gob of whipped cream from the last milking. Jersey or Guernsey milk, of course."

Cameron's Shasta County, California, ranch is happily situated in the midst of good things like fresh milk and strawberries.

"This is a fine, out-of-the-way country," he tells us, "settled in 1869, with no mining, no scenery; the people and the country are mixed oddly and inseparably, so that Dan Hunt is a man and a meadow; McMullen is an old dissolute wretch and a high mountain; my next nearest neighbor was 'the first white child born outside the fort' and is also a clear, cold spring. In this country I live and work and hide from the neighbors the shameful secret that I read too many books and that I write. . . .

"Once I was with Bill McMullen and old man Stocker. Bill knew my secret and, in fact, had a proprietary interest in it, because we felled timber together for a while one year (he is 65). He said proudly to old man Stocker, 'Cameron is a writer. Did you know that?' Old Stocker, from his face, not only hadn't known it, but didn't believe it. 'He don't talk like one,' he said. He looked me over dubiously and added, 'He don't even look like one. Ain't bowlegged enough.' "

In reply to our question about his career, Cameron says: "You mean writing? I'd rather not talk about it. I won't mind talking about my humble beginnings and the hard row I hoed when I'm looking back from a safe distance. Right now they are close enough to make me self-conscious. For the rest of it, I have been farmer, banker, bum, fruit tramp, lumberjack, truck driver, cab driver, bum grocery clerk, lineman, prospector, bum trapper, construction worker, baker, bum and so on. I liked being a bum best, and always came back to that, but in the 30's I decided there was no future in it. Since 1936 I have lived on my own high-mountain ranch, working as a lumberjack or logger in the summer, and I know of no better life. I live the way I please, and that's terrible. I like to drop cigarette butts, books, beer bottles, clothes, dirty dishes, manuscripts and everything else on the floor, where it is handy. I also like to walk around in my socks.

"In a week or two I'll be back falling timber—no writing then. A timber faller has his choice of two sorts of relaxation. He can go to bed or he can get drunk. But I hope that before the year is over I can earn another exciting okay from Collier's."

You can, Mr. Cameron, just send us another story like Runaway Home. . . . A. P.

Like New

Continued from page 24

In this way, you can thicken a dress woolen enough to make material for a child's coat.

"Press the material while it is still damp, then lay your new pattern pieces over it. Don't worry if you have to do some piecing. There's no law against a few extra seams, or a yoke to your skirt and jacket. Press at every step as you go along. Go to a tailor to finish you off with professional buttonholes."

Margot Kops has been quietly working along for years for big manufacturers, pulling down a neat five-figure salary turning out gay young clothes that sell by the thousands everywhere. She also has a small son who makes her aware of the problem of keeping children in any clothes at all. Nine of the 28 costumes at the AWVS show will be children's, a natural for using the good cloth in our own passé garments. But Margot has ideas for enlarging their own clothes to grow with the kids.

"You can set in colored strips down the sides of a little boy's trousers," she says, "and do the same to let out jackets and sleeves. Grosgrain ribbon is easy for this.

"A girl's dress can be lengthened with a new yoke and a band around the bottom, of contrasting material. New midriff sections are also good extenders. You can get patterns for just midriffs, or just yokes and sleeves. It's a good idea for fixing over any dress. But don't do tricks to clothes of boys over six. They're conformists from then on. If they aren't, they suffer."

You aren't apt to have an old butler's uniform lying around the place, but Papa's tails will do, or maybe the local hock shop has something. Anyway, when a New York society woman, kissing the past goodby, presented her butler's and chauffeur's uniforms to the cause, Philip Mangone grabbed the butler's. Such good goods, such beautiful broadcloth, and the best is none too good for a Mangone suit, the envy of the Avenue.

Ensemble Out of Livery

Mr. Mangone cut the coat off into the popular bolero you see here, and then just to show you how versatile a bolero can be, he combined it with a checked skirt and vest. Its own matching skirt is, however, easily made from the trousers. Done every day, and you can get a pattern to help you.

Clare Potter, favorite of the window-display boys from New York to San Francisco, is also a stickler for fine fabric. She snatched the other uniform, revised the trousers to feminine specifications, and used the material of the coat to make a jerkin—no sleeves to bother with. The resulting elegant slacks suit is what people who talk fashion lingo call "a typical Clarepotter," meaning a costume of simple style and rare distinction.

Part of this subtle effect is achieved with color. The chauffeur, happily, had been decked in a luscious plum color. With his revamped costume, Mrs. Potter put a blouse of blue that set our model to sighing. An idea to remember for perking up your wardrobe.

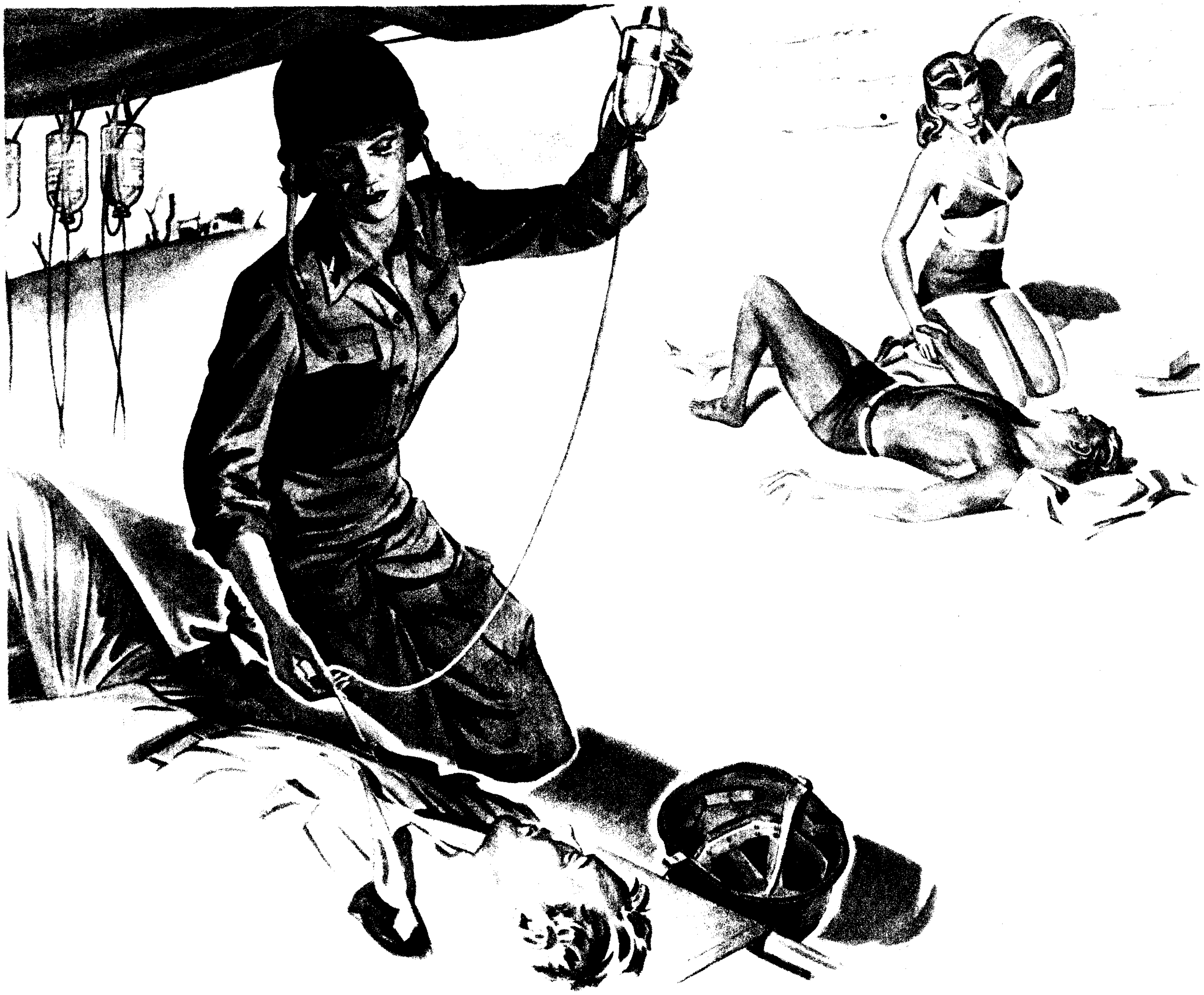
But they don't have to be uniforms for you to work wonders with male garments, suggest the ladies brightly, parading a gentleman's ex-suit, now a snappy feminine tailored job. It's also simple to turn a man's shirt into a blouse. No trouble at all.

Old evening gowns, with their yardage, are wonderful meat for make-overs. Example: Claire McCardell's new short dinner dress here. Winner of the American fashion award this year, Miss McCardell is a fiend for leaving off what you don't need. Backless, sleeveless, strapless, short and sweet is the idea, all grist for your make-over mill.

Suits of suède and tweed combined, dresses of print and plain, knitted yokes and sleeves —there is no end to the possibilities for turning forlorn leftovers into bright new fashion.

The AWVS workshop ladies turn old felt hats into slippers, worn fur coats into linings for seamen's vests, old linen window shades, washed soft, into bandages—and what do you need doing? Hang onto your hat, watch your coat, and come on in. It's a permanent postwar, as well as present, setup they're planning. They are sending their show on tour to launch the opening of a hundred more workrooms, and you and your make-over problems are welcome in any of them. Advice free.

THE END



Return Ticket TO THE LAND THEY LOVE

Here's to that loveliest of American girls, who toils in the backwash of battle, handing out return tickets to the men who are doing our fighting all over the world—*return tickets to life and happiness!* Her uniform may be mud-draggled, her face smudged and lined with fatigue, but no glamour girl ever looked so heavenly to the pain-shocked men served by this loyal army nurse.

Return ticket to the land they love! This is their dream, sleeping or waking, in camps or foxholes or hospitals—a dream that millions of Americans at home can help come true, by buying extra War Bonds, by giving fully of their time in essential war-work and of their blood for life-saving plasma.

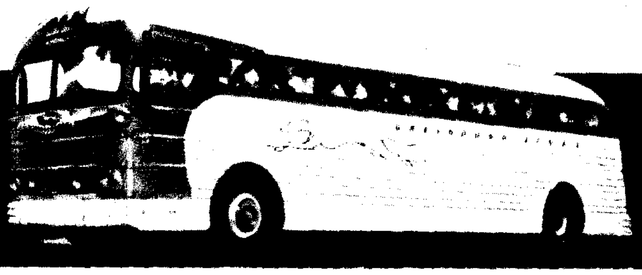
Greyhound has its share in this all-out, all-American job of getting our fighters home, with Victory won. That task consists in carrying a vast army of Americans to places and jobs they must reach if our men are to be well armed, well fed, supported to the utmost of our strength. In doing this job Greyhound and other intercity bus lines last year carried more passengers between cities, towns, factory and farm communities than all other public transportation in the U. S. A., in spite of critical shortages in bus equipment, materials and manpower.

One day, not too distant, Greyhound's special pride will be in returning our fighting men and women from debarkation ports to the very doorsteps of their homes and, later, in giving them a first-hand introduction to the magnificent land for which they have fought. *Let's all work to speed that day.*

Give a fighter a Return Ticket to Life—and the Land He Loves

—by regularly giving blood to the American Red Cross. Get in touch with the nearest Blood Donor Center, today.

GREYHOUND



We're just little people

We're not brass hats.
We're not big shots.
We're just plain folks . . . but
We're the folks who made this country!
And we're the folks who will save it!

Save it from *two* things it's *got* to be saved from now.
The first thing is the Enemy. The second's
something that doesn't look very dangerous, but is.
It's the danger of Prices Getting Out of Hand.

Here we are this year—after we've paid our taxes—with
131 billion bucks in our pockets.
But only 93 billion dollars' worth of goods to buy.
That leaves 38 *extra* billion dollars. And no place to spend it.

Sure, the easy thing to do is to take that 38 billion
and start running around buying things we don't need,
bidding against each other . . . forcing prices up and up!

Then people want higher wages. Then prices go up some more
—and again wages go up. So do prices again.

And then where are we!

But us little guys—us workers, us farmers, us business men
—are not going to take the easy way out.

We're not going to buy a single, solitary thing that we can
get along without.

We're not going to ask higher wages for our work,
or higher prices for the things we sell.

We'll pay our taxes willingly, without griping . . .
no matter *how much* in taxes our country needs.

We'll pay off all our debts now, and make no new ones.

We'll *never* pay a cent above ceiling prices.
And we'll buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps.

We'll build up a savings account,
and take out adequate life insurance.

We'll buy War Bonds until it pinches the daylights
out of our pocketbooks.

Heaven knows, these sacrifices are chicken feed,
compared to the ones our sons are making.

Use it up . . . Wear it out.
Make it do . . . Or do without.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America.

The Army Changes Men

Continued from page 23

Important studies have been made of the emotional, intellectual and spiritual transition through which G.I. Joe passes from his induction to his discharge. He went in without any enthusiasm. He may even have tried to talk his draft board into a deferment. He griped when he got in and he's been griping ever since. But no matter how reluctantly he took his oath, he had a certain amount of faith in the purposefulness of the job—if only to justify the years he will be devoting to it.

When the first awe gives way to a hard-boiled contemptuousness, when officers are brought down to size, and more frequently below accurate size, gold-bricking becomes the practice. Dodging responsibility, and doing it cleverly, appears almost synonymous with being "on the ball." Of course, there are exceptions in the attitudes of every soldier, especially where the responsibility has an immediately visible relationship to life and death, to the fight itself.

As for you, the civilian, face the fact that as the war progresses, the boys in uniform will like you less and less. Their envy and resentment—and sometimes even contempt—for you will carry well beyond the armistice. How commensurate is your sacrifice? Why don't you live the same kind of existence?

But the more profound influences on the future are the less frequently identified differences between the soldier and his civilian counterpart. Suffering discomfort, the soldier resents the fact that life at home has continued in large part to be what it has always been.

He knows it well, or he wouldn't long so bitterly to return to it. The distinctions between his authoritarian military life and democratic home-town existence arouse an understandable jealousy and pain.

A new clannishness is in the making, and it will last a long time. It begins with a growing suspicion of those who fought with words or War Bonds or even lathes. When it's all over, the veteran's attitude will be: The war was won by the soldier. It was not won by the people, but in spite of them. Living with them, re-entering their community, will involve irritations.

During the war a growing distaste for organized labor will have developed in substantial segments of the military. Part of that growing antipathy is explained by the slanted coverage given to the strikes that did occur. Part is explained by the inability to tolerate any work stoppage at a time when life and death were at stake. Part is explained by the disparity between the apparent scales of pay—fifty bucks a month as against fifty, sixty, one hundred a week.

Why Strikers Are Hated Most

Some people will find it hard to understand why strong animosity should be directed at the striker and very little directed at the war profiteer. When you have excited the sense of deprivation in a man, you have touched off a wild and bitter emotion. To the serviceman, labor has been the depriving force. A strike is the direct stoppage of guns or food or something he needs. Furthermore, it's his old job and his old wages that are being enjoyed by the civilian. The profiteer, on the other hand, is taking nothing from him. "He's just smart, that's all."

The serviceman's concern will be with those he directly connects with his deprivation. Every little story that tends to show how other groups are taking what should be his will be accepted hungrily. The resentment that flows from circumstantial injustice will grow. On his home-coming, disillusion, tension, restlessness and anxiety will measure the width of the gap between what he hopes to find out and the realities. True, he longs to return, but he already feels, without realizing it, a dislike for and a suspicion of what he wants. He isn't aware of the changes that have already taken their toll of his original personality.

Home will not be what he thought it was. He will not be what he thought he was. The crust of dissatisfactions that formed while he was in uniform will not peel off when he puts on his Sunday best. Then comes the anomaly—disillusion where, so far as he knew, there was no preceding illusion.

The moralities of peace will lose their vigor. The ex-serviceman will not return to them quickly. Even within his own immediate outfit he will have learned to re-evaluate the men around him. He judges them by what they can do, and the standards in a military environment frequently violate the normal civilian codes. Whether it's the night before "with that babe," the day before "with that Heinie," or right in front of your nose "with the sergeant," the new tests by which a man's a man leave ineradicable soulprints.

Yes, the vices are taken lightly. Moral horror can't come easily after the experience of war. As for ethical distinctions—well, the boys discovered how small the margin is between good and bad, between being polite and playing rough. Of many changes, the men in uniform are not yet aware, but about playing rough they already know plenty.

Physically, the Army and Navy boys are healthier, more alert, more mature than when they received their induction notice. Every evidence indicates that they're better in these respects than the 1917 veterans. Morale, in terms of living together and operating as a fighting unit, is high.

The physical change and improvement is the most noticeable. Mother sees it quickly when Joe's home on furlough. She doesn't see most of the other changes, though. The letters seem to be from the same boy, except that he has a better grip on himself. "Joe's more a man" is a phrase that echoes from home across the country. And he is. He certainly can take better care of himself. He's less uncertain. Particularly when he's back on leave. He feels his strength as he observes the softness of the noncombatant environment.

There are those to whom war will have given the ability to assume responsibility. The chap who hadn't quite found himself may lift his head high as a result of his sergeant status. He will have a new pride. For many, battalion life will have sharpened the ability to live co-operatively, to share the work, the problems, the needs, the confidence of the group.

Some will have ripened in a more subtle growth of the spirit. They have learned to see beauty in things that repelled before the war. But, make no mistake about it, where one man captured agony and destruction in terms of great descriptive beauty, others were seared by the light of those "sunflowers gone mad." Ed Murrow said it in a broadcast:

"It isn't a pleasant kind of warfare—the men doing it speak of it as a job. The job isn't pleasant; it's terribly tiring. Men die in the skies while others are roasted alive in their cellars."

The veneer of civilization will be rubbed off some of the boys and rubbed thin on many others. The conflict between the new actions and the old attitudes—conflict that will occur again and again on so many levels of future life—leaves the seed which will sprout tomorrow.

G.I. Joe, more than anyone else, will long for stability and order. He will look desperately for something that will make things what they used to be—more accurately, what they seemed to have been. But even when he finds some things unchanged, he will find they are no longer adequate, because he will have changed. Either way, life can't be the same.

G.I. Joe will believe in the traditional democratic ideals of popular decision in an atmosphere of tolerance. But his emotions are near the surface, and he will feel a strong sense of differentness from the rest of the community. His temper will be aroused without his realizing why—and more easily than it has ever been. Because he wants security so much, he will be more intensely aware of his insecurity.

The Army Had Its Advantages

He'll look back with nostalgia at the seven cents he paid for American cigarettes overseas. He'll recall the protection he received against civil liabilities such as income tax, lawsuits, insurance-premium payments, installments on the mortgage. Now they will be doubly annoying, since they were suspended only until six months after the war, and the indebtedness will have accumulated.

Psychologists say that the veterans of this war will cling to the ideals of individual initiative, endurance, self-reliance and courage. But the specialists add that, tortured by their insecurity, they will at the same time have an exaggerated desire for someone to lean on.

The clash between the need for action and the redoubled seeking of ease will hamper the serviceman's readjustment. War brought him a great deal of deprivation; it also brought him a sense of power. He found himself capable of completely and quickly destroying old institutions. His new sense of power, plus his impatience with existing institutions, plus his longing for what isn't will result in action. And the action will not necessarily be in harmony with the democratic ideals for which he was fighting.

After the war you will find the serviceman frequently calling for more authoritative leadership. At the same time you will find him occasionally intolerant and contemptuous of authority. He wants like all hell to come home. When he finally does come home he'll find that everyone walks too slow.

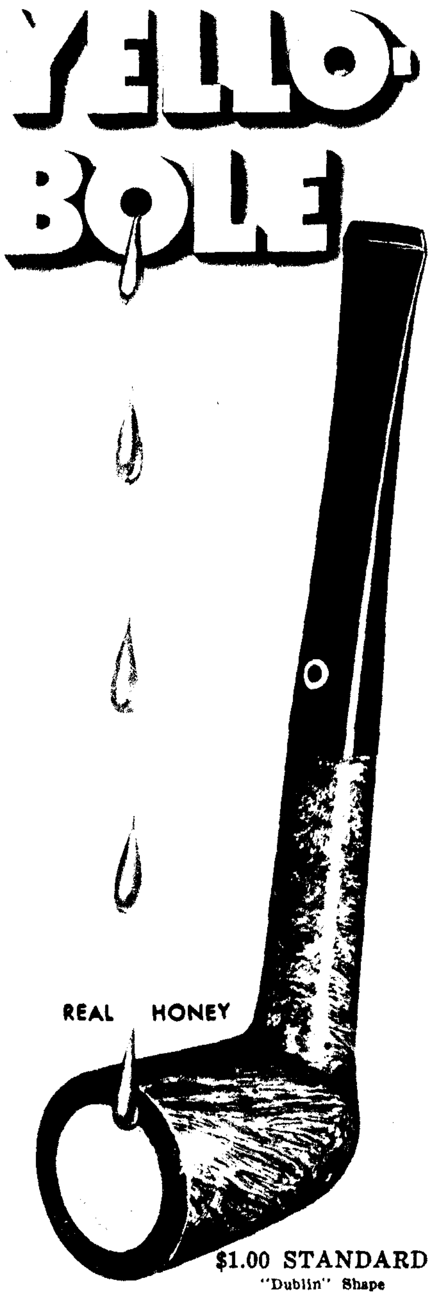
And so we come to demobilization. It's a long business. It will be heartbreaking and an unfair business. There will be rancor and irritation, fed by the fears and complexities involved in almost every phase of unwinding war. Nine million men and women in uniform will be itching to get out. "Homeward ho!" will be the strongest social pressure facing the nation, and the momentum will start with the end of the European war.

If the desire homeward will be the strongest social pressure, the hope jobward will be the next strongest force. No assurance of employment, no enactment of job priorities will adequately reassure the chafing serviceman that it will not again be "first come, first employed." He has already seen the stock market dip with every military advance he made and knows the "armistice jitters" of folks back home. He has already heard the endless misgivings about the ability of the swollen war economy to remain distended under the more polite pressures of peace. Not least of all is his memory of the years since the first "normalcy." The acrid recollection of bread lines and work lines will not have been dispelled by the years of war.

The fact is too often overlooked that half of our uniformed men, at the end of the war with Germany, may be right here in the United States. Besides, every ship needed to bring American boys back to this country is a ship which must make the opposite run in order to bring war and rehabilitation supplies to the same ports. A loaded ship traveling

This article was taken from Leo Cherne's new book, For the Rest of Your Life, to be published by Doubleday, Doran & Company, for which Mr. Cherne has been gathering material for two and one-half years. Much of this work has been done by the analysts, experts and investigators of the Research Institute of America, of which Mr. Cherne is executive secretary. They have been able to collect every major study of the psychological and social problems of the returning serviceman since the end of World War I.

Fundamental material was provided by the opinions of psychiatrists both in England and the United States. Typical of these men are Doctor R. D. Gillespie, Physician for Psychological Medicine at Guy's Hospital in London and Wing Commander of the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, and Dr. Edward Strecker, professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Cherne's contacts with Selective Service, and with leading officers of the Army and Navy, have proved invaluable, as have the observations and conclusions of such correspondents as Quentin Reynolds, Meyer Berger, John Steinbeck, Ernie Pyle and Ed Murrow. Other sources tapped by Mr. Cherne include such military publications as Yank and the Infantry Journal, the Army's Special Service Section and the study made by the American Academy of Political and Social Science. And, of course, there was the basic source—G.I. Joe, as he reveals himself in action, in letters, in various expressions.



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WHEREVER YOU ARE and WHEN YOU COME HOME

DR. WEST'S Miracle-Tuft
Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft
50¢

Vital from childhood on .. *the finest toothbrush money can buy!*

HEALTHY mouths and clean, sound teeth require extra care, extra protection daily.

To more millions of families today than ever before this means nothing less good than the best toothbrush your druggist has. Ask him!

He'll say Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft—and he'll tell you why . . . Only Miracle-Tuft offers . . .

"EXTON" BRAND BRISTLING—for *longer life*, more efficient tooth cleansing.

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DOUBLE CONVEX SHAPE—the original Dr. West's design. A distinct advantage in cleansing inside, outside and in between the teeth.

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SEALED IN GLASS FOR EXTRA PROTECTION—This famous toothbrush also comes in the 2-Row "Professional" shape as well as the 2-Row "Oro" design, a shape many dentists recommend.

home goes no slower than if it were empty. And above all, there will be the unbelievable swarm of merchant fleets launched from our mushrooming shipways and made more effective by the absence of the enemy submarine. The demise of the U-boat will mean almost a doubling of our shipping capacity.

If shipping won't be the bottleneck, what will be? There are many factors that must inevitably stall the process of demobilization. The difficulty of half-peace, half-war is just one. In modern coalition war, release of military manpower must take into account the interests and wishes of our allies. In the European war theater, there will be good reason for sticking around.

There is an additional domestic political factor which will magnify this likelihood. Postwar American attitudes will not only operate to speed the return of the men, but, even more important, to disarm most of them on their return. So long as they remain in a foreign theater, they remain an instrument of foreign policy, a vehicle of international persuasion. Brought home, the troops will add their own voices to that of the community in resistance to any further international moves which could conceivably involve the use of the military. Therefore, don't expect too many of the men now overseas to return immediately with the pacification of Germany. Bluntly, no more will be returned than the American people themselves compel.

Promises That Must Be Kept

The clash between individual desires and national policy will serve in still another way to defer the home-coming. There will be no more certain political demise for those in the saddle than to demobilize the Army of the United States only to mobilize its members into the army of the unemployed. The political and economic leaders have put themselves on the spot with their luscious promises and lavish visions of a brave new world. Demobilization day is the delivery date. You can hardly blame the maker of the promissory note if he tries to postpone the due date while he's hunting up the cash.

Two domestic factors pressing in this direction will be the uncertainty pervading our national economic and industrial environment and the inadequacy and incompleteness of the plans for the serviceman's return and re-employment. It's easier to take a man out of a job and put him in military service than it is to take him out of military service and put him in a job.

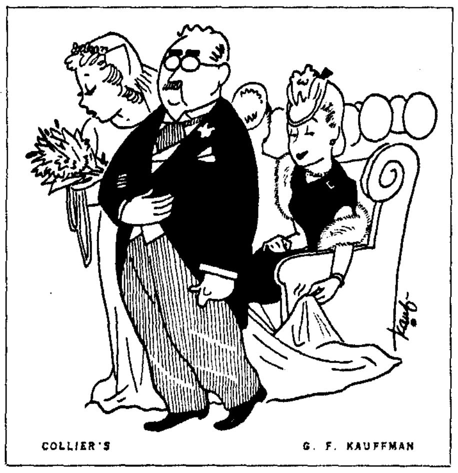
As applied to any individual in uniform, his early return to civvies will depend on a combination of factors: What is his dependency picture back home? What branch of the service is he in? Where is he at the given military moment? How long was he in and how arduous was his service? How's chances for a job back home? How badly does the civilian economy need his skill? How old is he? Age may turn out to be decisive in determining the order of discharge. Fathers, for example, reluctantly accepted by the Army in the first place, will be among the first mustered out. This is particularly true of the greater number of fathers who will never have left the United States.

Men not yet overseas when Berlin breaks have a little better chance for a quick return to civilian life. Those with reasonably acute dependency pleas will be among the first home. Men who are needed at home for their specific skills will follow, and with them, the few whose return would make jobs for others. Those specifically trained for Asiatic warfare will remain to face the Oriental music.

The Army has long boasted that it makes men. It does. But for war, not peace. The road back this time will be smoothly paved with government funds, even if occasionally sprinkled with the broken glass of confusion. There is little doubt that large educational opportunities will be made available to men in the services who would like a further immersion in academic life before entering the market place.

A heavy pressure against the resumption of study for many of the younger men in the services will be their own desire to assume a more mature role in the community. The strongest drive toward the campus will be the community's inability to provide that mature role, its inability to give jobs.

We are brought back to the second basic demand of the man in service. He wants a job. First he wants to get out. Now he's out, and he wants work. He feels a little gloomy about the prospects, but he expects that job. And he's well prepared to be angry if he doesn't get it. He has reason to be.


COLLIER'S G. F. KAUFFMAN

Even where the boss hires him back, there are certain to be many cases that will irritate already frayed nerves. The employer may be more satisfied with the replacement. His compulsion under the law is to rehire his former inductee at the same pay and status. What's status? Will it really mean the same job? Or will equal salary for similar status suffice?

One thing is certain: Much more will be done to put the veterans in appropriate jobs than was done after World War I. The reasons are fairly compelling. First of all, explicit promises have been made. Secondly, induction began after an embarrassing ten-year interlude of unemployment. Thirdly, the boys aren't crazy about the fact that "everybody's been makin' hay while we were gone." Fourth, and more important, is America's sophisticated realization that employment doesn't just come natural—that, instead of being a personal misfortune, joblessness is the result of complicated economic, social and political factors beyond the victim's control. Most of those who were sure during the thirties that anyone who really wanted a job could have one, have passed away to a happier atmosphere.

Certain problems facing the whole community will be aggravated for the ex-soldier. He will be rusty at many an old civilian job, inferior to the more recent recruits. Much of the specialized skill he has received in the Army or Navy will have no peacetime utility.

The Scramble for Postwar Jobs

On the other hand, the community will lean over backward to favor the ex-serviceman. Public pressure will mount until a greater percentage of available jobs goes to the veterans as against the job-seeking civilians. Nevertheless, the veteran will find himself in a competitive environment. And some of the things that will happen in the scramble for jobs won't be nice.

The unions will present a special problem. It won't help any if a serviceman runs up against union restrictions when he tries to enter those skilled occupations for which he may incidentally have been trained during his military service. Nor will high dues or entrance fees enchant him on this job hunt. Most likely, though, these obstacles will be the first to crumble. Aware of how serious veteran hostility can be, unions will in most instances pull down the bars where servicemen are concerned.

In short, compared with those who stayed home, the average returning veteran will find himself somewhat less equipped for work but with a better chance of finding it. Not least among the factors strengthening his job-seeking effort will be the official government program.

The United States Employment Service will be devoting its primary energies to placing ex-servicemen. Almost every fraternal and civic organization will have a hand in enlarging the results in its own special way.

But the valuable drilling that will be performed by all of these separate mechanisms will finally run up against bedrock: How many jobs will there be? All of the demobilization efforts will be directed toward ferreting out the last possible job and putting Joe on the receiving end of a pay check. But none of the job-placement efforts can make jobs that aren't there. No more than you can get water from the fanciest faucets in your washbasin if the reservoir is empty.

THE END

Young Man in a Hurry

Continued from page 27

"It's a very practical color."

"For funerals, yes. For women over seventy, yes. But any gal who hasn't got enough imagination and zip and love for her fellow men to do all she can to brighten the corner where she is deserves," Steve said, "to die an old maid and probably will. In my opinion, it is a woman's duty to—"

"Shh!" Nora said, as the theater darkened. She added, "Sometimes you talk just like my father."

"I have an idea me and your pop are going to get along fine."

They got home late. When they reached the house Nora rose one step and leaned back against the railing with a sigh.

"Tired?"

"A little."

His hand rose and his fingers brushed her cheek lightly—her cheek, her lips, the soft firmness of her chin. "Every now and then I have to touch you," he said, "to make sure you're real. I thought they stopped making girls like you before I was born."

Her voice was low: "I wish you wouldn't say things like that."

"Why not?"

"It—it mixes me all up. I'm not really so—so—"

He smiled. "Lady, you're talking about the woman I'm going to marry."

Her lashes rose. "That's another thing. I wish you—"

He took her by the arms. "Do you think I'm joking? I'm not. I knew it the minute I saw you in Ed Wheeler's parlor." He sighed. "Sweetheart, it ought to be against the law for a girl to do what you've done to me."

"Steve—I—"

"You've got to marry me, sweetheart. And the sooner the better."

He could feel her shiver a little. "You cold?"

"N-no. I'm scared."

He chuckled. "Every second time you open your mouth you say something no other girl would ever dream of saying. Nice mouth, too."

He kissed it, not lightly, holding her. The wind bumped against them gently and overhead the trees moved with it, making small sounds.

Nora told her mother all about it, of course, or anyway, as much as she thought her mother needed to know. Mrs. Perry, who was getting supper, clapped a pot lid back into place and exclaimed, "But good grief, Nora! You don't know anything about him!"

"I know that I like him better than any boy I've ever known."

Her mother eyed her. "Did you find that out before he asked you to marry him," she asked shrewdly, "or after?"

"Before. Cross my heart." Her eyes grew troubled. "He expects to be drafted any day. He says the only reason he's stayed out this long is because good setup men are hard to find."

"What's a setup man?"

"Something in a machine shop."

"Well, they certainly won't be shipping him out of the country the day after he's inducted."

"He says he hasn't much time." She looked up at her mother. "You didn't know Dad very long when you married him."

"I knew him longer than a week. Furthermore," Mrs. Perry continued with a trace of self-righteousness, "there was some excuse for me because your father was anything but an ordinary young man."

"So is Steve."

"Humph!" Plainly, Mrs. Perry doubted it. "Well, I'm not going to tell you what to do. You're over twenty-one. And I hope I have more sense than to argue with a girl who's just had a proposal!"

Mrs. Perry turned her face at the sound of the front door opening. "Don't say anything to your father. Just get that boy over here and let me see him. You can't expect me to tell you whether I'd like him for a son-in-law when I don't even know what he looks like!"

SO STEVE was invited, told to come to dinner Saturday, and at a quarter after six he came briskly down the street, a box of chocolates under his arm. It was still light, the colorless and rather bleak twilight of a spring day. When he reached Nora's house he found a slight, middle-aged man in an old windbreaker and an older hat studying the puddle in the middle of the walk; it had rained that morning. He looked up as Steve turned in from the street; he had pink cheeks and Nora's eyes, and Steve guessed correctly that he was Nora's father.

"I'll have to do something about this," Mr. Perry said. "Every time it rains we get this puddle."

"It *is* in a bad place," Steve agreed. "What you ought to do," he went on, "is get yourself a crowbar and pry up that slab right there where she's cracked. Then when you've got her pried up you shovel in some cinder-fill."

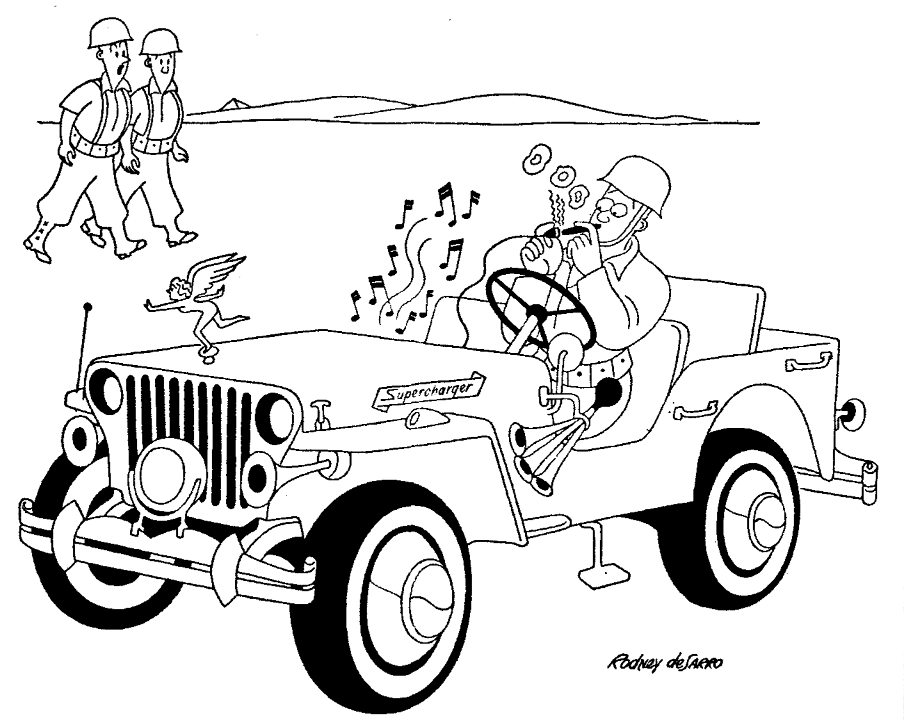
"I was thinking of just leveling her off with more cement."

Steve shook his head. "She'd crack and chip on you and you'd be worse off than before. What you want to do is lift her up and fill her in underneath. Got a crowbar?"

"Got a bar I use for pryin' clinkers out of the furnace that might do."

"Afraid not. Heat's probably taken all the temper out of her, and she'd bend on you like wet spaghetti."

"Maybe we can find something in the cellar. What do you say we look?"



"That's th' guy who's always getting packages from a mail-order house!"

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The Gordon Highlanders
(Captain)
Mysore—Vittoria—Peninsula—Waterloo
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Marne, 1914, '18—Cambrai 1917—Vittorio Veneto 1917, '18

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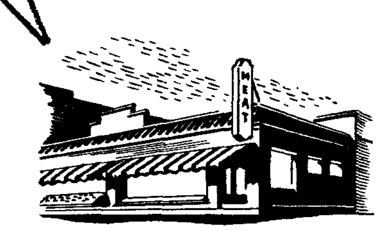
Typical of expressions from Frigidaire users everywhere.



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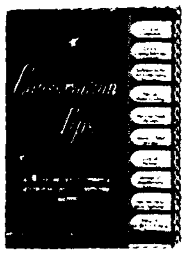

CONSERVATION TIPS tells how your refrigeration or air conditioning equipment can serve better and last longer. Get free copy from your local Frigidaire commercial dealer. Find his name in classified directory under REFRIGERATION EQUIPMENT — COMMERCIAL, or write Frigidaire, 473 Taylor St., Dayton 1, Ohio today. In Canada, address 60 Commercial St., Leaside, Ontario.

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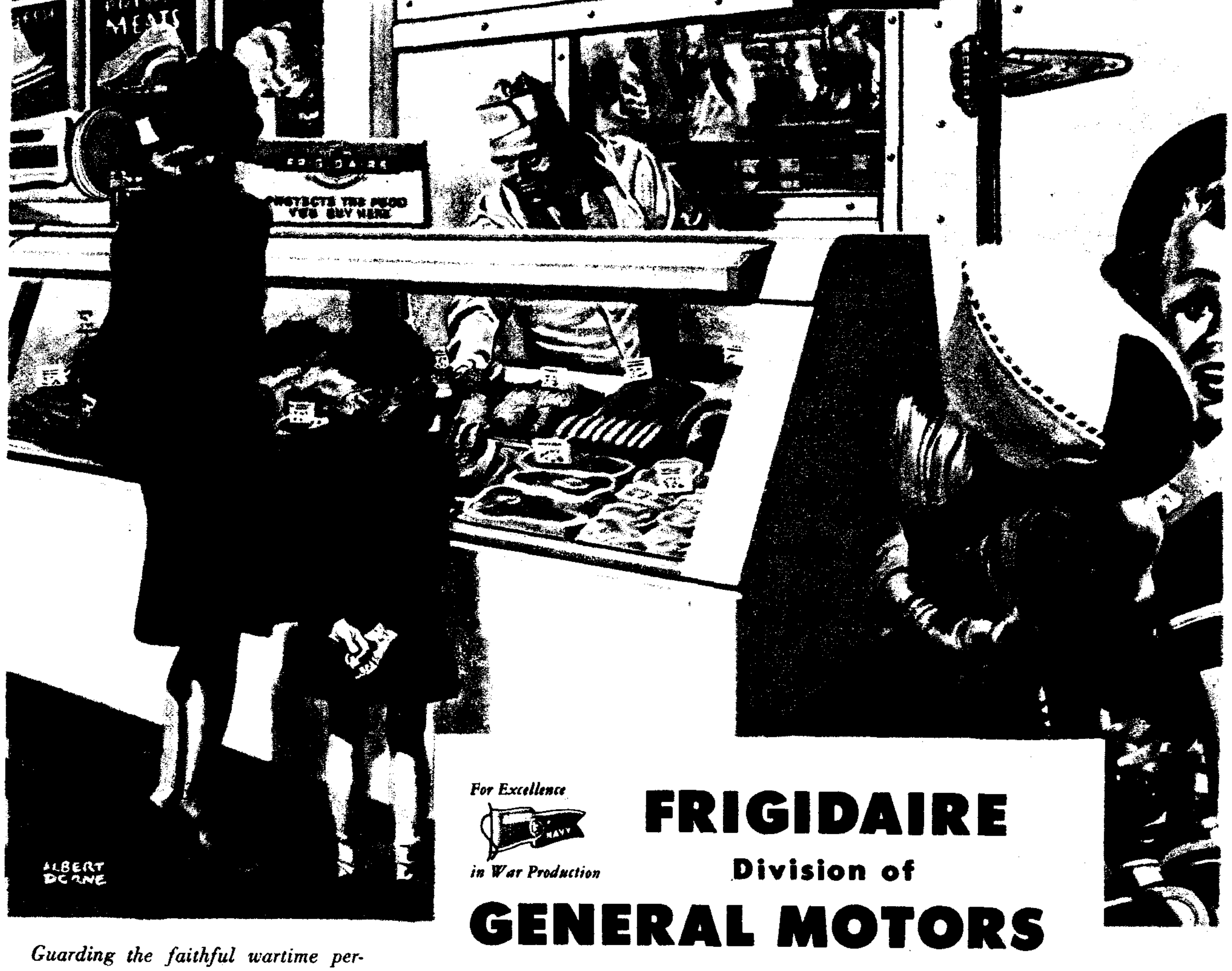

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HOME FREEZERS • ICE CREAM CABINETS
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BEVERAGE, MILK, AND WATER COOLERS

"Okay."

They went around the house to the back and Mr. Perry opened one side of a sloping cellar door. "Watch that beam," he said as he stepped down.

The cellar wasn't much more orderly than most cellars but it was dry and the concrete floor was swept clean. The furnace, fat with asbestos, purred throatily; upstairs someone was playing a piano. Steve listened sentimentally. "Nora?"

Mr. Perry listened. "Radio."

He turned on a light and went to a corner near the coalbins, began rattling through a cluster of clothes poles, rakes, shovels and brooms.

"Mostly wood," he muttered. "That last scrap drive just about cleaned me out. Think this might do?"

He pulled at something and the whole mass fell apart. An iron shovel can make an unholy racket on a concrete floor. Somewhere a door opened. "John!"

"It's all right, Martha. I just dropped the snow shovel."

"What on earth are you doing with the snow shovel? It isn't snowing!"

"Just looking for something."

"Don't get yourself all over dust," Mrs. Perry said. "Nora's young man will be here any minute." The door closed.

"That was my wife," Mr. Perry said in a whisper. He got the bar free and carried it toward the light. "Think this might do?"

"It might," Steve said. "What is it?"

Mr. Perry gazed at it through the lower half of his spectacles. "Can't remember right now. Just an old iron bar."

"It needs a point," Steve said. "Couldn't pry anything with a stub end like that in a million years."

"Never thought of that."

"If we had a wheel we could grind her down," Steve said. "Or if we had a fire we could forge her."

"Got a fire in the furnace. It's a little quiet now but it wouldn't take a minute to get her going good."

"Got a hammer?"

MR. PERRY had two, and a hatchet. Steve chose the heaviest. Squatting before the open furnace door, they peered inside. "Ain't that pretty?" Mr. Perry said. "Couldn't look prettier if it was a chocolate layer cake. Took me years to learn to lay a fire like that."

"I used to take care of our furnace back home."

"She's a good furnace," Mr. Perry said. He pushed his hat back off his forehead. "Minute the war's over, though, I'll sell her down the river for one of them new automatic jobs. Getting tired of rasslin' with ash cans."

"I don't blame you."

"I'll just open the damper and you watch her wake up."

He opened the damper, and Steve shoved the end of the bar into the glowing coals and then they shut the furnace door on the projecting bar. Mr. Perry leaned back against the workbench and took out a long cigarette holder into which he proceeded to fit a cigarette. "My wife's going to be an awfully surprised woman when she finds out I've fixed that walk," he said. "She's been after me all winter."

"You ain't aiming to fix it tonight, are you?"

Mr. Perry struck a match and stared at Steve over its flame. "I suppose that wouldn't be a good idea."

"Well, it'll be dark pretty soon."

"It's too bad. My wife sure would be surprised." There was genuine regret in his voice. "You one of Nora's young men?"

"I'm Steve Copeland."

Mr. Perry nodded. "I don't know whether I ought to tell you that she's expecting somebody for dinner."

"Me," Steve said.

"Oh, well, that's all right, then. How's she coming?" he asked, glancing at the furnace.

Steve pulled the end of the bar out of the coals. "Just about right." He looked around the cellar. Mr. Perry said, "Haven't got an anvil."

"That vise looks heavy enough. What I'd like to have is some oil, to temper her."

"Oil, oil," Mr. Perry said. "Wait a minute. I think my son-in-law—"

He went off and returned from the shadows with a can. "This's his last summer's oil," Mr. Perry said. "He thought there was going to be a shortage."

"Pour some in an open can."

After that, Steve pulled the bar out, kicked the furnace door shut and swung over to the bench, the hot iron glowing. "You hold that end to steady her," he said. He placed the heated end against the heavy jaws of the vise. "All set?"

Mr. Perry, eyes bright, cigarette holder at a jaunty angle, nodded eagerly. "Let her go."

The first blow dislodged a can off the bench. As Steve continued hammering, the bench began to tremble so that the objects scattered over it danced like flies trying to cling to the quivering hide of some unhappy animal. In odd corners of the cellar things fell off shelves. The furnace shuddered on its foundation.

They didn't, naturally, hear the upstairs door open. At that moment they wouldn't have heard the last trump.

"John! What in heaven's name are you doing down there? John!"

Mr. Perry, holding on like grim death, whispered hoarsely, "Keep hitting her!"

Mrs. Perry started down the stairs, first her sensible shoes, then her skirt, then an apron and then Mrs. Perry complete, pleasant face, graying hair, glasses and all. She winced as the hideous clamor enveloped her.

"John!" she shouted, as Nora appeared on the steps behind her. "Will you tell that young man to stop before I go out of my mind?"

"Can't stop now, Mrs. Perry!" Steve yelled, continuing to hammer away. "You know what it says in the Bible—strike while the iron is hot!"

"Steve!" Nora exclaimed.

"That's not in the Bible," Mr. Perry said. "Ought to be, maybe, but it ain't. Looked it up once so I know."

"Shakespeare?"

"Nope, not in Shakespeare either."

"Nora, do you know that—that blacksmith?"

"That's Steve, Mother!"

"What's he doing in our cellar?"

"I don't know!"

The iron had now cooled to a barely perceptible red. Steve stopped hammering but the air continued to quiver for minutes afterward.

"How is she?" Mr. Perry asked.

"She could stand a little more."

"But I can't," Mrs. Perry said, approaching them with grim determination. Nora was close behind her. "Will you two tell me just what you're doing?" she asked, as Steve plunged the hot end of the bar into the can of oil.

"We're making a crowbar, Martha."

"We need it to fix that puddle out in front," Steve explained. "Hi, Nora."

"Shucks, Steve, you shouldn't have said anything. I was going to surprise her."

"Will you tell me," Mrs. Perry said, "how you expect to fix a puddle of water with a crowbar?" She covered her eyes with her hands. "No, don't tell me. Do you realize that I've been trying to keep dinner hot for the last half-hour? Do you realize we've been sitting up there waiting for you? Do you realize—" She stopped, words failing her.

Steve and Mr. Perry looked at each other uncomfortably.

Mrs. Perry sighed. "You'd better come upstairs and clean up," she said.

She turned away. At the foot of the stairs she glanced back at her daughter. "You know," she said slowly, "I didn't think there was another one like him on earth. But there was. And you found him."

After which somewhat unexpected observation, she shook her head and chuckled to herself, and then went up the stairs, still chuckling.

IN THE deep shadows of the porch, several hours later, Steve kissed Nora good night. She remained in the shelter of his arms and sighed deeply.

"What's that sigh for?"

"I was just thinking. So much has happened to me lately I have to keep pinching myself."

Steve chuckled. "Whether you realize it or not," he said, "you have been a victim of what is known as sweeping a girl off her feet. How does it feel?"

"Wonderful."

"Funny part of it is," Steve went on, "I'm not really like that at all, inside. I'm really very shy and cautious."

"You shy and cautious!"

"Yep. Once went with a girl back home for two months before I got up enough nerve to ask her for a kiss."

"You should never *ask* a girl for a kiss," Nora said. "If you feel like kissing her, you kiss her. She'll let you know soon enough if she doesn't like it."

"I know. I learned that from my sisters. Be surprised how much you can learn about girls if you have three sisters and you keep your ears open."

"I can well imagine."

"But until I met you—" He tilted her face up and kissed her. "You sure hit me hard, sweetheart."

"I'm glad."

"My conscience has been bothering me a little, though."

"Why?"

"Well, I guess part of the idea of sweeping a girl off her feet is not to give her time to think, but it doesn't seem exactly fair."

"As long as the girl doesn't complain—"

"Yeah, that makes it all right, doesn't it?" He squeezed her. "Lucky for me Leonard never tried it."

"Oh, Leonard!" She dismissed Leonard with a small shrug.

"Poor guy. You'll have to tell him you can't go out with him any more."

"I told him Saturday. Don't you remember? I told you about it in the park."

"I thought you were kidding. How'd he take it?"

"Oh, he congratulated me and made me promise to send him an invitation to the wedding."

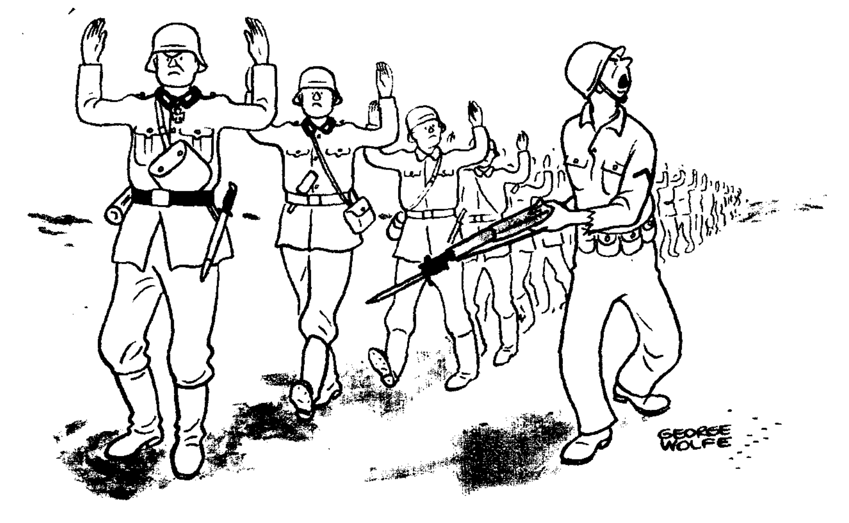
"That was nice of him. Say, wait a minute!" And Steve pushed Nora away so he could look at her. That thoughtless female had shut her eyes very tight, and her mouth was curving into a stricken, round O.

"How come he was talking about wedding invitations Saturday when I didn't ask you to marry me until the following Wednesday?" Steve demanded.

Nora opened one eye cautiously and swallowed. "My goodness, Steve, you can't expect a girl who's being swept off her feet to know what she's saying!"

She kissed him quickly, her eyes dancing. "'Night, darling! I've got to go," she said. And went.

THE END



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GIFTED GORDON

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER—PIX

Nobody ever wrote a play for Ruth Gordon, so she did it herself. Now it's S.R.O. for Over Twenty-One

AT a time when Ruth Gordon was starring on Broadway in A Doll's House, establishing an all-time record run for an Ibsen play, she went back to visit the Three Arts Club, a theatrical boardinghouse on West 85th Street, where she had lived when she first came to New York. It was a gesture which had a trace of nostalgia and a bit of sentiment, but in most part was made up of triumph.

"I used to live here," she told the lady at the desk smugly. "I'm Ruth Gordon."

"What year?" asked the lady.

"1914," said Ruth uneasily.

The lady began to page through a ledger until she found what she wanted. "Ruth Gordon," she read, running her eye along the line. "14 Elmwood Avenue, Wollaston, Mass." She paused and looked up. "Same address?" she asked grimly.

Miss Gordon thinks of this in the moments when the success of her new play, Over Twenty-One, becomes almost unbearable to her friends. She wrote the play and also stars in it, and her friends visit the little hotel suite where she lives, and look about with a fake air of innocence, knowing full well that a wad of bills is stuck behind every picture.

"Nineteen thousand a week, gross," they say ecstatically. "I saw it in Variety."

"Rich as Croesus," admits Ruth, in her strange singsong voice that always has an incongruously flat and settled New England quality.

It is hardly possible that anybody out of the pulpit still uses that phrase, but for Miss Gordon it is entirely natural. No psychologist need go further back than Wollaston to explain her. She talks like New England, she looks like New England, her persistence and determination are typically New England. To her, things are "as right as a trivet" or they have a "spandy-new look." She has an "idear" that she should have been writing plays all along because nobody ever thought of writing one for her.

Smash Hit at Last

The truth is that, although she has been a figure on the American stage for almost thirty years, Over Twenty-One is her first smash hit. There have been successes before—Seventeen, Ethan Frome, A Doll's House, Country Wife, Saturday's Children, the revival of Three Sisters—but the new play is on a different level. The war may be responsible for it, but for the first time she is part of an enterprise which is restricted in popularity only by the walls of the theater.

It is particularly good because nobody in the history of the theater had less to go on originally. Miss Gordon was small, plump, bowlegged and not pretty. She began in an age when actresses were young and glamorous, and there were no movies or radio around to siphon off talent. Billie Burke was the reigning beauty in comedy, Ethel Barrymore was at the peak of her fabulous success. Hazel Dawn and Julia Sanderson were blinding all spectators in musical comedy.

During this period, Miss Gordon was going to school at Wollaston and later at Quincy High and wasting a great deal of time writing mash notes to actresses. Among her crushes was Doris Olsson of the Castle Square Players in Boston and for some reason not clear to this day, Miss Olsson suggested that Miss Ruth Jones (for that was the original name) might like to come backstage after the matinee some day and meet her. Mrs. Jones insisted on going along, knowing quite well the evils attached to the theatrical profession.

"Mamma was sure that somebody would throw a cloak over my head down one of those dark alleys and I'd end up in Rio in the white slave trade."

Mamma finally compromised to the point of bringing Ruthie to the stage door, handing her in and withdrawing a delicate distance to the rear. Doris Olsson, evidently obsessed by some mania for philanthrophy, not only greeted Ruthie warmly but insisted that she be seen by Mr. John Craig, star and owner of the company. Ruth arrived petrified in the presence of the great man, who looked at her wanly and said, "Have you had any amateur experience?"

In horror, Ruth heard herself replying, "No, but I've had professional experience . . . I mean . . ."

It was a fatal lie. Mr. Craig gazed at her with passing strangeness, then she turned and fled.

However, the theatrical bug was by now firmly implanted, and there remained only the task of convincing Papa Jones that a year at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York would establish Ruthie as a rival of Bernhardt and Mrs. Fiske. Since Mr. Jones was making only $37.50 a week at a local baby-food factory, this required some oratory, but he finally succumbed and, by borrowing on his insurance policies, managed to get together $400 for the year's tuition. There was some faint hope that he might also be able to provide the $8 a week for room and board demanded by the Shylocks who ran the Three Arts Club.

"When I think that just last week we turned down a Hollywood offer of $250,000 for Over Twenty-One," says Miss Gordon, in recalling these sad days, "I get a very funny feeling in my stomach and I know just what it is. It's those meals I didn't get at the Three Arts Club."

She didn't get the meals because she almost immediately fell behind on her payments, finally running the arrears to $92 (a world's record at the Three Arts up to that time) and felt it better not to be seen by the matron. Accordingly, she was out of the house at six in the morning, before the matron got up, and she stayed away till the matron went to bed, which was around midnight. She walked from 85th to 57th streets to school and confined her eating to ten cents a day, for a bowl of soup and a bun at a restaurant in Times Square. Occasionally she picked up a few nickels that other girls had carelessly left lying in their hairpin trays.

"Oh, I stole them," she admits, nodding determinedly. "I most certainly stole them."

Rebound from Despair

The climax of this sacrifice was that she was told at the end of the year at the dramatic academy that she would never make an actress and furthermore would not be allowed back next term. She went home, licked her wounds for a long summer, and came back to New York in the fall to conquer Broadway without aid of education.

She stayed at the famous Martin's theatrical boardinghouse, which was situated on 45th Street on the site of what is now the Music Box Theater, where Over Twenty-One is playing. It was heaven there for her, because nobody talked anything or thought anything but theater. No actor at Martin's ever had a job; when he got a job, he left Martin's. Miss Gordon began turning jobs down as a waitress and as a sales clerk because she was an actress, and actresses didn't do such things. Occasionally she got work in the movies over at the Fort Lee studios in New Jersey for such firms as Pluragraph Pictures, Crystal Films, Primo Pictures, but it was by the hour and once she ended up with $1.37 for a day's labor.

The great break came at last when Maude Adams hired her for a revival of Peter Pan. She had never acted a line on a stage before, and it is still a mystery to her how she ever got the part, but no young actress could have had a better start. Her salary was $35 a week—a fortune—and when she returned from the tour, she had $200 "pinned in my corset cover."

Soon after, Miss Gordon, who had had cards printed, testifying that she was an actress with the Maude Adams company (a standard custom in those days), found herself in the sixth road company of Fair and Warmer. They played one-night stands through Wisconsin and the Dakotas, and it was great. "We had a run in Eau Claire, Wisconsin," she remembers. "Two days."

Her next break was when Edna Hibbard got a part in Rock-a-Bye-Baby and was able to bail her way out of Martin's boardinghouse. She left behind her two gowns and a hat, which Miss Gordon bought for five dollars. She gives these full credit for landing a role in Booth Tarkington's Seventeen, which started both herself and a young man named Alfred Lunt on the road to fame.

Her career since then has made her one of the best-known American actresses. Her greatest triumph was playing The Country Wife at the Old Vic in London, a national shrine at which no American had hitherto been starred. Her good years alternated with the bad—and in between she kept the creditors away by short forays on Hollywood.

It was in Hollywood, however, that she met Garson Kanin, the director. They were married two years ago, and it was while she was keeping house last summer in Washington, where he is stationed in the Army, that she thought up the idea for Over Twenty-One. How much Kanin helped with the finished version is a matter that can be revealed only after the war. It may have been little, it may have been much; all Miss Gordon will say is that a military man is supposed to have his mind on things other than his wife's literary work. In any event, she worked so hard in writing and rewriting and also in rehearsing that she has been in a sort of half stupor ever since, even while she is appearing in the play.

If her new play is making her a fortune, it doesn't show in her way of living. Her hotel lodgings are of the modest parlor-bedroom-and-bath order, and her only extravagance has been a new mink hood, very chic. Considering the writing business quite a soft touch, she is at work on a new play.

The thing she likes best about Over Twenty-One (which is the story of a man of forty breaking his neck to get a commission in OCS) is the sentimental side. The humor is hilarious, but it is when the hero is really in a spot, almost ready to break down from fatigue and the knowledge that he can't keep up with the younger men, that there comes an audience concert of sniffling pleasing to the ears of the author.

"Oh, they cried real good," she said solemnly after a recent matinee. "Everybody believed it like gospel." ★★★

Mr. Broadway, p. a.

Continued from page 50

by arguing the legality of such a will. Within a month, Bergen was in a guest spot on the Rudy Vallee show. The rest was velvet.

Recently Bergen phoned Green and said, "I made $750,000 last year, Dave. How did you make out?"

The man responsible for building Frank Sinatra up from $3,120 a year in 1938 to $1,294,000 this year is George Evans. Now that he's got the Swooner on top, his job is to help Sinatra live down the Bobby Sox Sex Appeal angle. He wants adults to like his boy. And he wants the adolescent girls to stop screaming every time Sinatra cocks his head.

Evans is a dark man blinking behind glasses. He has hands that accompany his face when he talks. For fourteen years he has been doing publicity for Gertrude Berg, who writes and stars in The Rise of the Goldbergs. He's very proud of this account. He says it's the long-distance record of Broadway.

Sinatra was getting $60 a week in the Rustic Cabin behind the Palisades in 1938. He was singing with Harry James' band. Then Tommy Dorsey hired Sinatra for a hundred. He left Dorsey in 1942. In January, 1943, Sinatra told Allen Courtney, a radio announcer, that he would like a publicity build-up and he would like to get Evans to do the job. Evans took the job at $60 a week. Today he gets many times that sum from a grateful Sinatra. And yet, the build-up formula was old-fashioned. He encouraged Sinatra Fan Clubs—an old movie press agent's device—and sent them photos and "news" of Sinatra. Today, there are a thousand Sinatra clubs, and their members are the ones who screamed long enough and loud enough to make Sinatra a sensation.

Today, Frank Sinatra gets $494,000 a year from the Lucky Strike Hit Parade and a vitamin radio show; $400,000 for making three movies a year; $150,000 for recordings; about $100,000 for five weeks of personal appearances, and $150,000 for endorsing Sinatra bow ties, etc. Uncle Sam will take $1,203,420 in taxes. That means Sinatra will keep $90,580.

If there is glamor among Broadway press agents, it will be found in a doeskin apartment high over Central Park South where a colored maid named Neesha weaves her way among the great mirrors and the severely modernistic furniture to attend the needs of a dark-haired seductive doll named Dorothy Gulman. Miss Gulman is gorgeous. She has a ripe mouth and can wear those black satin gowns with the low, square necks. She talks slowly, tiredly, directly.

"When I was twelve, in Chicago, I was crazy about Paul Ash, the orchestra leader. I became secretary of the Paul Ash Fan Club. I wrote poems about him and I used to go to the Chicago newspapers to get them printed. That's how I got started."

She's twenty-eight. She doesn't like to be looked at. It makes her nervous, even though she doesn't claim to be a mind reader. She handles accounts like Leon & Eddie's, Jack Dempsey's, Coq Rouge, Gertrude Niesen, Walter O'Keefe and Nan Wynn. She discovered Dorothy Lamour. Miss Lamour had been Miss New Orleans of 1931. Then she fell into the natural legacy of great beauties and became a Chicago elevator operator. Gulman met her, liked her, shared her apartment with her.

Came Celebrity Night at the Morrison Hotel, and Kate Smith, Dennis King and others were there to listen to the new talent. Miss Gulman urged Miss Lamour to get up and sing. Lamour sang. No one listened. Lamour came back and wept. Then a man came over, smiling, and said he was Herbie Kaye, a band leader, and that he had indeed enjoyed her singing. Later, he became the first Mr. Lamour. Still later, he became the first ex-Mr. Lamour.

Gulman says she averages between ten and fifteen thousand a year, enough to keep the mirrors and Neesha polished, and she has no great ambition to make more.

Blowing His Own Horn

Modesty (as you can understand) has no place in the life of a Broadway press agent. He must be prepared to tell how good he is, even when he's not too sure. Dave Stanley recently sent the following to Collier's about himself:

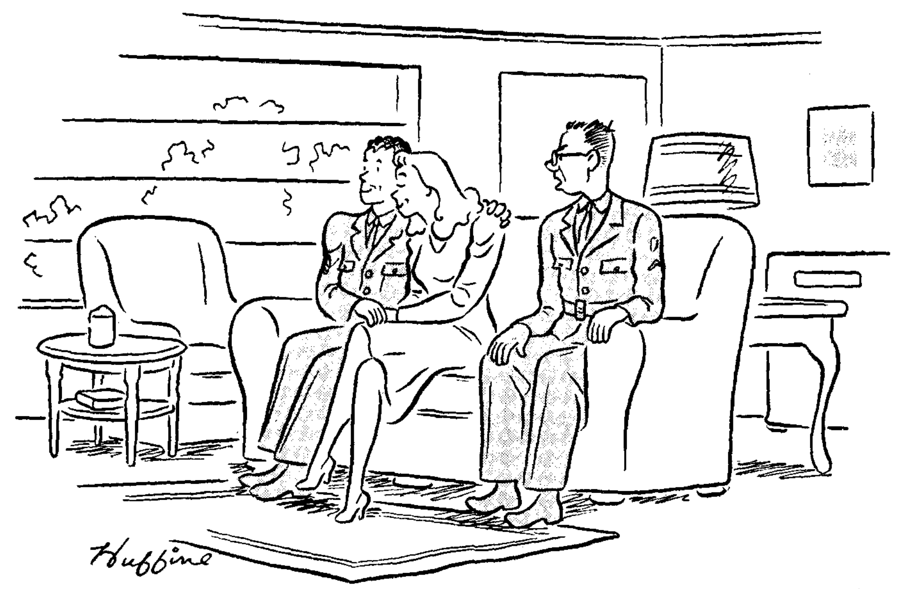
"Boyish-faced, cherubic Dave Stanley is the youngest Broadway press agent, twenty-one years old. I'm young, but I've been in this puffing business for five years—since I was sixteen. Dave was born in the pampas of East New York, Brooklyn, went to Thomas Jefferson High School, but tells chorus girls that he went to Girls High—for excitement."

The only Harvard graduate in the group is Ivan Black, who made the Café Societies Uptown and Downtown. He was doing well as an architect in Florida when his sight failed. Doctors warned him to stay away from blueprints. So he came to New York and got a job as a p.a. for those archconservative photographers, the Pach Brothers. That was fifteen years ago. Last year, Billboard, the theatrical journal, voted him the "Number One Star Maker."

Black says he now does better than $30,000 a year and has a staff of six assistants. He handles radio shows, night clubs and personalities, and his big boast is that parents bring their children to his clients' clubs. He and his boss, Barney Josephson, won't permit coatroom concessionaires. "A racket," they say.

A few years ago Black heard a man named Samuel Mostel do imitations at a private party. Black took him in tow, changed his front name to "Zero" for no reason at all, and in six weeks had him on a coast-to-coast hookup. Josephson found Hazel Scott filling in at the Hickory House for a band (at $40 a week). Last year, after a Black build-up, she got $4,000 a week from movies alone.

One of the most successful p.a.'s is a fingernail biter named Milton Rubin. He wanted to be a songwriter. He flopped. So he



"Now see here, Helen—I think it's time you chose between Fred and me!"

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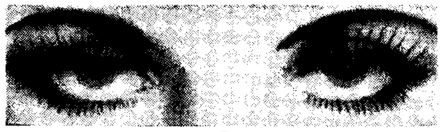

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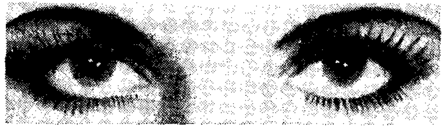

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Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

One of Dr. Scholl's 40 Aids for the Feet

switched to press-agentry and is now known far and wide for the job he did on an unknown girl who was getting $80 a week in a Broadway night club. She's Carol Bruce. Henny Youngman was getting $90 a week at the Yacht Club when he employed Rubin. Since then, Youngman has been guest-starred to death on the Kate Smith show.

Milton Rubin's formula for Carol Bruce was as simple as breathing. He plugged her as the wistful Brooklyn kid who rose from Namm's bargain basement. He had her pose for leg art. He had her submit cooking recipes to cooking editors and beauty hints to beauty editors. When Louisiana Purchase came along, Carol Bruce got her big chance. She didn't miss.

Now, when a young girl tries to offer Rubin too little for handling her publicity, he shrieks, "You want a Carol Bruce job! Look. She paid me half her salary. She had $40 left, and she had to pay for fittings and everything."

Father's Day was practically unknown in America until eight years ago, when a men's-wear retail association called Rubin in to make it famous. He did. He wired the governors of the forty-eight states, asking them to become honorary members of a Father's Day committee. Sixteen accepted. The day has been rolling ever since, and so, he understands, have many of the fathers.

Most of the great press agents, the fabulous masters, are dead. Men like Harry Reichenbach, Walter Kingsley, David Freedman, Ivy Lee and Dexter Fellowes are gone, but their stunts are used again and again by their younger imitators. At least one still lives. He's Charlie Washburn, who specializes in legitimate shows. He wrote the Broadway press agent's credo. It goes like this:

"You must be on the lookout for gags, which you give to columnists; you must lie about your salary to everybody; you must speak of the production as 'My show'; you must send out daily paragraphs for no other reason than to look busy; you must know 'big people' to invite for *premieres*; and you must know real-estate, ship-news and city editors and, if possible, have a speaking acquaintance with drama editors."

Sometimes an alert p.a. will turn adversity into profit. Dick Maney was working for Jed Harris when Harris produced a beaut called The Squall. In it was a half-dressed half-caste whose best line was: "Nubi bad girl. Nubi stay." Robert Benchley, then drama critic for The New Yorker, wrote: "Nubi stay. Benchley go." Maney took a big ad in all the papers the following week, crowing: "See the play that made a streetwalker of Robert Benchley." Once, at Thanksgiving time, Maney plastered the papers with an honest ad that drew business: "Have your Thanksgiving dinner at one o'clock and see our play at three o'clock. One turkey after another."

Two freight-train hitchhikers came into New York in 1930. Their background included dishwashing in Yellowstone Park. One was Carl Erbe. The other, Monte Proser. They scanned the town for nice soft jobs with lots of salary. Proser became p.a. for Georgie Price, a Broadway comic and singer. Carl went to Florida to be p.a. for a hotel. The difference was that Carl's client had a roof.

Since then, both have done well. Proser is now a big night-club owner. His most successful was the Copacabana. Carl Erbe teamed up with Spencer Hare, one of the most reliable p.a.'s. Erbe (it rhymes with Iturbi) was once hired by a man who had a corner on the leopard-skin market and wanted women to buy his stock. Erbe said he'd do it for five per cent of the gross sales. He went to Miami and got a lot of curvaceous high-school girls to crawl along the sand with leopard skins on their backs. Newsreel cameras whirred. The man sold all his leopard skins in two weeks for $500,000. Erbe's cut was $25,000. Then the leopard-skin man dropped dead. And Carl, almost. He didn't get a dime.

There are no ethics in Broadway publicity. Honesty is not the best policy; it's a short cut to bankruptcy. The best policy is to steal your friends' clients, hire his gag writers from him, pilfer his ideas, if he has any, and, when new clients are coming in to town, meet the train at Newark after telling your rival you'll meet him at Grand Central.

That is why the press agent is sad and suspicious. His world is divided between "right guys" and "wrong guys." The definition is always sharp, and he loves and hates his confreres violently.

Resort Town Booster

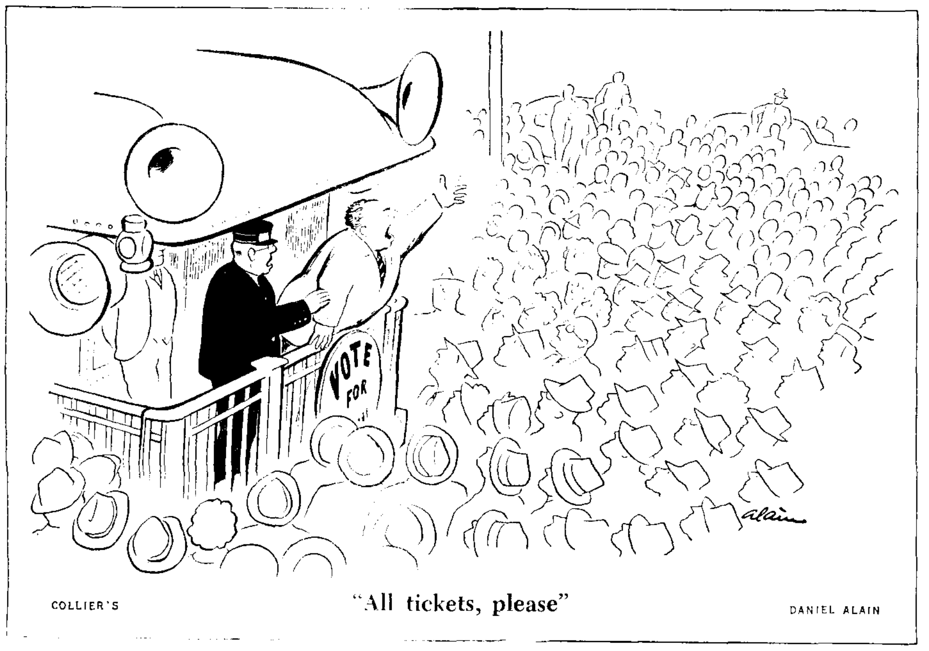
Robert Mernit couldn't stand the backbiting, so he retreated from press-agentry to resort-town advertising. His detractors among the p.a.'s say he solicits advertising and throws the publicity in *free*. Mernit, a small blond-mustached man who is surrounded by more filing cabinets than J. Edgar Hoover, denies it. He admits he does dabble in advertising but claims he gets $50 a week from towns like Lakewood, New Jersey, and Atlantic City, for publicity. His target is the week-end travel section of the newspapers. He pounds out honeyed words about the joys of spending a vacation at one of his joints. The fact that he has placed a hundred-dollar advertisement in the same section for the same client has nothing to do with it.

Mernit leans heavily on the stunt type of publicity. When he took over Lakewood, determined to make it a summer and winter resort, he had a judge sentence traffic violators to march up and down the main street with placards reading: "I am a menace to pedestrians." That made the papers and newsreels. Once he had a street named after Winchell, "for apprising America of the Nazi menace long before the war." Later, he got a perfume account—which was off the Mernit beat—and he went nuts trying to figure a way of getting perfume publicity. He solved it. He arranged for a wife to sue her husband for divorce because he refused to buy that particular brand of perfume for her at $500 a dram. Incredibly, the story got space.

Mernit and others think Broadway's best publicity is done by Claude Greninger. He makes people like the Shuberts.

There are others. Good ones, too. But those mentioned are the men who beat the loudest drums along the Main Stem. Next time you see a photo of a chorus girl who has just been voted Miss Other End of the Couch of 1944, you'll know that, in all probability, one of these boys got twenty-five bucks for dreaming it up.

THE END

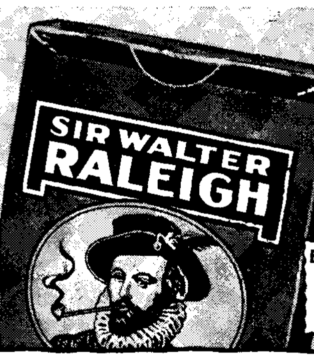


COLLIER'S "All tickets, please" DANIEL ALAIN

"Bugler Carroll gets 'em up *faster* with fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh"

Smokes as sweet as it smells

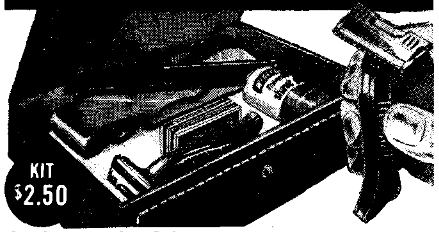
"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"



BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

***FREE!** 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

SWITCH to ENDERS for SIMPLER SHAVES



Here's streamlined shaving...smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave.

Mail $2.50 today. Supply limited. No C.O.D.'s. Money back guarantee. Strop alone $1.00.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

RUB AND RELAX WITH MIFFLIN

Keep Mifflin Rub for the Sickroom!

Mifflin Rub quickly brings cool, soothing relief to bed-weary backs...helps to ease and refresh. Use it as the hospitals do—give a *daily* Mifflin Rub. Ideal, too, for sterilizing instruments and cleansing cuts and bruises. Keep Mifflin Rub always handy! Mifflin means the highest standard of tested quality. Unscented, and in Pine, Lavender and Wintergreen.

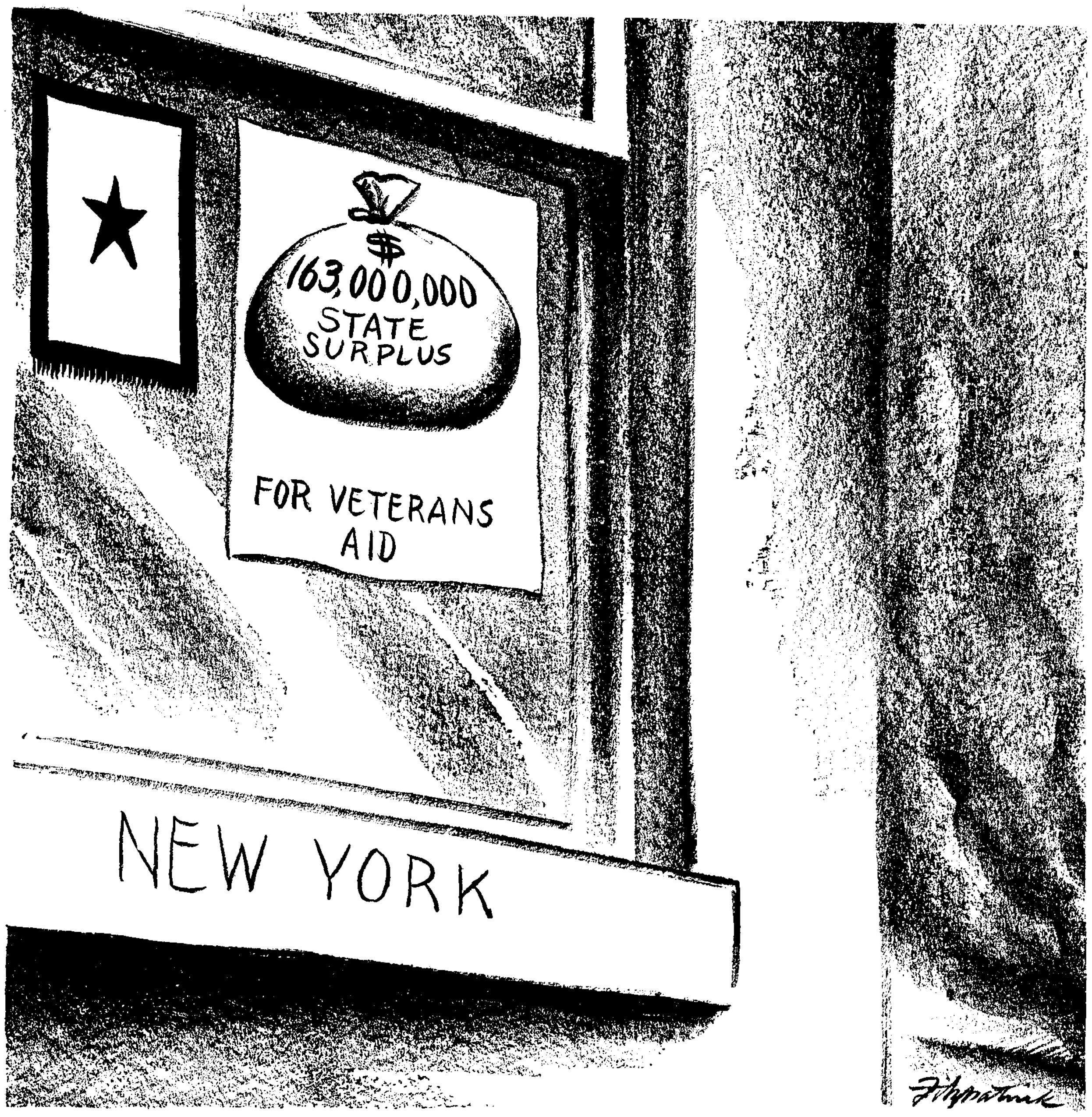
MIFFLIN
ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL RUBBING COMPOUND
★ THE NATIONAL RUB-DOWN ★

TAKE A TIP FROM ME
TRY "BC"
FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHES
NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS

10¢
BC
10¢
HEADACHE & NEURALGIA
B. C. REMEDY CO.

10¢ & 25¢ USE AS DIRECTED ON PACKAGE

COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
HENRY LA COSSITT Managing Editor



REAL HELP FOR VETERANS

EVER since he became Governor of New York, Thomas E. Dewey has been saying little and sawing wood. Mr. Dewey's administration has now produced what look to us like some excellent plans to help World War II New York veterans catch up with the procession when they get home.

For one thing, New York State this year found itself with a surplus of $163,000,000. There were, as Mr. Dewey dryly remarks, "many suggestions of pleasant and useful ways in which we might spend it." He and his backers in the Legislature, however, took the position that "this money was not really ours to spend. Rather, it was a fund to be held in trust for the 1,000,000 young men and women of our state who are in the Armed Forces, and for the millions of war workers who, when hostilities end, will be changing over to peacetime jobs."

The Dewey group performed the near-miracle of defeating all the would-be surplus-spenders, and impounded the entire $163,000,000 in a postwar reconstruction fund for housing, highway, hospital, etc., projects to make jobs and circulate money.

Then, there is the matter of unemployment insurance. Almost 50% of New York State service men and women are from farms and small businesses, and hence are not covered by the present Social Security Act. So New York's Legislature at Dewey's urging has set up an unemployment insurance system of its own to cover every returning New York veteran, pending superseding action by Congress.

Further, many service men and women interrupted their educations to get into the war, and when they come home many of them will want to take up where they left off. How about money? A wholesale free-education plan would be very costly and open to obvious abuses.

The New York State solution, to this writing, has been to create 1,200 scholarships per year for veterans. Surrounded with proper safeguards, these scholarships should be of great value.

To top off the program, the Dewey administration has set up a temporary commission to study all veteran aid proposals, and to spread knowledge among veterans and their families of aid already available.

All this looks like the enlightened and scientific way to tackle the problem of help for the veterans. It will pipe more real help to veterans than any of the flossy and politics-perfumed schemes we've yet heard of—plans for $3,500 and $4,500 outright money gifts; lopsided veteran preference proposals; suggestions that we just give the new war plants to the veterans to operate for themselves. Under that last scheme, of course, the veterans would operate the plants until thieves from inside or outside their ranks razzle-dazzled the veterans out of the properties, which would happen almost with the speed of lightning.

Any person or government agency interested in real help for the veterans of World War II is urged to study this Dewey model, and the additions thereto which can be expected from time to time.

Chain-Letter Nuisance

AT a time when patriotic people are conserving paper to the hilt, it is not amusing to hear that the chain-letter nuisance is prospering. We don't mean the money chains—from the huge fortunes which a couple of these distinctly did not bring in to your reporter, we'd estimate that they involve almost no waste of paper.

What we're growling about is the written piece of nonsense which tells you that unless you make four or more copies and mail them to friends, you'll have bad luck. One frequent specimen claims to have been started by a U. S. Army officer. If so, we hope he's in the nuthouse now, as we pity his poor men if he's still at large.

A committee of publishers' waste-paper salvage directors comes up with the fact that about 80,000 letters and envelopes add up to one ton of paper, and that a chain letter has to complete its circuit only six times to make 80,000 of these completely useless, silly documents.

Really, can't we put off this pastime till after the war? And, by the way, how are you coming along with paper salvage generally? It's one of the civilian's most important wartime obligations.

Beware the Drys

STILL gagging our craws is that busybody telegram sent to Captain Eddie Rickenbacker by O. J. Christgau, Iowa Anti-Saloon League state superintendent, when Rickenbacker promised to buy a case of Scotch for Major Richard I. Bong, the first World War II flier to top Rickenbacker's World War I record of 26 enemy planes shot down in combat.

Had Rickenbacker been correctly quoted? Christgau wanted to know; and, if so, hadn't he better reconsider and unquote, because how about our young people and alcohol, and "what good would a case of Scotch have done you while you were on that life raft?"

The answer to that is: Plenty of good, and two or three cases would have done Captain Rickenbacker and his life-raft companions two or three times as much good.

But that isn't the whole answer. The rest of it is that the drys are wide awake still, and are determined, if they can, to force federal prohibition on us during this war as they did during the last. That is to say, they hope to bring back bootleggers, bad liquor, racketeers, kidnapings, hijackers, and all the rest of it, though, of course, they deny any such hope. We've got to look out for them, or they'll come near wrecking us again.

P. S.—Major Bong doesn't drink.

The Idea Department

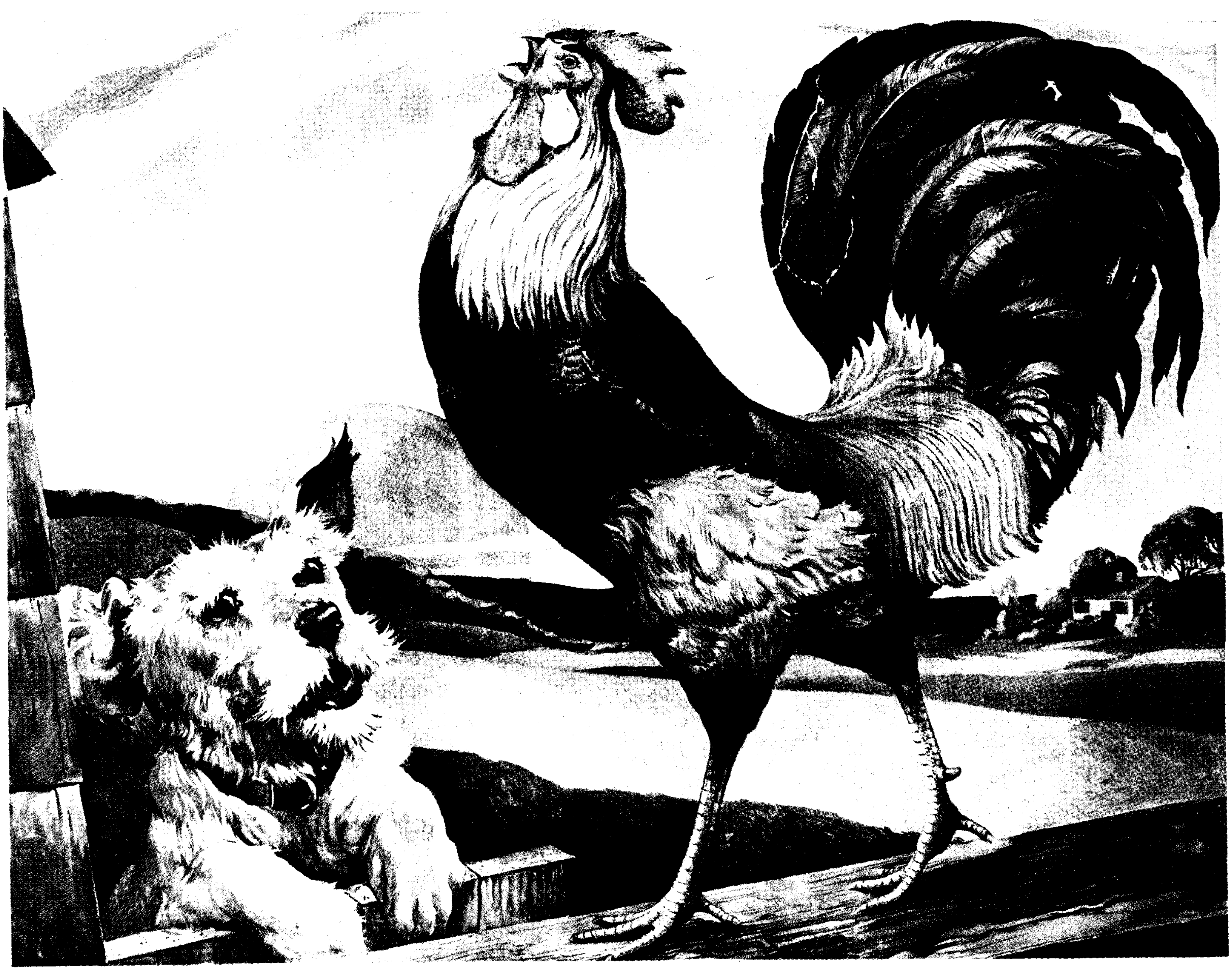
WE QUOTE from a recent General Motors Corp. advertisement:

> In 1943, General Motors factory employees submitted 123,000 written suggestions for improving production or working conditions. 25,400 ideas were accepted. Cash value of War Bond and Stamp awards for same, $955,000.

This is Grade A constructive stuff. Its value to the company is obvious, since executives and research men, invaluable though they are, cannot hatch all the possible plans for shaving a waste here or improving a process there. The workers are bound to run into such possibilities because of their intimate acquaintance with the shops. The money value to the workers is equally obvious, and so is the patriotism of paying in War Bonds and Stamps in wartime.

But there is a larger aspect than that. One ancient complaint against big business concerns is that they tend to impersonalize the jobs of their people—to give them the cold, forlorn feeling that they are mere cogs in a soulless machine which doesn't care whether they live or die, think or don't think. To know that the company wants to hear from you, wants to have a look at that pet idea you've been nursing along, and will pay for it if it proves out—nothing we can think of could do more to convince most employees that they are working for a crowd of human beings instead of for a corporate seal, a million or so shares of stock, and some directors who may exist but whom the workers never see.

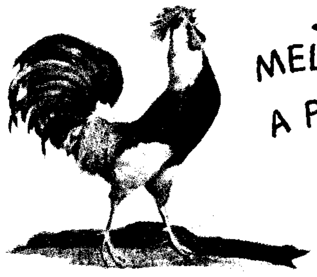
This idea department is spreading, we understand, through American industry; and this news of GM's notable success with it should give it quite a boost. No concern is too large or too small to try it.



tep up... for the whiskey that's Like unny orning in your lass!

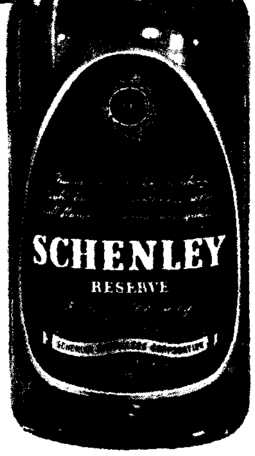
DON'T take our *word* for it — take a *sip* of it . . . and you, too, will agree that SCHENLEY Reserve has the bright, clean freshness of a breezy, sun-drenched morning! That brisk, delightful flavor is a *triumph* of blending . . . the result of true *genius* in the blender's art. America appreciates such outstanding quality . . . for SCHENLEY Reserve is a favorite among finer whiskies! You'll appreciate it, too! Try SCHENLEY Reserve — today.

The basic whiskies in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from pre-war stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.



MELLOW AND LIGHT AS A PERFECT MORNING

HENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY



They also serve,
who **BUY** *and* **HOLD WAR BONDS!**

Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains.

Hit that Beach

Bill Bluejacket mans 'em—Johnny Doughboy rides 'em—and when these surf-jumping landing barges hit the beach, Uncle Sam's fighting men prove that

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

HE STANDS UP—AND TAKES IT! With motors roaring, the first wave of Uncle Sam's landing craft races for the "invasion beach-head." The Navy coxswain at the wheel *(right rear)* is the man who is responsible for getting his craft and its soldiers on the beach at the right spot.

"FIRST WAVE ASHORE!" Down goes the ramp, and with a running jump, Johnny Doughboy lands in the shallows, races across wet sands for the dunes to dig in—and the "beach-head attack" is on! (Notice how soldiers immediately deploy to right and left on leaping from ramp.)

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

Camel's FRESH TASTE clicks every time!
Extra MILD too—Camels suit me to a 'T'

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THEY'RE called the "Amphibious Forces," and they work together... play together... fight together, in the big, months-long job that winds up with those two simple words, "Beach-head taken!" Off duty, Johnny Doughboy and Bill Bluejacket have some of the same preferences, too—especially in cigarettes. For both of these two, at the left, it's a full-flavored, fresh Camel every time. *Fresh*, wherever they go—for Camels are packed to go round the world—to *stay fresh anywhere*.

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

THE "T-ZONE"—where cigarettes are judged

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."**

Camels